


# Conversation about Withering

A painting of a muscular, shirtless man with a white bird on his shoulder. The man is shown from the waist up, facing left. He has dark hair and a serious expression. A white bird, possibly a dove, is perched on his right shoulder, with its wings spread. The man's torso is highly detailed, showing his muscles and some dark, textured areas. He is wearing a red shawl draped over his left shoulder and a light blue garment around his waist. The background is dark and indistinct.

Cristina Sánchez López  
&  
Aryanil Mukherjee

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**Aryanil Mukherjee**

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## Prolusion

In the spring of 2015, a chance poetic conversation began between two poets separated by decades, continents, languages and literary traditions. Colombian poet Cristina Sánchez López was writing from her bed, irreversibly ailed by aortic aneurysm and congestive heart failure leading to multiple complications. With reduced mobility, “breathing room” and daily bouts of bleeding and excruciating pain, Cristina was living a vestige of a life hanging like icicle from a sliver of desperate hope. Writing, when her body permitted, became her mechanism of deconstruction. Almost all of her bedridden work assumed an epistolary form and was directed at Aryanil Mukherjee, a bilingual Indian American poet whose work she had found on the web and began to admire. In response to her poetic inquiry, Aryanil began advancing the conversation in the form of a poem, taking it to crevices of comfort extrinsic to both the plexus of pain and the refuge of nature. A part of this ongoing conversation, conducted in its entirety via texting makes the content of this book.

# **A liturgy of encounter**

awaits us at the threshold

Mon, May 11, 7:32 pm

Dear A,

Life is the sum total of instants  
it exploits and what we know about it  
depends upon constrictions  
of intentionality.

On the scales of feelings, reality rises  
as an immigrated object from the margins  
of our acceptance.

On the stream of days and nights,  
it is the passing of all that pushes us to its limits,  
making us only float like  
butterflies.

Experience brings with it an  
unending disorder of time, but  
the instants project  
a luxurious suggestion: movement.

Now, what is living, but tolerating  
the heterogeneity of themes that show their heads  
despite our lack of interest?

Fact, act, result  
- entities that wind us with their visibility.

Time is a montage of dead bits of duration  
that invent their own way to be at space  
with us.

Let me portray what I am trying to say with my entire body.

I was at the clinic all day long yesterday  
and being in oneself, awake to oneself

is not like throwing a ball in a dream of the world:  
Think of a parabolic trajectory -  
the motion of self is slow compared to that of  
the hysterical egg ticking on the wall.

I wish I was covered with the agility of notions  
I give to myself instead of having to wear  
an oxygen mask while writing to you,  
but it is the rhythmic discreetness of what I experience,  
what reminds me that the hours, too, are like cysts  
we can't remove: I have tried to grind their images  
and eat each and every mirror that includes me,  
but, as you know, the glass inside is not a frigid pile of  
sand  
and once time has entered us, memory makes the  
organs grow –as if they had no identity until now.

Space is the secondary frontier of mind  
we demand from ourselves:  
only dividers of our fear can adorn the place to stay.

The brain changes the matrix of empty strings  
for the pillow we will die on - language.

A liturgy of encounter awaits us at the threshold  
where meaning changes hands  
as white carnations make room for pink.

We will discover each other at the center of no realm,  
but right there where life justifies its inner laws  
and determines the musicality of its forms.

Tue, May 12, 4:33 pm

Querida C,  
your angelic cursive writing  
dances at the top of the cliff



where we might have merrily leapt in some pre-  
pubertal era.

This was before the sanctuary was built.  
Peace and wisdom had search warrants slapped on  
them. The cliff was taller and in the place of  
fluorescent nooks; black tents were pitched in  
moonless nights.

It was a dream back then, like now,  
when swaying lanterns tied to the tents  
hunted for your inner disciplines.

Wed, May 13, 3:42 pm

We are surrounded by the crisis of past truths:  
Myths are weak like patio-table umbrellas.  
Sculpting time is spitting saliva on  
the circle of desires. Is there something offered  
like a translucent architecture for us to recognize  
a place that alters like speech ?

Night ascends to night  
without retracting at all.  
Names become cold models or puppets.  
What is left for us under the gazebos?

We base our sense of loss upon  
the obscene excess of actual.  
Yet there's a tangible way to procreate  
amongst others.

I am ill in every niche of existence,  
the same way you are preoccupied.  
Is there something missing between us?  
There is a door closed between the self  
and the other. We both scratch it.

It is a virtual corner  
from where we exchange soundscapes,

concepts, skins as partitions of normality,  
memories of what did not happen to us,  
reminders of our multisensory processing.

The spectrum of spatial representation  
we construct is enough for now.  
Let mind represent the stitches  
of a tooth extraction.

Thu, May 14, 3:58 pm

Slowing down for me is a necessity, a given  
because of what I am – a living insignificance.  
Clocks are violent beautifiers  
winding down to our beds and oblivion is like a yellow motor.  
We build maps of felt inevitability.  
Pain circulates in flavorful territory  
throbbing with the dread of a bird's tear  
shredding it to papery bits.

Thu, May 14, 4:04 pm

Respond when time allows  
increments of wellness, even if the paucity of which  
stays barely above the low watermark,  
to feel around your being at leisure,  
whose drops I'll wait to hear.

Fri, May 15, 12:00 am

The breeze must be cold by now  
in both lands of ours,  
separated by an hour.  
Time by man's count  
signs itself on maps made by him.

We live upon those maps like toys my dear,  
little toys.

I was reading Alberto Blanco when your note  
swooshed in,  
was reading about maps  
*that are nothing but a two-dimensional representation  
of a three-dimensional world  
traversed by the ghost of time.*  
*If we can map a world of three dimensions using two,  
it should be possible to map a world of four with three.*

The map Columbus pursued was riddled with  
geometric errors  
and unaware of unseen continents,  
it had brought India so close to Spain in  
two-dimensions, Columbus and his men  
set out for mistaken discoveries.

