

# 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, resplendent-  
centuries 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.

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