

By Aparna Vincent

Mysteries

1

I will not ask you
To understand my nightmares—
When I saw a spider snap my veins
Or of the time I saw a mustached man
Rip my child's clothes.
Nonsense.
They're just my fears,
Improbable ones,
You don't want to know the source of.
I will not speak to you
About the day I sat and cried
In the middle of the road,
Because I forgot—
The lines of Wordsworth
Or was it Whitman?
How does it matter?
Decorative. Non-utilitarian.
A waste of time.
I also won't let you know,
Of the skin lost
From boiling water for your bath.
Silly. Trivial.
Spoils the sex you say.

2

I will not tell you,
Of times I sneak out of your bed
To sail with him on a boat that doesn't betray,
Even in tumultuous waters.
You snore drunk in your pride,
While I make love to him in the caves by the ocean.
I'll not tell you,
How I bared myself without the slightest prodding.
I'll not tell you,
That these furtive meetings
Are the ones that keep my soul from giving up.
Will spoil my fun, won't it?