**Waiting**

 *—for the revolution*

Tanima

**1.**

There is only so much time I can spend waiting for you, *jaan*. You left me bereft under a sky shedding skin I wrap myself in, become a polythene viper slunk into its den, numb as a noodle. Some days I grow lean with hope imagining us at a twilight hunt. How we’d sting pigs, guzzle scorpion blood. How we’d swallow our own tails and loop inside out, tasting sweet winds on forked tongues, on the verge of new names for venom, glut, fear.

**2.**

Why did I once celebrate horizons? Consider starlight proof of victory after victory’s end? March with crowds and sing, sing joy and witness? Without you I am the hiatus of a hungry ghost, the bystander’s inertia, a giant shrug. If I lie flat like an emphasis beneath some barbed border, would you be able to find me, *jaan*?

**3.**

The months have yawned, the last mango sucked dry. Its seed is being hauled on the backs of a dozen red ants across the floor. The collector’s at my door - I am indebted to those who died while I pined for you*. Jaan*, today I am digging in the smallest patch of land for more than gold and less than a pure heart. My hands are caked with dirt, salt, earthworms. So far there is an abundance of wild amaranth.