ENGLISH POETRY

edited by



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Always choose the jack of hearts

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017

SUDESH MISHRA

UDESH MISHRA (b. 1962) is a descendant of Indian indentified workers in Fiji. He was born in Suva, and educated in Fiji and Australia. He has taught at various universities in Australia. He has taught at various universities in Australia. Traveller, Tandava, and Diaspora and the Difficult Art of Dying; a couple of critical monographs, Preparing Faces: Modernism and Indian Poetry in English and Diaspora Criticism; two plays Ferringhi and The International Dateline; and several shows stories. He is also (with Seona Smiles) the editor of Trapped, an anthology of white from Fiji. He has contributed articles to Social Text, Subaltern Studies X, Medijia Journal of Postcolonial Writing, Borderlands, New Literary History, and Entergences. Anthology appearances (among others) include Twelve Modern Young Indian Poetry (New Jensey Fairleigh Dickinson University), all edited by Sudeep Sen. Sudesh Mishra is presently professor of Literature, Languages and Linguistics at the University of the South Pacific, Fiji.

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 despised fruit and drew aside burst ribs and ligaments that his lord might see an example of what he lacked. O bottled droppings of a sly grammarian without your blessing this verse (spare as it is) must outshoot the point of itself...

Χ

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.

THE HARPERCOLLINS BOOK OF ENGLISH POETRY

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.