

## MIRAJI

### AN EVENING ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE WINE GLASS

“This isn’t a goblet.” I pick up a glass  
slover,  
Pick it up and toss it into clear pond  
water  
to make some ripples.  
Whose hand lifted the veil of day and  
night?  
So that the dancer, pirouetting on her  
glittering leg  
unveiled a glimpse of a signpost,  
seduced, drew my glance to her.

Bring it here.  
Let the swan-goblet swim on.  
Bring it here.  
I’ll drink every drag of thirsty thought.

Why should forgetfulness clutch my  
skirt? Isn’t she the  
whore whose shawl traps thousands  
of heaving breaths  
that foolishly ripple and dissolve?

My dried, half-dead wrist holds  
spilling space,  
in my every vein, blood drops shiver—  
sweat on the dancer’s forehead.

Whose soft hennaed finger stroked the  
blue lotus  
so that every petal shivered?            [...]



oozes blood.

A thin sliver of a delicate succulent fruit  
 touches  
 my tongue, look—  
 the simple whiteness of a plain robe  
 crushes dry leaves.

Stay wrapped around me.  
 Let me imagine that a sip of your arms  
 will make my heart giddy,  
 or shall I  
 in profound emptiness  
 black darkness  
 rocking and rocking again,  
 close my wet eyes?

This morning-robe betrays the secret:  
 Don't think, silence is better.  
 But a wave splattered with foam comes  
 flooding  
 across my thoughts.

Bring it here.  
 Every twisting movement of the swan's  
 warm throat makes  
 the billows in the dancer's skirt  
 swing,  
 who until now  
 sat hidden at my side.

But  
 why do you regard me like a foolish  
 child?  
 I am not a foolish child,  
 nor are you a foolish child—

I understand!  
 Whenever the swan-goblet keeps time  
 with the gurgling wine flask, [...]

the smooth surface of the wine  
bubbles,  
and each bubble is a foolish child—  
each touches the dancer's skirt  
calls out to the past night,  
and dissolves.

I said  
I've always said  
I alone will clutch the dancer's skirt.

And each bubble will cry like a foolish  
child,  
each is a secret,  
that I alone can unravel.  
Casually forgetful,  
each says again and again  
bring it here.  
But nobody listens.  
Let the glass swan swim on.

Tired, the dancer returns to my  
embrace,  
and I too feel that I might go to sleep.

Take your white dress off,  
don't stay wrapped up  
my dried petal  
Plucking you like this  
I will turn you into a garden, so that

every flower cluster will suddenly  
glitter.

Let the glass swan swim on.  
Let the swan swim to me.  
I am not blind. Yes  
Let the swan go on swimming.

—*Translated by Geeta Patel*