turn, Climb, realign



Samar Ghose

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For *lipi & tiggy* my raison d'être

Acknowledgements

I would like to extend my thanks to the editors of the following publications in which present or earlier versions of these haibun sequences previously appeared: *Haibun Today*, *Human/Kind Journal*, *The Other Bunny*, and *weird laburnum*.



serry

```
partly cloudy, just
cold
weight
of the
mood
ring
turning over you get a sudden memory in your head
tea
leaves
the
book lamp
dims
another idea grips you
inchworm
now
or
thinking about tomorrow, like you've abandoned its trajectory already
the dancer's fingers rake the moon
```

tabula rasa

```
some who are near my heart

the song
in turn
is born

*

with one purpose alone

a stone
changes
within

*

minute by minute they live

a heart murmur
run
wild
```

dark and light

```
a cosmetic facade, the face saved, bruise concealed :: today she wears a bright white singlet

ten thousand volumes
dust
streaks the empty couch

*

the war rages on, a spreading dark water-stain :: her gentle brand of distracted kindness

the palm opens a dream a dream to closing time

*

seconds. minutes. light :: the last remaining cupcake in crumbs sequencing a daydream

the geese
turn
climb
realign
above the checkerboard
```

so to speak

```
coming in with his wandering eyes :: the pain routinely questioned
when is it
that it is
no time
his words riding a familiar tilt :: bootlaces trailing
one sparrow two the cerulean bit by bit
a certain ennui, a certain languor :: a door across the hall ticks open
departing geese letting the night in
a spider hangs from the rafters :: bits of poems
as if Pandora reciting the sutras, so to speak
```

fraught

```
missing

a dog
strips the air
of fright

*
there is no breeze

trapped
the bruise
of a sky

*
she knows, she knows

no sound
is silent now
```

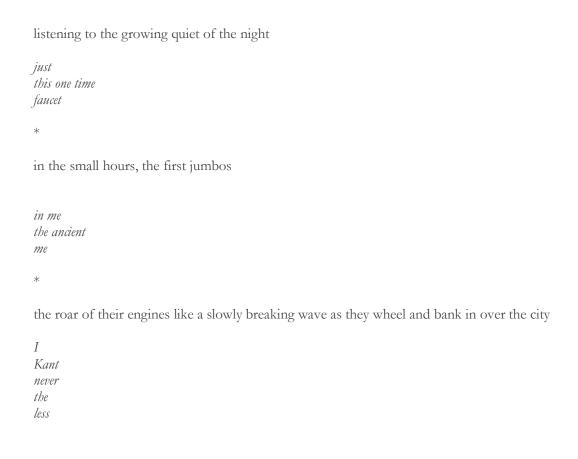
Androméda

```
a small parenthesis—she took it and raised her glass to express the emotion of the song
perfect figure eights on an inward-looking arrhythmia
*
by then, the afternoon outside was gathering into bluey darkness
night sounds
a fishhook breaks the surface
to applause
growing less insistent until there were only fireflies
touch and go nights falling down the rabbit hole
in search of body heat, quite naturally my arm went around her
the nebula
of another galaxy
passes through
```

distal pulse

```
phone call from the psych—she's taken it badly. I know, I say.
the climb
for the moon
not this
not this
about to wrap myself in her scarf, I stop. What if I lose my sense of her?
worse
things
I tell
myself
happen
at sea
the truculence of children :: on and off the rain
jumpers
do they see the sky
above
```

penumbra



enough

the trouble with marbles is the rich kid doesn't give them back when your kid brother chucks them over

```
three bags full
yuk, what do they
call this stuff
downstream, the call of a bird, maybe, but stop at nothing while it's still dark
grandma
you had to be
it
*
hard up against it with nowhere else to go, there's just the crunch of gravel
they
wouldn't
want
to be
built
walls would
if
they
could
speak.
```

, which space is, unless...

```
a framed pane of clear glass :: infinity keeping, keeping
in and out of the bird feeder
changing light :: collecting parts of a visual wall less the night
look inside
the
dream
writing the years
*
night out, you open the can :: 5 years through the pupil of an empty space
the eye
now a familiar
raga
unfamiliar
escape the tomorrow :: ribbon clouds expanding a splinter you can slip into
old glass
fears distort
into dust
```

an absolutely ordinary rainbow

```
the very stops the rain hurrying

*

talk in the back streets minutes ago :: around a child like the wind in a hollow midday light uniforms crowd a halo

*

a thing some say wills man :: there the slick silence burns

like the earth as the earth the sea stops
```

memory

the squares of his mind scattered cities :: another code of a dead man living in the morrow the cell of this day * one thinks of something slightly unusual :: silly, like us, her madness survives making south in the dark. the dogs wait * hate the sea of the night:: your voice still a vineyard of praise a verse deserts the fountain

Notes

'fraught': A sequence culled out from p. 41 of Rhubarb by Craig Silvey.

'tabula rasa': A sequence culled out from Easter, 1916 by W. B. Yeats.

'an absolutely ordinary rainbow': A sequence culled out from *An Absolutely Ordinary Rainbow* by Les Murray.

', which space is, unless...': A crowdsourced sequence composed from responses/definitions received for the concrete noun, "window."

'memory': A sequence culled out from In Memory of W. B. Yeats by W. H. Auden.



Samar Ghose was born and grew up in India. He now lives in Perth, Western Australia with his wife and two adult daughters. Enamoured of the haiku genre and its related forms, he enjoys the appreciation of this art form while reading and occasionally writing. He has been published in international online and print journals such as *Sonic Boom, weird laburnum, Human/Kind Journal, The Heron's Nest, Under the Basho, Haibun Today, Bones, The Other Bunny*, and numerous others. Samar feels that haiku can live in both poetry and prose and explores the conceptual possibilities of haikai aesthetics through the writing of mini-haibun sequences.

"turn, climb, realign is a journey into the inscrutable connectivity between language and consciousness (which creates which?), a connectivity that is often and unavoidably expressed in images bordering on the surreal. Samar Ghose has taken haibun/gembun to a new level with his sequences creating (if not a new form then an innovative and brilliant use of what is already there: the ultra short haibun) dense and intriguing worlds where the reader glimpses at pieces, fragments, overhears voices in conversation from the next room through a thin wall, often catching fluttering phrases that the mind cannot help but try to complete in an attempt, as it were, to fill out what's missing. This chapbook is exemplary in its economy of words and a book that despite its brevity has just the right size for each sequence to make an impact."

— Johannes S. H. Bjerg, Writer & Editor