*A holographic map should be able to map time itself.*  
The longest map fretted like a lattice  
resides in a bird's brain.  
Just as the earth never ceases to change with time, so  
*the history of maps never ceases to change with history*  
although shapes of continents change,  
borders of territories and nations,  
contours of rivers and mountains.

Our idea of space is a function of our idea of time  
which is a landscape  
we tend to draw in single dimension.  
We call it Timeline.

Tue, May 26, 12:17 am

Is it possible to transform space into  
a shadow-room for us to betray our figures  
and take pleasure in the multiplicity of conscious life?  
Things we observe are symptoms of our neurotic knowing.  
Forms have blind sides  
we touch like eyes that sink in their changing.

Death is an agate in the poor horizon of experience,  
but it is the pure waiting  
in no place outside of words  
that makes everything look like history –  
in a time of our own.

Please keep writing, A  
through the throbs of your beat, the history of the other sea  
where silver snakes rest in the shadows of being  
clustered with all of your instants, staying full of you  
and full of floral youth.

The two of us are typing from the edge of  
non-presence. We have no linguistic command to submerge  
the heaviness of tongue. All we have is desire to name the  
voluptuous subjectivity of our voices and those marks left by  
objects we build.

A search for the reverse of existence  
initiates on its own. We try to houstrain  
our selves by disseminating  
about taxonomies.  
But it takes a nail to pierce a rhizome,  
a series, a storage device.

If a map is nothing but a representation  
of neon lights (functions),  
how should we symbolize space occupied by  
disease and intention?

We keep feeding from the nipple

of thought, but the traces of what we leave on  
is a territory of fast deductions.

Tue, May 26, 1:58 pm

Here, it's beginning to rain  
and the forest of symbols is coming alive once again  
those droplets on the waterlilies  
give body to our wobbling ideas  
about the struggle for comfort  
of the self in its container.

We are feeding ourselves, both of us  
in bodies of flesh and bone,  
in digital impressions we call letters and words  
assuming gradually, the shape of our thoughts,  
we are feeding to the uncertainties of creativity  
and the pain of history.

Shall we read some Pedro Salinas  
from his last years tonight?

Tue, May 26, 2:33 pm

A, you are a bird in the air  
where the self looks for itself, where it earns for itself,  
makes songs worth for what they are.  
Now that the day is trapped in a lily, and that  
through a motherly gesture  
are born metaphors of trees and rivers,  
we discover ourselves smelling like roots spread  
into reality.

Thanks a great deal for inviting me to read Salinas-  
his work amazes more than it moves.

Tue, May 26, 3:28 pm

What a strange landscape emerges washed with a salt rub  
of loss and grief on the delectable loaf of renewal  
I have found in your voice a window to awe.

Fri, Jun12, 4:21 pm

An image builds up crying atop nocturnal flowers.  
I hear shredded wings and see faces drawn like small skies.  
I paint the word on the sand as if it was a canvas  
as if it was the word's tegument.

Fri, Jun 12, 4:38 pm

Sand beats the chameleon  
making the most dynamic of living skins  
The sands of remembrance and loss  
upon which the best mind flourishes  
like the stroke of an ebbing wave.  
Are you with him? My islander?  
graced by the uncertain goddesses  
playing al fresco in solitary anchorland  
where he was swept in

Fri, Jun12, 4:42 pm

Here, on these ghostly streets, his alphabet moves, alongside me  
following the spirit of a letter written by all the men.  
Did I see him in an impossible mirror?  
Time metabolizes its own constructs.  
Water strikes the day and night like a heavy soul's bell.  
I find you atop the blue house

and in the desert craving like a soft stone.

Fri, Jun 12, 4:43 pm

When the image is redeployed, working and stable  
it will return to that island that saved it.  
Man habitually returns to his savior.  
He will build a little hut there for temporary stay  
bringing his harmonica and mandolin to play  
to late afternoon shadows  
as they sway while lengthening,  
at times thinking about you.

The image of the small island  
writes letters to us in strange words  
which it will dispatch via sea birds.  
And the same words, that evening, it will inscribe on  
the sand  
for the lesser goddess in the sky to read.

Fri, Jun 12, 4:47 pm

Man wakes up to a stream of weak emotions.  
His islands are shaped are like playhouses  
where the matrix of sound  
struggles like a sparrow to convey something,  
growing up as a pine  
from the core of his chest.  
I am listening to our voices meeting each other  
with pain and elegance.

Palimpsest of the human brain reminds us  
language is a screen  
that allows us to see the sand while learning to cry.

Fri, Jun 19, 3:59 pm

C, we have survived  
but agonize over the flowers dying near you.  
Crying brings out the seas of pain, of conflict;  
a desperation-vortex drilling down and  
tears offering sneak previews of dead actions.

Fri, Jun 19, 4:02 pm

All life brings with it is disorders of sensation  
It challenges the pattern of nerve conduction velocity  
every now and then.  
My leaves succumb,  
branches bend beyond the breakeven  
We can't smash through the odorous cortex of despair  
and sleep well at the same time, but  
something is progressing, I can feel, memory is progressing  
as a honeycomb that houses us all.  
Pain is an experience, devastation sculpts.

Fri, Jun 19, 4:04 pm

I can read your devastation.  
From pain to art  
is a staunching walk where no footsteps are heard,  
as the shrieking shroud dampens it.  
If there was something I could do  
to ease that pain wriggling inside your marrow  
if there was something I could do  
to smear and smoothen the red squiggles  
on the canvas of flesh, on the gridlock of nerves  
...something.



