

Abhijit Sarmah's Poem

Close-up

the panning shot in Burtynsky's *Manufactured Landscapes* stops roughly around nine minutes.

crane shot: a modern workshop, hundreds & hundreds of weary tulpas, heads lowered, mostly florescent vests, unbroken assembly lines, myriads of boxes & machines, the rhythm of conditioned tools. plus the tightening, the excruciation of every day.

crossfade to: a oner of them rushing out like tahrs in highland trails. a spurt of faceless faces.

close-up/insert shot: my father loves the ceremony of birdsfoot blooming, of arranging cups & jars on chalky tabletops, of sun's velvet light ebbing with longing through the vents, of time burrowing our small town. yellowing harts & tailorbirds leave nocturnal ecstasies before his evening tea. nothing robs his silence but memories gather like lint. like silk cobweb in a dead man's room.

voiceover: emergency exits are marked. familiarize yourself with evacuation routes. your well-being is our priority.
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