

Mangesh Naik

Dark Wings - I

Dear woman, your harvest is not for me.
days of mostly silence
more and more of less.

A bright white wind
our marks our wishes our distance our poems
a candle inside each word

Been a long time in the world now, I am.
When I cut myself the patterns repeat

Wake me volcanic from a dream of when to expect
A fantasy so complex
a sun moves north,
black veins open
in the middle of the sky
golden contrails of god ,

memory so faint
that it ceases to be.

Wake me, Wake me,
the alarms goes
suddenly, so no
one listens
I am that moment
before the rain starts
the same old story
of love being lonely.

Dark Wings II

Dew drops
falling by
when
no one's watching

song like pauses

wine-dark morning

I can
almost admit
it was her
on the piano

the beach cottage
flesh red planet
three corners of night

outside, the rain roars ,
undercoat of screams

I , alone with her
collapsing universe.

she left shadow
on this bed

to tease me so, she looks back at me,
I twist my brain, vanishing voice

her memory , not mine.

Mangesh Naik lives and works in Pune, India . Credits/Upcoming - *Hayden's Ferry Review, Decomp, RHP, Poetry Quarterly, Barnwood Magazine, Right Hand Pointing , Other Poetry, Third Wednesday, Silver Blade* and a few other magazines.