

By Minal Sarosh

Mosaic

Is this life?

A glass mosaic over the altar,
and the flickering wicks of the candles,
like breath gleaming through me.

And death like huddled bats
in unseen eaves, squeaking
like unused doors between hymns.

I stand in this moment, alone,
a spot of sunlight on the belfry bell,
for the final benediction.

Mortal.

Illusions

Why is it that I'm always
the blinkered horse
seeing only the road ahead.

Why not the hawk, which sees
clairvoyance tree tops.

Or, when under the waters of despair
be the unblinking fish with tearless eyes.

Oh owl! How I need your goggled eyes,

to read this black night ignorance.

Hey, curious pigeon at the glass window,
like you will I see the self within myself?

And these ever-changing illusions,
with my two mortal eyes,
will I ever see through them?