



dish of flowering scents

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the floating heart - 02.03.2019

as if meant

falling out of a reverie

my eyes went to the window

and

with an unexpectedness

and suddenness

which was astonishing

a gaudy heart of a balloon

traipsed across the garden

shocking me with the thought

of love

the heart was swept upwards

and away

and then other memories came

of days long past

a cloud

if not for those moments of a heart

swept across the sky
if not for that moment away from thought
could I have seen?
time passed and on a whim
I peered in an exploratory manner out of the
window
searching for a heart
it was tangled in a tree bereft of leaves
caught in a naked embrace
like all the hearts of our yesterdays

colouring pencils

20.05.15

by some magic chemistry

they had caught the souls of the flowers

so bright

and so pure

I had searched for them for days

for I had felt full again

that the images in me

had to come out

to make some room

that the chaos

was seeking form

shape and colour

when I brought them home

I gazed at them

they were a perfect painting

a sumptuous sculpture

I took them out of their box

I ran my finger down the wood
sleek and shiny as youthful hair
my tool my loot
the colouring pencils were full of promises
and big dreams
they were as hard as reality itself

the book of the universe

02.05.15

some people say that the universe is a book
which we have written ourselves
not only in the present
but even millions of years before we were born
they say the sun springs from our eye
like a character in a novel
or that the moon is a metaphor
for something in our mind
some even claim
that if our consciousness of things changed
the universe would blink out of existence
other people say that we are a book
that is written by the universe
that the physical laws that surround us
move irresistibly towards intelligence
that design is written into each and every sign
all these different scientific readers

and all these scientific readings

all these inventions of reading

they see god in man

or god in all

I the atheist

I the poet

I read the book of the universe

and I see Hinduism's *leela*

I see the playfulness of creation

and the teasing of a child

I see poetry itself

but written not in letters

and written by no poet

the juggler

04.05.15

juggle said the madman
and he laughed into his drink
juggle said the child
and he showed me his teeth
I took the knives
the sharp cutting knives
then threw them up into the air
following the failure of fall
joining myself to the circle of blades
the movement that I created
possessed a life of its own
which drifted into my head
and gradually strengthened its hold
over my own
I felt its energy
the subtlety of its silent rhythm
the denaturing chain of the movement

they cheered and I heard nothing

they clapped and I saw nothing

I was the hard fulcrum of the world

bubbles

17.05.2018

an invitation of the sun

clear moments

silence

a wooden chair in the garden with the paint
peeling off

abandoned toys sitting on top

I sat and unscrewed the bottle of frothing cloud

I blew

life surged from the eye of the wand

shining and coloured like the rainbow

it danced and shivered

wobbled like jelly

flew and floated

glided and galloped

each trembling child of my breath

gained height and splendour

scurried off away from home

but then the breath of the world came strong
it grasped and choked new lives
twisting and rending them here and there
extinguishing them
the precarious existence of a bubble
the contest of breath
can one sit on a wooden chair in a garden forever
with a child's wand
breathing life into soapy water?

the flame – 06.05.2018

do not teach the flame patience
restless is the desire of the spark
madness in shift is the play of the light
impetuous is the embrace of the heat
do not ask why the flame dances
do not question the elemental
the orange of the flame is audacity
the yellow of the flame is recklessness
the red of the flame is caprice
like the third eye of an angry god
like the flickering of hope
the flame will consume all
engulf all
end all
if there is one sign that is
unfathomable and uncontrollable
it is that which burns
it rages in the sun

it rages in the centre of the earth
in my heart too it rages
for the flame is not in me but is me
my most sacred and purest place
the heat and warmth of my being
the companion to my lonely night
the beacon to the fellow traveller
the tired and hungry traveller
that struggles in the world

the I of the spider

23.05.15

I stopped in the garden

I stooped in the garden

delighted to see a bee

to see a bee clearly

united with the flower

untying the essence of the flower

the purple flower with no name

the orange bee with no name

with only names given by we

then the sight struck me

then the spider stuck me

with its line of attachment

it clambered up my arm

its green belly against the dark brown of my jacket

the occupied architect

it had read me as a thing

mere material

at one with nature and its surroundings
without a name like the anonymous universe
a solid and unmoveable force upon which to
suspend its trap
in the insult I felt flattery

