

Trivarna Hariharan

Answers

lie in

the way sand touches the sea the sea bounces up waves cups dolphins eats fronds before receding into shiny corals
hides in vermillion shells as they wound themselves for light the sun strikes the ocean –
fins rise to the surface, breathing

the road dances in mid-air the grass unlearns its contours
walls silt, dust paints itself across the horizon

skies break open rains pour as metronomes in an *accarezzevole*
the wind isn't afraid to lurk in lanes that lie like corks at the brim of forgotten mountains

traffic isn't a context birds sing the morning's first *a capriccio*
the music reaches your ears and you turn towards me from a maze of pulled-over blinds our palms meet stitch broken stars
praying for refuge

the firmament holds itself together the town stays *where it is* the pavements don't tear themselves against windless noise
gravity isn't redefined

we don't exchange cobblestones for hearts anymore & photographs are not the most important keepsakes of time

the sound of your name only resides in places that keep it safe—
crevices of scars outstretching themselves for a fistful of water, the eyes of a gazelle searching for its loved one in the face of a storm,
the fold of a thousand hopeful hands in silent, indelible prayer.