

Hindustan Unforgotten Souvenir

(Dylan Oldham)

Awake
to the verdant pink grass and scorched automatic
clover,
red in the sky like some astral blot,
hung surreally in the winter winter's heat, dark forests
of chalk and walter colour,
oil painted onto the horizon.
The children dance near

the black water as
it turns into a white shimmer off
in the distance,
an old beautiful woman
is naked and trembling on the shores of knowledge,
her hands raised
as two holy electrodes.

Lovers microgramming that ancient fog,
flared nostrils,
mad eyeballs,
intoxicant music.

In a buddhistic trance a Sikh man sings
to many a silent empire
where the cats sit in sand amongst the bedouin dressed darkly.

Meteor-crusted magmatic rock.

The muezzin calls
and his voice echoes through the abandoned halls and antechambers of my mind.
My body leaps off of itself,
turning to me and speaking Spanish.
I cannot understand its words but I can understand its sentences.
I cannot understand its sentences but I can understand its words.
I cannot sentence its words but I can understand its understanding.
I cannot sentence its understanding to a lifetime of words.

I sentence myself to a lifetime without speaking.
From here on out I shall say no more.

No more.

A Moroccan and an Algerian shocked eggshell in the Sahara. Cradling a shaped and archaic souvenir,
throbbing purple organ glowing. I cover my eyes. I cannot believe it. Tears stream down my
face and I laugh, hot. Sweat pours from out of my pores. How can I take such beauty? How
can I *take*? How can I *I*?
Nothing.