when nobody reads 19.2.15

I sent out notes in bottles
to cast upon the sea
like a child throwing rocks into water
to see the ripples that they make
they were the companions of my solitude
I abandoned them with a heavy heart
for in them I abandoned myself
I hoped they travelled far and wide
bravely across the waves
I hoped the bottles could contain
all the secrets that they hid

the journey had been hard
on my little island
hungry and alone
I waited for a stranger
I waited for a reader
someone with which to share

my sorrow
my delight
my innermost fight
someone to say myself

the flowers bloomed and fell
the sky lightened and darkened
I thought of the creatures of silence
and became one myself
I waited for a stranger
I waited for a reader
and I am waiting still

the eye of water

14.04.15

I watched a cloud move in the surface of the water

water was staring at water

the water on the ground at the water in the sky

the water was all

the mirror

the vision

and the reflection

the young genius of the dream

the moon hid in the clouds

as we sped into the night

on the brink of the new year

from the front seat

looking out into the artificially lit

featureless road

the few cars about at this time

I told the two children about

the ancient mysteries

of dream

which united all men in sleep

which the greatest minds

were unable to fathom

but which prompted

the endless back and forth of

debate and question

immediately there was

an answering voice

the young genius
all of five years and a few months
did not falter
with glorious confidence
he crowed
'I know, I know'
and what the young genius of the dream
knew was worth the telling:
'dreaming is thinking,
thinking with your heart'

The fish with no form

13.04.15

The fish I caught had no form.

It only gained it

when I pinned it down

with my pen, my pin,

my hook and my line.

the fallen daffodil

10.03.15

the grass had usurped the flower bed

so I was given the mighty task of uprooting it all

with my bright yellow hoe

I hacked at the luxurious growths of green hair

aiming just beneath the surface of the soil

their beginnings were a stark white

against the dark brown earth

I chopped and lopped

it was not long before I felt the pain in my fingers

the unaccustomed hurt of a beginner in gardening

and I remembered my grandparents

how they had tended their own garden

how they had managed such labour in old age

how much care had gone into the growth of a
single flower

and now I began to murder

beyond my intention

the blade cut into the soft flesh of wriggling
worms

and then

when I had all but finished

it swept cleanly into the base of a long daffodil

just in the midst of a bloom

the quest for order is a vicious thing

the connoisseur of the sneeze

he savoured the sneeze

like a connoisseur would savour a fine wine

or a fancy chocolate

the taste of the sneeze

was infinitely varied

at the beginning

there was the joyous tingle

with its subtle shades of refinement

there was the tingle of the heightened sensitivity

the faint tingle which slowly grew to build
anticipation

the seductive tingle which promised much

the evanescent tingle which hovered

between fulfilment and frustration

which one had to follow in the mouth and nose

with intense concentration

and perfect dedication

so as to bring it to full life

he loved this tingle
which was on the tip of the tongue
and then the main course
the full-bodied sneeze with its delicious energy
which left spots in the eyes in its aftermath
the satisfyingly fruitful sneeze
which left the handkerchief sodden
best of all
the ecstatic sneeze
which drained the body of its pressure
which left a man fully lost inside his body for an
instant
sneezing for him was a refined pleasure
and a gift of the senses
for sneezing made a man feel alive

12.04.15

Inspired by a phrase from a Hindi Song

When I wander in the city of your eyes
I take the main road
but all the while I wonder what happens
in the back streets and side alleys
when I wander in the city of your eyes

the catch

he juggles it

left to right

right to left

standing motionless

mesmerised by its

movement

he pauses

for an instant

it floats

the spin of it

a planet turning

on its axis

green and yellow

the frog-leaf ball

remorseless as fate

arcs towards me

propelled by an

immediately inaccessible

mathematical
mechanical
logic
in a moment
beyond awareness
when the contours
of the real
somehow take shape
and enfold all in their grasp
it finds its way
into my outstretched palm
the body
the body
has plucked
it out of thin air
a flower which has fallen
from heaven

the big photographs in the sky

the child told me

to catch a star

you have to have a net

otherwise it is too hot

and will burn you

we all catch stars

but when we look up into the sky

we do not see the stars

we see their photographs

the light that comes from them

is aeons old

the portraits of the stars

are from their yesterdays

from their youth

what deceits lie hidden

in the dance of the light

in the picture of the

things that are

and what has been
the same stars which our fathers
called eternal
in poetry and song
which were the living spirits
of famous men
the same stars which guide
our navigations
have death
written into their being
I live in the city
where there are no stars in the
sky of night
the night I look at
is not the night of our fathers
yet from the stars
I have learnt
how to put heaven into perspective
and to fight the gaze
that points upwards

