

JACLR

Journal of Artistic Creation & Literary Research

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Volume 3 Issue 2 (December 2015)

Sneha Sundaram "Three Poems"

Recommended Citation

Sundaram, Sneha. "Three Poems" JACLR: Journal of Artistic Creation and Literary Research 3.2 (2015)

<https://www.ucm.es/siim/journal-of-artistic-creation-and-literary-research>

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Three Poems

Unwanted

The water Held me As I floated, Tides turned for me, Eddies formed and rose, Where once whirlpools pulled all beings Into the violent embrace of the sea. Waves cradled me As I tried to nestle in their folds. Unconscious, from the pith of the vortex, I crashed on the bank Covered in frothy foam. The water receded, uncaring. No. No! Go back. We don't want you either. Sundaram, Sneha. "Three Poems." JACLR: Journal of Artistic Creation and Literary Research 3.2 (2015) <https://www.ucm.es/siim/journal-of-artistic-creation-and-literary-research> ©Universidad Complutense de Madrid, Spain

Asymptote

Still, I wait An old soul, For the twains to meet This day, then the next This month, till the year Hyperbolic, hyperbole My leap of faith This leap year then, maybe? Scientific numerology, Still. I wait.

Hope, Asymptotic Waits in the smalls of backs Through sooty candle-lit gazes, In the creases of your eyes Through the lines of your iris Where once we met Seven seconds, unblinking. Seven lifetimes Maybe enough For this old cat Has twice risen, Already; Still, I wait.

Co-ordinates of longing

Find me my spot in the sun. Coordinates of longing, (Latitude x, Longitude y). In visceral streams of consciousness, The Place I dream I wake up in. Just beyond the intersection Of today and forever, The place where I belong.

Did you find my vertex? Where lightning met my heart? Then find me my spot in the away boat, One that'll take my scars. I'll cling to bags With bodies fresh Hide in the stench of it all.

Find me my spot in my country, I'm tired; just want to sit down. How long can I be a Floating Point Refugee? Face less, root less, lying awry. Find me my roots in the mud, Still lying under the broken house. Sundaram, Sneha. "Three Poems." JACLR: Journal of Artistic Creation and Literary Research 3.2 (2015) <https://www.ucm.es/siim/journal-of-artistic-creation-and-literary-research> ©Universidad Complutense de Madrid, Spain

Or find me a spot in the shade, One that'll turn back time. With every falling leaf in autumn Erasure of a different kind. Fresh leaves can grow then, maybe. Fresh roots? They will take time.

Bioprofile of the author: Sneha Sundaram is an entrepreneur, poet and author-in-waiting. Her poems have been published in *Storizen, Noctua Review, Miracle, Kigo, Yellow Chair Review, Whirlwind Magazine*, the British Council 'Inspired by Museum' anthology, *Capoliveri Haiku* anthology etc. Sneha is currently working on her poetry and a non-fiction book that she hopes to publish sometime next year.

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