Fri, Jun 19, 4:18 pm

There's a fragrance about your wok  
a frail, sweet hint that lingers at the bottom  
even after rinsing the froth away.  
In the vase, the flowers have been tracked.

**Where foundations lay**

of forgotten bridges

Sat, Jul 4, 11:47 am

Daybreak brings on blackening activities  
pulling a blanket over white preparations  
of taking out and setting swan-skin filters  
in the coffeemaker's brain,  
and as the brewing gurgles down,  
a life of sudden blackness imbues into our somnolent  
selves  
legumes of creative energy; black weeds  
fill out in a linear disorder of terrific choice,  
the white page field,  
which is the new arena of study - the screen.

There, it all begins with dilemma  
undertaking its ground-breaking effort  
with a two-tooth hoe of desire and false belief.

Mon, Jul 13, 1:32 pm

Endearing A,  
there are many holes in our theories  
of cerebral functioning.  
How can we remember an unintentional activity we call  
awakening?  
Also, what do we wake up to and why?

The best evidence describing our  
drifting over horizon is boredom.  
Machines keep gesticulating  
what we don't dare to:  
the afterlives of thoughts.

We can't stop wearing black clothes  
nor can we come out of our state of somnolence:  
there is a knot between routines of creation.

Visual display only shows our  
feet made wet by promises.

There's a sign in the trees, made as perfect as a cuckoo clock  
Crying is sufficient to shape our looks at the sky  
and the after-feeling of silence,  
but, a land's memory can barely be measured  
by the time one has spent on it.  
It can be reduced to a binomial regression.

The music will reach us but where?  
As if it was one's own country before ideas have come to  
stay in between shadows  
Shadows of the house on the road,  
shadows of the sills on the house  
Ashes share their tender comportment as the wind bends them  
and the light of present, the birds of bearing  
go to live up to the expectations of the exterior.

We drive us to an unknown bedroom  
and the sun still showers us  
Dying is not like flying  
but growing up by the yard's kindred grass, moving constantly  
until imagination washes our faces.

Tue, Jul14, 6:48 pm

Our lives burn between the limits of motion  
the mind sets for us, with brief interruptions of course  
of the rain pouring on the fields of flourish.  
Visualize a season as an image against itself.  
The heart, like a frozen gene,  
is presented on a platter  
in case it has learned by pure magic  
something that is yet to be unearthed.

It is known how common sense warms the head

and the face beyond painted lips  
beyond the cupola of longing by which we keep sowing  
in the minute's garden an unseen, that we hope  
will be life-like, that will be able to offer its intensities to  
the present continuous.

The suffering will come. Shall we close our eyes to it?  
When the simple strings of dawn hum,  
will it remind us of a joy as active as silence?  
Do we cry by our words?  
Do we unite anywhere from our own distant countries  
that will never know any more unions?  
Are we like characters  
that'll continue to accept the breeze of other existences?  
We read the present by its perfect syllables and  
resting on the poem's bed, alighting like a foolish fly  
upon tongue.

Thu, Jul 16, 4:54 pm

I looked at the peachy light of this day  
across my office window and thought about ...

about the perfumed airiness of your nutty words  
the squirrels feed on all spring,  
as branches sway from side to side stroking  
glass walls and yet stay filled  
with bushels and bushels of nuts.

There is a subsistence farming of life  
in its abandonment of established patterns and its  
invitation of newer forms  
to simply renew, reinvigorate and regrow -  
a shifting cultivation of minds, overlaying of  
fates and chances  
the noise in the blender coming from

songs and cultures,  
languages and expressions,  
bodies and their sufferings.  
Does a river bring pain to its bearer  
as it sifts through cracked earth?  
This was the origin of boundary layer theory  
the life cycle of flow - from laminar to vortex  
to the death of eddies.

Sat, Jul 18, 2:02 pm

This moment without after,  
this moment destined to be an easy stone  
for us to walk on, is too, an interstice  
from where faded tunes emanate like residual energy.  
The doves try to open their eyes  
They try living between us,  
like waves that beat the duality of space  
and brush the needy stars  
Is it natural?

Harlequins dance each day  
in a tiny country and the words we don't know how to say  
grow under water where the submerged hands, in vain,  
search an entirety: deft hands, digits dark like that of crocs.  
All moves work towards building a protection agency  
for exemplary silence.  
The faces suddenly light up to set us free,  
to smile amongst fish.

Sat, Jul 18, 2:10 pm

Under water, like hands  
stretching out to beat the barricade of coral reef  
to mutual lands,  
where foundations lay  
of forgotten bridges,  
rustier in their metallicity,  
constructs meant for larger meanings ...

Sat, Jul 18, 2:12 pm

that cannot possibly be held,  
built to no perfection,  
standing alone, broken, incomplete,  
undone like the stationary train  
emptied out in the rain.  
The crying train, the silencer  
that arrived where it shouldn't have –  
a place outside the realm and imagination of maps.

Well, what are maps really, for that matter!  
Papery graphics of the unseen,  
things that people fold out in the open to discover  
the breadth of their desire to be outsiders.  
As they say -  
one is going out when a map opens out its heart  
meets the light  
and when it's folded back in,  
learning is complete, or  
the person is returning.

If the body has squeezed out like summer fruits  
the pain of bearing it, sticks everywhere.

Sat, Jul 18, 2:32 pm

We come to crying with a didactic intention:  
To represent some of the feelings that we experience  
before the brain builds the world.  
Our gestures bend distant things – seas of desire,  
voices, fruits, observations.  
The conflictive rhythm of sense at our fingertip,  
makes us study the old products whose existence  
we can't deny - tears.