away from the earth

the balloon popper

10.03.15

I watched through the glass
the assigned balloon popper
had gathered around himself
the crowd of balloons left over
from the birthday party
they were painted like rainbows
with what appeared to be brushstrokes on them
in one hand he held a blue pen
of transparent plastic
he reached for a balloon
then pushed into its coloured skin
with the point of the pen
in it went
deeper and deeper
then the balloon burst
and shrunk into floppy shards
I walked away pondering over the scene

the dance of death

the delight of destruction written into the child's
face

a little while later I wandered back

the child had saved a balloon for himself

which he threw up into the air

and his little brother

played with a string from which hung the

withered fruits of burst balloons

The water bicycle

the air was chill for a day in May
though the sun flooded its currency into the world
leading our expedition the wise four year old
on the trusted bicycle
tracked through the rain-puddled land
taking finical care to immerse his wheels at every
opportunity
in the watery sides of paths where the water
heaped
I held his little brother's hand
and walked with the wet ground seeping
into the holes in my trainers
while he skipped into every puddle he could see
water the fascinating toy of the young
simply because it was there
we came across a copse
where broken cherry blossoms carpeted the floor

the little one shrieked for home suddenly and for
his mother

our leader was stuck in a pool

his black back wheel spinning

between the white grounded suspension wheels

spurting an arc of water jets

he cried for help

I gave him a push

and the world returned to what it was –

an empty park and three travellers

fifteen minutes from home

she escapes me

01.03.15

I drank the wine of her shape with my eyes
caressed the corners of her beauty with my mind
as she paced the ground
with quick lively steps
then pounced
she flew up madly
a jewel
shining in the light
I strained to grasp
the fleeting floating form
and caught
a solitary feather

putting the wheels on my feet again

19.04.15

I could not remember when we had last joined
forces

how long the pair of roller skates had lain in the
attic

I sat down in the chair with the bag beside me
first I put on the armour on my knees and elbows
and wrists

then I put the wheels on my feet

I got up unsteadily

a sapling struggling against the wind

moving was like learning the steps of a strange
dangerous dance

I felt the fear of falling

I lurched towards the wall

then from the wall to the patio table

everything had become too fast

the rules of gravity and space had mutated

hours afterwards when I had taken the wheels off
my feet

I still felt like I was floating in them

Poetry's First Lesson

08.04.15

Birdsong is musical but meaningless;
yet, it soothes the soul and gives life meaning:
poetry's first lesson.

piercing the heart of the avocado – 20.2.15

it had the textured hide of a reptile

I halved it with my knife

and placed the two pieces into the plate

the heart of the avocado

offered itself up to me

amidst the fresh green flesh

I pressed the point of my steel into it

deeper and deeper

and then I pulled

the heart did not budge

it was the sword in the stone

and I the impure knight

that could not move it

all of a moment

I was dismayed

but then the heart relented
it lost its grip
and slid away to the side
I separated the heart from the knife
and began to shred away the skin of the fruit

One sentence poems

If you touch someone's heart, your hands will inevitably be bloody.

A life without dissatisfaction is a life without hope.

A man that has nothing to hide is a man that is insufficiently interesting.

When you have love on your lips, each word is beautiful.

We pass through words the same way we pass through time.

The river that flows in the heart leads to no sea.

inspiration

I am not the type of spider
that sits in the centre of the web
open to all eyes

I make my position on the periphery
waiting and feeling
for the music of the struggle
to reverberate through the cords
the net
and myself

