# **Cultural Daily**

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

### **Linda Ashok: Three Poems**

Linda Ashok · Wednesday, April 4th, 2018

#### **End Means**

Not here, not through these sagging memories of time that keeps gathering dust and builds castles on them

that house emptiness such as never drawn by painters or imagined by a mind-reading-AI, or even your nimble fingers

that promise to draw a canal connecting God to our end means of making love like two toy birds so mechanical...

But I understand bodies can't have it easy, bodies must tear, must break, must kneel, and pray, bodies must dawn

after the moon has licked up the landscape with her fervent tongue, the way your tongue snowboards over my Alps.

\*

## **Killing Moths**

Cold is a beautiful touch; her eyes are cold, resplendentcenturies old fossils clawing for light.

She is like an aquarium; you can see how avalanches can make one so soft...

If you place your hands inside her glassy, gelatinous bod, you can save yourself a frostbite.

Last month, I dyed her hair with moonbeam...and pitched a moth in each crevice of her braid.

While I did so, I enjoyed killing them and dirtying her brown nape with its dust.

\*

# **Tongue Tied**

How deep is the universe? How many light years will it take to reach your belly

by way of this mouth carved of the squeals of gulls and the slow ravage of a faraway country wishing the death of all its stars.

Our tongues tied at a certain shore where waves eat their own froth and shells throw their pearls.

You dig your military claws on my hip as if to break the bird by her wings and have her beak always stuck within in search of fruits and bees that your wild trunk hosts for me.

I ask to hold me gentle and let the sailors row through this deep trench of longing

but you, regardless chew my tongue like a cannibal eating a red, fleshy berry.

[alert type=alert-white] Please consider making a tax-deductible donation now so we can keep publishing strong creative voices.[/alert]

This entry was posted on Wednesday, April 4th, 2018 at 8:06 pm and is filed under Poetry You can follow any responses to this entry through the Comments (RSS) feed. You can skip to the end and leave a response. Pinging is currently not allowed.