Sat, Jul 18, 2:38 pm

The image has frozen its scribe.  
Words won't flow after this snippet.  
Let it cry.  
Give it the air's silent sobs.  
Tears don't just heal broken hearts  
they also repair dysfunctional clocks  
into which foams surf and make salt.  
This wet silence, let it adjudicate.

Sat, Jul 18, 2:42 pm

The findings of this study about blood pressure  
and meaning circle are at our command now  
But they are like pensive constellations  
delaying the projection of our complaints  
I wake up to your score again, dear A,  
which is one landscape in itself attuned to hospitable precision.  
Before the influence of your light, the will  
seems to traverse like a beetle  
over meadows of gratitude.

Sat, Jul 18, 2:50 pm



My islander wrote last week,  
in the luminescence of the candelabrum  
in his primitive cabin -  
as you slept in your hospital bed,  
invisible globules of scent vaporating  
from your hair, face and armpit  
picking up speeds greater than the engine-bird  
and chose to travel to the other side of the rotary  
where the lost moon was reclaimed.  
While those private perfumes lingered  
in a mind full of soporific sweetness,  
his frivolity asked - what is usually more fretful?  
the woman inside the head or the lice outside?

So much sweetness he can't handle at times,  
so much unseen pain, so much crying  
leaves the eyes graveled with salt-  
it hurts and more tears flow  
from that churning of crumbs of salt  
and all sweetness turn bitter –  
so much so, he wished to draw pain  
as an abstract animal.

Sat, Jul18, 3:36 pm

This instant is as same as an accumulation of nights,  
content with its own floods  
but, I wouldn't forgive myself if my words  
become the domain of obscurities standing up  
against his beauty : consciousness of our condition.  
It seems to be that newness can grow  
between our silences like an array of street names.  
We leave the sad monuments singing,  
of an afternoon of perseverance  
leaning over the realm of form, but the body  
breathes in its cage

and in every fallen gold leaf a controlled city is shaped.

Sun, Jul19, 1:20 am

It is the same mechanism, A  
that operates in two places for you and me,  
salvaging the stream of sense that works for the same sea.  
Reality to this open eye,  
a bell on the limits of silence.

As I think of the islander,  
the sea lives twice in me  
Before the thought is complete,  
the exterior has been explored  
It is the same pureness of yesterday's painting  
that fills the ambiance of today.

Perhaps, the stone ages to rhyme with the butterflies' prayer  
and behind the dreams, being burns  
until it reveals its word-kernel, as if it was hidden  
all this while in a perfect nest of memory  
or a forest dense with the resounding signs of freedom.

Mon, Jul 20, 2:30 pm

Every grain of hemoglobin  
running through your system  
holds a tiny capsule of poetry,  
a fluid that flushes out and via an osmosis  
that love can only try to grasp  
like baby fingers, my dear,  
reaching for the glass on the table  
a newness, a *quelque choze* called glass.

Tue, Jul 21, 7:42 pm

I speak to the islanders of this day, search for their voices,  
want to describe their pelican-like heads  
It is an accidental gesture that keeps the search going  
for the heart of man,  
the zeal for writing about the realms life creates for us,  
its quotidian offer along with its numerous forbidden moons  
and treacherous songs.  
Eyes move together,  
as if they were baptizing themselves  
before something excessive  
Which redundant force does time talk to us about?  
What ray does life act by when the peripheral self burns?

Tue, Jul 21, 7:46 pm

Senses are apparatus with gages on their outside  
that are meant to assess and measure  
what we live amongst and experience;  
but as the appraisal grows, we learn to recreate  
land and skylscapes that describe ourselves,  
personal requiems to coronate loss;  
loss of shapes, for example, in the shadows of roses.

Tue, Jul 21, 8:08 pm

There are some species of fish whose voluptuous shapes  
expose us to the profiles of our own personality.  
If the sea is alive, what grows up against it?  
Before memory's allegiance to the stars fade,  
we imagine the earth as a bedroom within another.

**The pulp torments,**

inside unspent juices churn

Thu, Jul 30, 5:11 pm

Dear A, we have tried to press the egg of silence,  
that excrescence of continuity  
protected by the world:  
Mouths are the owners of their shadows  
and exhale the vapor of false orchards.  
Let us only listen to visceral songs.  
It is a collection of little dolls  
we are given upon  
a fabric of strict nouns.  
Whether we devour dead skin  
or change desires,  
the kingdom of sensation is always incomplete:  
Time has grains rising up to the daily sun.

We are one with nature. There is nowhere to go but  
surfaces around the hive of activity-  
a single cell of the comb of present.  
Fate shows like recent grass we are interested in.  
We can take to cleansing flights  
during spells of transitioning weather.

Wasps urinate on our tents

Thu, Jul 30, 5:38 pm

And the throbbing gulls?  
They remind of the circulation of words  
that flesh out language, which becomes ourselves  
drawing closer by the day  
as if the sea was a can of nihility  
membrane of welkin  
separating celestial bodies

Thu, Jul 30, 6:07 pm

Time bears within itself  
marks of circulation left by us,  
commotion that helps us  
elongate the tenuous passages from  
habits to acts of transcendence.  
Pleasure brings with it  
samples of pale yellow starks men have wiggled in,  
bearing proof of beings in disguise.

Thorns of totality  
remind us that voices wither as any other  
object of mind and knots of senses  
show us nothing but the impact of thirst.

Fri, Jul 31, 6:54 pm

Voices stay alive  
to send homing pigeons to each other  
providing flesh to the time feathering them.  
Ears raise, the vein in the throat  
feels vibes, infrasounds heard  
and how hands come over one another  
one cannot see.  
We read to each other in the tree-house  
and the sky kept coughing around  
to tell its presence.

