

Jaideep Saikia's Poem

Worn-out Froth

Ripples in the beer take form:
A froth of caution snaking into cuneiform,
Hostile, ancient, unread.
Light, Strong, or Premium?
The card is drawn.
The "Old Mother" stares from the dregs,
Entrails of foam.
Macabre shadows of spectral border-crossers
Deride the mesh of counterfeit maps;
Something wild, trapped in the wire,
Seeking a womb that no longer claims its own.
The Mother watches, stone-heavy, bleeding,
As the herds vanish into the haze of Go-Dhuli.
The night takes weight as the beer abates,
A shroud falling over the dust of the trekked earth.
Come, Andromeda—
Let us plot the borderless skies.
Chin. Zo. Kuki.
The glass is empty. Take me home.

Jaideep Saikia is a student of India's national security and a closet poet.