

Devanshi Khetarpal

Lullaby

(1)

a bush of thin clouds & pilgrims
we play nomads in this suck
of sky the drowning hiss of these
bodies the nape of this desert
licking back a soft blow into
light : a god
 lifts the ash

(2)

a field of small stars & voices
we throw bodies down
these mouths how deafness
these nights swallow how
dying a moon mouths a shadow
more
 swell this skin,
 lift no erosion

(3)

here I enter your frame of snow
like a mirror stuck to the hand
now that we are both flames o
father drink this smoke off my
tongue
 let noise touch the body