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Children of the Unlucky

Filthy cats share their private solitude,
and dream marks perish with the stream unseen -
the bluntness of the character or the storms within.

“The barren bags of our parents bring us only lead!”

Sunken shipyards,
jungles of despair,
and the outward tapestry.

Decay their early breakfast.



NEKOPIN

Montaigne's Library

The flames of the hearth cannot yet thaw; they burn rime to circumvent.

Words devise the hallowed murmurs of a hermitage consecrated through the cult of good books; the conviviality of the Ancients. Ashen folios, erased from later memory, shield their dogged outcasts amid angry centuries' din.

The walls must hold,
for in their cavities
the blacksmiths of horizons are still at work.

The monastery of the owl, and of the nightingales withdrawn, glimmers and sings its wintry tunes cloaked by the tempest's roar.

Still uninvited, Aurora awaits, blazing where there is scope.

NEKOPRATI

The Bellow of the Black Grease

Each morning, over tea, to glimpse the entombment of charity,
Is to read rags with crutches for bigots to pace and patches to see,
Bearers of herd-like unanimity
That bind dark blood to its sharp sheets, sheets of shattered olive trees,
Leaden from the bruising caverns of soliloquies.

Quarries of guiltless stone,
Chivalrous slayers of doubt,
Always the first to smoke-out
The fallen, the hunted, alone.

Polluted minds, polluted hearts
Must abide by the ravening wants of Baal's;
They cannot envisage divergent parts
Delayed in their corrals.

A Young Plant at Khyber Pass

Be they a hundred years old,
Patriarchs of conquest cold
Nodding on thrones of porphyry,
Never have they seen, like Mehri at ten,
What she had witnessed then,

When metallic brutes of prey
Stole her father's breathing dear,
Bedimming the daylight's way,
Bloodying her beauty clear.

In the playground of oligopolies,
Of dirty old orders of war which sear small birds still,
Ambulant, benumbing hostilities
Ravage the biophile ethic of Summerhill.

The loess of bellicosity
In Badsha Khan's tenacious hills
Obscures such archaeologies
Which bring forth nobility
Through solar, gentle pedagogies.

In a lair as blind as this,
What could she have learnt of art, and logic, and peace?

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