I lay the trap
and so
when the lightning bolt falls from the sky
I scurry forth
with my silk at the ready
to catch what is fleeting
what is flying away

and feed and feed
as I fill the lightning
with my own special poison

haiku

the skin speaks out loud
angry snow: my hand burning
naked as it is

glistening red trap
she walks in the pain of it -
stiletto heel shoe

light playing upon
the water of a clear pool -
incipient love

experiments in alliteration

21.2.15

tigers triumph

deer don't

girls get giggling

when women won't

perfume provokes passion

scattering substance softly

from full fragrant flowers

I inhale intoxication

I intentionally imitate ideas
which warrant worship

often odorous oranges
make magnificent morsels

war wakes warriors
peace provokes poets

numbers name nonsense
like language
irrationality is inevitable

infinity is imaginary
since science sculpts
chaos continuously

tears tie tensions together
knowing knots
water washes well

sometimes summer soothes
autumn agitates
winter will weaken
spring startles

countries con communities:
they think that
nations need narcissists

awaiting afternoon's appetite
sausages simmer
hissing heartily
such succulent sustenance

silly Socrates
always attacking answers
crafty critics concur
might makes meaning

when whites will
colour causes controversy
because black boys
say skin seems sense
no-one notices

consumption camps:
vocal vegetarians,
callous carnivores,
environmentalist eaters,
junk-food jelly-bellies,
fashionista foodies,
guzzling gourmands.

hair has honesty
but baldness beckons...

remembrance's road:
age always arranges
men's memories meanderingly

truth tells tales
wisdom wants
although answers always
curtail capture

maths men
always agree
numbers never
really reflect reality

dirty dishes
instantly invoke
excellent evasions

some sonnets suggest
marvellous music,
various voices
have harsh harmonies

fakers feign feelings
since seeming sensitivity
argues attraction and
is interesting

ants are argumentative and
property possessive,
waging wars,
culling colonies

youth yells
“taking trouble takes time -
speed seems superior!”

shouting seems subtle
when women wisely whisper
cruel comforts

lies lead lives

feeling favours falsity

Another princess is born

02.05.15

Another princess is born into the world
and the people cheer.

They celebrate.

They believe in the importance of birth.

Birth. Not deeds.

They believe in the importance of blood.

They put a figure above themselves
willingly.

They bow down to blood.

They lust for blood.

And in the growing pool of blood

before their eyes

they see the reflection of themselves,

the reflection of their desires.

And so they breed princesses for the movies.

They breed princesses for the books.

Girls want to be princesses,

and women wish they will wed princes.

Another princess is born into the world

and another slave is born.

little tiger

I let the baby bite me

he dug and dug

never would there be blood

this little tiger baby

sometimes angry enough

many times he won't bite me

and puts up his hands for love

but when he does does bite me

calmly

angrily the baby bites me

he sucks and sucks

my arm for very life he hugs

and when he does does bite me

delightedly the baby bites me

he must

he always must
for his honour is his lust

and when he does does bite me
vengefully and spitefully the baby bites me
as if I betray his trust
upon my fingers and legs and arms
his little square teeth are thrust

yet I am happy the baby bites me
and never too much fussed
fascinated the baby bites me
because when the baby bites me
I never feel more loved

strand

strand of melting

gold of hair

on the cheek

in an escalator

of a man of tanned complexion

wavering in a gust of breath

between vision and the discountenanced

coquette of thirty seconds

liquid dance in stubbled desert

fragment of a kiss

perhaps

the rose of morning

burning away the bleary face at which I

unabashedly stare

a shaking shaking sunlit tree-branch

from which a bird has only just flown

the charming charming sinuous cadence

of a serpent sliding across the sands

scar of a moment
pretty brand
torn from what head
what beauty
what jungles and tangles of lock-thickets
rapunzelesque
what bewitched towers and jealous hours
and feats of derring-do
full to spilling of the light
much brighter
than the fluorescent ceiling
glittering
gleaming
dazzling
all unknown to the wretch that wears you
I would snatch you away
under the very nose
appalling a stranger
so brave the question
and the claustrophobic interrogation

lock you away in a trinket box of
five quick fancies in a chain about my neck
like a gentleman lover in a victorian novel
and hunt and hunt
for a mistress scalp

the dance

I had learned nothing
neither had she
both we danced
merrily
around the same old tree

branches struck me forcefully
against the same old face of me

I stepped heavily on her toes
ever so constantly
murmuring sweet nothings in her ear
ever so maliciously

she hid her eyes and her ears and her hand
from every blasphemy
silently silently
so maddeningly silently

a friendship with such a beauty
could never only a friendship to me
ever be

written in love as a declatory jest to accompany a
yellow rose but never delivered because not
wanted it emerged at the age of twenty-seven

you suppose
that I chose
to propose
the rose
to you?

you suppose –
but suppose
that the rose
chose
to propose me
and froze my nose
in a scent of such a key
that I could not but
enclose
the rose

in the pose

you now see

you see