Desmond Kharmawphlang. "Autopsy." Dancing Earth: An Anthology of Poetry from North-East India, eds. Robin S. Ngangom and Kynpham S. Nongkynrih, Pengin, 2009, p. 147.

Autopsy

Slipping quietly into the raw dawn With the beating of heavy wings— Poetry on the lips of the earth.

A tree with swirling branches, A jagged darkness against the sky— Winds cutting the morning with a knife sharpened In an uneasy night of crimes and stars. You call me and I hear. Here, where your voice lives, I dream with empty hands and a sadness runs Between memory and being. Time is pinned to the wall Along with a thousand words And a heart weeping in the midst of broken music. But today you are here with me,

Curtains drawn, and the silent screams of Christ weeping blood in Gethsemane.

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