Fri, Jul 31, 7:04 pm

It is the medium of propagation  
of shapes, the amputated light from reality  
which serves as a source of our returns.  
We pass from doubt to doubt, feeling  
the squeeze among grapes, because  
what ignited the being once,

that seed is pressed by ants,  
that lack of contradiction  
building itself in accordance with the track  
of novelty, is not separated  
from the moss colony of memory.

We live in need of a hierarchy of ambiances  
but the absorption of moments  
spent with others by devices of representation  
doesn't harden without repetition:  
the absent is meant to stay inside, in multiplicity and  
self-sufficiency, just like the water  
we look across from the tree-house  
and the swallows in blindness.

Fri, Jul 31, 8:08 pm

We work on the center buffer coupling all day  
at the join of the first and second signal systems  
where the weight of digital ether  
comes down on the amorphous unborn  
with gushing steam;  
to forge words, cog and sprocket them  
into a roll of bogies -  
phrases, expressions,  
finally a sentence  
mediating between stasis and turbulence

Fri, Jul 31, 8:36 pm

Acts of volition  
don't negate the monotonous landscape of our wanting  
Tongue prospers by a motion of larva  
from heavy circuits of thought  
to the austere atmosphere of speech,  
there is nothing but a web of life.

It is a system of reverberation that  
shines in the mirror of dream.  
When felt past finds exit,  
it is hope that makes us sculpt  
what it knows about ourselves.

The pain of being in time  
can't be consumed like hay  
The hours make us linger in their commodities  
Nothing at all seems to raise  
from the exterior of possibility—  
without a room for the sensual  
no metabolic deviation from oblivion is easy.

Chance incentives the afternoon in all of us  
We are given a feather, a dust cloud,  
a created predicament to be placed in relation with  
imagination.

Yet we will never know the maximum value of  
waiting. The inside is measured by failures.  
Men can never perform the elegies of childhood  
far from home.

However, touching is to set free  
our spectral strings in a tender horizon.

Fri, Jul 31, 8:44 pm

There is somewhere around each one of us C  
that infinity sign, that analemma.  
Our petals sprout at the very center of that shape  
at an intersection, a point of double inflexion.

Seeing things round and round  
do not remind me of the circle, in geometric purity  
A vortex instead, lurching the will to survive forward  
with fate's occasional backward pull



- a spring action of sorts in a viscous medium  
alternating progression and regression  
as the snake moves  
and the rose swirls in and out  
living on and on  
as long as the world needs it.

Fri, Jul 31, 8:58 pm

We lick the salt of wish in consternation.  
It is uncertainty that interferes with  
our discourses and activities.  
All of us are given a residue of force  
to build a bridge bearing in it  
our ways of being and our prophecies.  
We shepherd dichotomies  
from one page to another.  
There are correspondences in  
our domain of lightness  
we see as offerings –  
the looking-glass of breath  
containing relationships with the infinite elements  
of flagellates.

Anything left behind by others -its invented beauty or ugliness  
will complete us in its own way.  
Poetry owns the big wing of feeling, of fate  
stitches verbs and while weathering the hours  
structures our response to  
the changes of skin.

Mon, Aug 3, 3:45 pm

It showed  
after they all left -  
colorful skeletons  
shards of dead butterflies

It showed  
tumorously suspended from the lines -  
near empty now as they  
mostly left, notes of hung discord  
on a chromatic scale

It showed  
what had flung far in sonorous absences  
That speck of luster amongst  
the henbit below

It showed  
the origin of misheard tunes of the months  
and how unmistakably it had chimed  
with their foregone winds

Slept with lightning striking the dark contours  
of the blue spruce next to my window  
woke up with the same shiver  
I had submitted to last night  
as if I had slept for a wink.

Thu, Aug 13, 3:18 pm

My islander,  
he was recently enchanted by a birdcall  
from a species unknown so much so  
he urged the governess of poetry to switch him with it.

With exchanged identities  
he now can fly to trees near you  
and perch on them as a solar colleague  
wishing to watch you shed your silken petals  
in lunar incense.

Thu, Aug 13, 4:31 pm

Something sticks to our throats:  
The agent determining longevity of knowledge.  
The worm that pierces  
the core of the self- the ephemeral bond we create  
with ourselves.

We sleep where the exemplary veil of summer falls.

There are alphabets  
explosive and orphaned like winds  
that are able to make orchids float in nostalgic ecstasy.

Thu, Aug 13, 4:35 pm

There are also  
scores of rivers and millions of trees  
displacing air shafts between our rooms.  
Rooms that have switched places.  
Rooms that exchange programs allocated to us;  
your room locates you  
like phones locate people these days  
and yet you barely know the poignancy  
of its climate; you barely know the occupant  
how he lives and works in there by the hour.

Thu, Aug 13, 4:46 pm

Conscious melancholy  
begins with an erection of language.  
The milk of meaning leaves the body  
through the presence where it cracked.  
We feel the world in erosion.

Thu, Aug 13, 7:17 pm

Man's face is always surrounded by smoke,  
with the smear of recent ash, like a seal  
ashes of the states of will.  
Ways of beauty get lost in the effects of rain.  
We forget about the preludes of hope  
as death calls:  
nothing taller than death itself, just the separation.  
Separation of powers of self, of body and mind  
driven by negative procedure.

The word is pregnant with the purest fruits of loss.  
Memory grows by virtue of violent translations,  
of patterns of saturation.  
Anything felt in time and space becomes  
the ground for an olive tree just outside your room  
and someone who sat on its branch  
with legs dangling, still belongs to us.

Fri, Aug 14, 5:08 pm

At times you and your room are removed  
like the black box and its algorithm.  
Agents of flowers work away from them  
in the air, through the wind.

