# ENGLSH POETRTM 

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## SUDESH MISHRA

- SUDESH MISHRA (b. 1962) is a descendant of Indian indentifer workers in Fiji. He was born in Suva, and educated in Fifinal Australia. He has taught at various universities in Austrajiazity and Britain. He is the author of four books of poetry. Rabu, Memoirs of a Refigant Traveller, Tandava, and Diaspora and the Difficult Art of Dying, a couple of cifition monographs, Preparing Faces: Modernisn and Indian Poetry in English and D Criticism; two plays Ferringbi and The International Dateline; and severalistiati stories. He is also (with Seona Smiles) the editor of Trapped, an anthologyofymitn from Fiji. He has contributed articles to Social Text, Subaltern Studies X, Ménthe Journal of Postcolonial Writing, Borderlands, New Literary History, and Eniergetian Anthology appearances (among others) include Twelve Modern Young Indiantipogii (Edinburgh: Lines Review), and The Literary Revicuu Indian Poetry (Newi Jejscy Fairleigh Dickinson University), all edited by Sudeep Sen. Sudesh Mishra is prestafl, professor of Literature, Languages and Linguistics at the University of the Sodith Pacific, Fiji.
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take time out
to watch the sun go down
on an evening
not like a coin
slid nonchalantly
into a pocket
but like a button
come off
a favorite shirt
and found
implausibly on the windowsill the very next day


## HANUMAN

when pressed
for proof of his allegiance, the langur
tore into his breast
as if tearing
into a despiscd fruit
and drew aside
burst ribs and ligaments
that his lord
might see an example of what he lacked.
MUSTARD SEEDS
0
bottled
droppings
of a sly grammarian
without your blessing
this verse
(spare as it is)
must outshoot
the point of itself...

## X

In her eyes a sky so intense It presages storm Which, when it breaks, Breaks fabulously In a chiasma of wings Before crossing over To flock in her lover's iris.

## AN EPICURE

no allusions, the sea needs no allusions. it lives in itself
like the cockle and the clam and needs no metaphor to impearl it. but here comes the poet with his swag of tokens and tropes which he rams down her throat whereupon like a fine diner she turns green as gangrene and throws up.
lines conceived. in the cool of innuendos, in the heat of non sequiturs
may be likened to a gust of sparrows
inside a red guitar

## TRIMURTI

to master
(through all the mist
and miasma)
a being
tumultuous as the word itself, the sufi must see only 3
. of the 222 swans tacking across the bay
a minute into foreshadowing
while blinding himself
to the aftershadow of boobs and buttocks.