And my room is just the same -  
bemused, entrenched within you  
where the reductionist image magnifies  
until it is real life again  
seated on the corner sofa with  
untied hair curling to the right of  
your face like black sea-froth,  
the image wore an ocean night-sky  
crusted with navy blue leaves

upon which icicles hanging from all dead, cold stars  
dripped a dew you cried  
from each sordid night of the heart.

Our rooms contain ourselves  
and themselves  
Our rooms are built inside each other.

Fri, Aug 14, 5:38 pm

Dearest A,  
where we assume the shape of autumn leaves  
and that of a tube full of noble gas,  
where we become opportunities of self-reflection  
confronting them at the intervals of madness,  
but if our rooms wither in the wait for ourselves,  
what will rise from its ruins ?

Perhaps a perfume that invades us  
and the rooms we built,  
that of people passing from the monologues of desire  
to monologues of pain.

Asterisk of sadness  
can draw our bodies near a hollow filled with red spiders:  
going beyond the way we discover  
who we are and aren't in our distant worlds.

We sing, disciplined, amongst the mountains of impatience.  
Languages share moments that won't become anything  
but mills of aesthetic illusion.  
Words are liquid eyes searching for new dimensions.

Fri, Aug 14, 7:18 pm

They are like shoes, C  
that ambition to walk the complete beach  
get weary, sleep and  
get run-over like the F... O'Hara  
darling O'Hara.

It takes time dearest,  
the growth of the spirit  
takes efforts of plastering, building layers  
until a flight of stairs figure  
we climb up to a state of a wider pause -  
the landing of desire

Fri, Aug 14, 7:25 pm

But before that arrives, we get to know  
the burning segment first and then move on  
to the other figures of experience.  
They offer their joy of the mute sun, defend natural landscape.  
The redundancies of sound make us feel stronger.  
But the wine tasted in stillness keeps us convinced:  
life is a small cup of whole milk  
and desire, its invisible froth.

Wed, Sep 9, 10:55 pm

Presence allows for monotonous structures,  
scores similar to the sight of swans on a lake in winter.  
Flowers open up to successive states of form.  
Things created in exchange are part of a performance  
reserved in the spaces where the mind can recover from  
its poverty of sensations,

where the unimportant seem to churn away from us,  
where there is a wand of young light waving over debris:  
a maze of scar tissues.

Wed, Sep 9, 11:54 pm

Of the many degrees of freedom  
manifesting in a swan, one is lost as a feather  
suspended from the hilltop, overlooking ancient  
translucence structured like a city.

As a symbol of freedom it culls brittle evanescence,  
managing to compress itself into a thin layer  
held tight between approaching faces that remain  
separated so as to dispel love –  
love reified as freedom,  
but weighing down hearts held in rusty cupolas  
in the cold, pressurized bottoms of green seas.

Freedom self-reflects as a plant without a stalk,  
that has come off a larger assembly –  
an integral of whose holistic freedom it was a part –  
an emblem of you  
at the center of your rising nipple.

Thu, Sep 10, 12:01 am

Unity of dual  
mediates on sequences of solitude.  
It is hard now, not to slow down the spectacle of encounters  
when the apple peels roast in the heat of freedom,  
freedom of dream, of language.

Though that oneself, remains chastely sane  
while being in the throes of total fire  
is a triumph of will.

All moments of possibility burn more than us:  
some of them become  
marigold petals and mud pellets, secret subtlety inherited.

Thu, Sep 10, 12:03 am

Pain imposes its own self upon body  
It makes its essence circulate through  
organs and apparatus.  
Tongues of birds have a wide variety of  
shapes and features.  
I know mine is like a dusty box where  
my song distempers.

The pulp torments, inside unspent juices churn.

I think of rejected waves. Think about sacrifices  
beyond this cage.  
The vase holds an image of the being -  
I am in need of existing, of becoming someone else.  
Uncertainty has been just a little too hard on me.  
Perhaps I am portraying my prejudices and fears.  
I'm not a castaway, but I live on the edge of self.

Human voice projects itself  
on the ideal stream of conscious activities.  
In my bedroom upstairs from where every opinion  
appears cloudy, at times, the rhythm of spring  
fails to reach us,  
but never mind dear,  
failure doesn't work except in defense of beauty.

Thu, Sep 10, 12:29 am

I have been listening to myself for hours.  
My throat feels pierced, full with the extravagance



of needlessness, the anti-gravity of big kites.  
The genealogy of ideas is as frail as this  
winter light. Reason is the knife dividing  
our modes of pure existence  
the tumors in our eyes and lips.

Fri, Sep 11, 6:54 am

Things extraneous to the body will eventually find one  
According to the lemma, all of the distempered purple  
lacquer pours into an ink pot at the horizon.  
The remaining hues, hinting at fall,  
explain a pigmentation problem  
that's short and summarized.  
Reflecting on the situation does not transmit it  
but puts a mirror between us as you have observed,  
doubling the suffering.  
But there is a communion near the sky-bridge  
which smuggles the devil across.  
My pistol sparkles and as syncope spares you,  
sweet center,  
we figure its loss of raw mass and meat  
turn into a conversation about withering.

Fri, Sep 11, 9:09 pm

It is not absurd to think that  
consciousness is made of voracious simulations,  
of cups of denial. There is always a threshold  
of emotions we try to modify, a railway crossing  
of validity  
our right to live  
to feel  
to reflect  
and pass through.

Fri, Sep 11, 7:50 pm

I think of a simulacrum too, of life  
modeled after a master pattern  
transformed into the real space of the personal  
following not algorithms of nature so much,  
like certain petals follow Fibonacci sequence,  
but by inequalities of multiple inheritances,  
each one a new method, a variation  
of a discovered law of probability,  
many of which the birds know better than us  
laws that penguins learn from ice;  
laced by principles and structures of destruction  
this simulacrum dwells within a delicate matrix  
of vulnerability.

Fri, Sep 11, 8:59 pm

We all are allowed thoughts about an absence of being.  
There are always clouds segregating interior islands  
from rings of silence.

I have been listening to myself for years.  
A maze of dead tissue has grown like submarine algae  
under the influence of my voices.  
No star shows because I salivate  
I know the rachitic balance of my gesture  
The rain doesn't. Yet the rain is not an easy wine either  
sniffing at my organism with a jealousy  
My body smells almost like a metabody  
between body states.

If reality became a honeybee  
sucking shapes assumed by our knowledge of it,  
words we use to name forms of misery we reproduce and  
massive superstitions we adopt, are nothing but  
noble shoes we carry on our head.

It is pain, dear A, that is at the center of my created world.  
I can't forget ruptures of wish,  
the noisy objects of beauty moving to disappear  
in unseen sand.

Life continues to be a dress with floral designs  
made with black lines, intense ascendants  
That was a different rain I told you about sometime back  
and the purple umbrella  
under which I walked as a teenager  
into the dripping woods.

Sat, Sep 12, 7:22 pm

DO NOT ENTER

please, do not.

black cats and digitized omens.  
The alley is dark  
but all automobiles can be parked on all sides

What is crisscrossing outside the window  
is flaky and shredded  
If I say cotton balls  
it's the dark chapter speaking with  
a suppression of the baleful -  
letters from prison, censored lines struck through  
in dense black bold

lengthy Proustian sentences with a few fluttering  
punctuations - that's the gulls  
in near empty panorama - still life on the waves  
pixels everywhere with a consternation of flickering  
but out of it things jump - kites, fish

Jack is dead in the box  
and pain returns unnoticed  
in a small group of caterpillars working  
on the laces of her bed  
waiting to greet death  
with new birth-shots of color

The alley is dark  
and open

Sat, Sep12, 11:33 pm

I remember that night  
It is the night we return to:  
Mind keeps reverberating  
because of inertias of understanding.  
One has to bear the nausea of birth  
the clock on the table.

I walk inside seeing ourselves stretch  
arms to enter the hole-rooms of meaning.  
I walk inside listening to you.

Memory now lives beyond the field where  
the sparrows used to pee,  
within the limits of songs.

Talking about limits -  
words, for me, are islands of anxiety  
with their deltas forming  
of froth and foam,  
salt and sand,  
in the drift of my crumbling imagination.

I'm an assembly of nervous winds  
and I know the most tempting benefits  
of agitation, but  
If I think about the real frontiers of innocence

if I think about the measure of things  
body and shadow are the same:  
made of the pure ingredients of pain and life.

I'm learning to use identity  
as objects of cognition  
that don't deny their obedience  
to the iridescent aura of emptiness  
to the wind vanes.

Wed, Dec 2, 9:49 am

Today, my effort to join two hands,  
and believe in myself, the mutual poverty  
of two bodies that summon each other to believe  
in themselves. With joined hands,  
rather than mourning the colors that did not  
last in flesh, I would like to keep,  
in the pocket of a moment  
one whole word the sun can't deny.

Even the void is available to touch  
by means of a virtual striptease of verbs  
We take our clothes off not looking for nudity  
but a continuum of cells - body within body  
Everything else is the transforming of being  
into an erection of itself. We rub them  
Rub our bodies of expression upon another  
Could you come deep inside me now?  
As deeply as possible?

Wed, Dec 2, 8:07 pm

I come in as hands inside wet, luscious earth  
hands full of seeds, that have dual purpose –  
to plow but also to feel  
intended action, unknowingly pushing

the membranes of the implied

Wed, Dec 2, 9:36 pm

It is not always the perception of boundaries  
but the fluid infrastructure of selves  
where we intercept and unite.  
What would it be like to live without a language  
that produces luring objects and ideas?  
We both know the velocity of sound  
by the motion of a tongue that reflects on another.  
At times, it is the visceral connection  
between the lines we write that narrates this becoming  
of us as a colorful flux of voices.  
Brain connects the depilated doors, but it is by squeezing  
the bells and showering us with their juices  
that we become the flow of desire.

Wed, Dec 2, 10:01 pm

The theory of miscibility,  
whether it applies to language or our bodies,  
is about the struggle of flowstreams to adjust  
to their needs, forming eddies and vortices  
in the wake of imaginary sea creatures  
always leaving gaps, voids, pockets of turbulence  
like wounds...  
*Desire is the wound of reality*

**As osmosis demonstrates**

this invisible dye of pain

Dec 5 – Dec 31

We know that we are  
surrounded by the bustle of life  
that gives shape to sand everyday.  
Years and years spent to feel the form  
of a plastic bag,  
the sun dead among words, the latencies of the self.  
No consolidation of memory is  
the interruption of absence of ourselves  
which is not to say there is no memory but that  
of a void; there are symbols and residue everywhere -  
the confetti of existential cycles spread all around and  
beyond us, preserved for the sake of its strangeness.  
All recollections and reflections of reality  
have the consistency of the chain links of language,  
forming an array of schooners.  
It is difficult for us to come to terms with  
the direction of life inside life  
the form of bodies inside the body  
the magic car can't completely control its driver  
the tree can't catalyze season  
This minute is not a picture frame of everyone's time and space  
yet we can't seem to live out of the state of mind it dictates.  
No realm is forever. Not even the ideas.

Many times I've wondered,  
as now, if in their idle friction  
and humble happiness,  
the minutes, which today  
have a heart of their own,  
and have left the clock in the  
hands of the handless  
flying to the unseen controllers  
of hot-air balloons, only  
to return flaccid in secondary  
eddies to force us to see what  
we are not anymore, to force



us to look at who we were  
while taking the lie detector test or  
as tight rope unicyclists masked as harlequins  
trying to run against time,  
against everything that lives  
longer than ourselves.

In and out of the present moments,  
some of us, seem gone  
like daffodils, a little later like tulips  
like gumballs in the dispenser  
but today, it allows us to  
feel the furious correspondence  
of the infinite world of meaning at the edge of our  
floral blue shower curtain  
twined with our intimate  
and convalescent allure.  
Would it be the same without having lost a bit  
of that fulminant delectation?  
Would it be the same dying without having treasured  
a bit of that static pulsation?  
But as you know, because color flows  
it has a body and limbs and can travel  
from a source of higher concentration  
to a lesser, if we could build bridges across  
cups to share some coffee.

Or, like a raisin shriveled  
in the sweetness of pain, submerged in a glass  
of water - life becomes obedient to its invisible  
laws. The voice lives on without itself  
in a drift of sensations.

Many times I've wondered,  
as now, how does it grow - that  
ambiguous nipple against everything

deserted? How, as osmosis demonstrates  
this invisible dye of pain infiltrating the lesser body,  
as it embraces the shriveled. How do the lips  
tolerate silence or a wounded word?  
if today's song of innocence swerves  
like a dream carved on a sleeping body,  
like a dream carved without time,  
where the blood is proud.

But, wondering is still feeling,  
and feeling is still knowing  
that the minutes count to  
keep pace and rhythm in the inside of the organ -  
the inset of clock-tick.

Mirror against mirror, image against image,  
shadow against shadow, mind fails us  
and builds fractals around ourselves  
that get viral like fern.  
We know how to separate ourselves  
from chapter endings, as waves separate from waves  
like things felt in time dissever  
from our sources to belong to their kernels of truth.

Talking is still thinking  
and thinking is still feeling  
life as one whole, a disjointed whole  
but conjoined still with the system that  
holds it, the pan-handle  
of loss that holds us all.

The kernel is not just where life began,  
it has a life of its own. A recurrence  
to which the minutes count.

The thresholds count as proof of the  
pain that lives within us like an unborn.  
Pain counts to the heart and looking at myself is  
still knowing and feeling that  
I'm am being displaced from the image of my body,  
but not from pain, because the kernel controls.  
It is that center, the infallible, scientific center  
which controls all labor in an uncontrollable desire  
to grow. And just as I work hard to manage pain  
we all do, work hard and harder from day to day  
with ardor, zeal, élan and with so much industriousness  
that the industry collapses.

Perhaps, in just a minute,  
returning with irresistible youth  
and its imagined reserve,  
it is enough to be on the  
earth without being oneself.

Will those moments I spent with myself return  
to force me to look at the distortion  
in the mirror today?  
The look of a beingless naked?  
Time, doesn't push its threshold  
of suffering and as always, I wonder whether  
the earthy minutes make perfect  
my substance, my presence.  
I wonder if they let me choose  
a certain look.

After all we are bodies and  
transmigration needs to crack my inside up  
in order to travel, even in the entrails of our  
long, wide globally warming hug.  
You can hear feelings but not these  
silent crackles old mirrors envy.

Is it therefore like the way  
we announce our plans and positions  
in words unspoken?  
Doesn't it feel like a little pain that is  
packed inside so many of us  
that time seems to pass by  
without touching?  
Subsumed in a leafy fruit bowl  
our organic questions decay  
from lack of human touch.

Sometimes, like today, I wonder  
whether such earthy minutes  
have perfected my substance.  
Today, when pain counts to  
the heart, I feel the  
the images of the toughest  
clocks are themselves,  
like an excess of life, which  
we still need to know, to which  
we still need to stay exposed.

Life doesn't have to rest.  
As autumn eats dead time  
lizards pierce the fruits of sleep.  
How the minutes manage to live  
under our feet is in question, but robbed of time,  
the seed in my chest continues to dream  
and the chosen periphery of things  
that throb like words, cramps too.  
We keep no secret to ourselves  
seeds whisper to the earth to bring on new skin  
that dreams of the next bodyform,  
as the next minute is dreamed  
and when the shape is assumed  
no one flips the hourglass.



**Cristina Sánchez López** is a counselor, sociologist and bilingual poet from Medellin, Colombia. Her poems have appeared in numerous literary magazines, such as *La Jiribilla*, *Diario Gráfico de Xalapa* (Veracruz, Mexico), *Urcunina* literary magazines (Colombia), *Los Escribas* ( Mexico), *The MUD Proposal* and *Kaurab* (Kolkata, India). Anthology appearances include *A Mar Abierto* (To Open Sea, SEPIA

*Edi-ciones*, Mexico, 2014) and latin american poetry anthology *Esta ternura y estas manos libres* (This tenderness and these free hands, Editorial Touchstone, Colombia, 2015). She is working on three poetry manuscripts - "Archaeology of Autumn", "Songs for fall", "Symphony of abandonment".



**Aryanil Mukherjee** is a bilingual Asian American writer who has authored fourteen books of poetry, essays and fiction in two languages and a book of poems in Spanish translation from Amargord, Spain. Engaged in bi-directional translation of poetry between English and Bangla Aryanil has translated scores of international poets including a book-length translation project on John Ashbery. Aryanil edits KAURAB

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# Poetry

A stunning rumination on the things we take for granted until they start to betray us, language and the body chief among them. Sánchez López and Mukherjee's ongoing correspondence revels in its subjects' materiality, from a grand continental scale down to its subatomic structure, and the intimacy they achieve is that much more remarkable when we consider that this conversation takes place across time zones and hemispheres via text message. Indeed, one of the book's greatest pleasures is seeing their collaboration unfold and evolve in real-time as the poets get to know one another and their words become more and more inextricably intertwined.

--Michael S. Hennessey  
Editor, PennSound  
Editor, *Jacket2*

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