

Prasenjit Maiti

COLD COLLATION

You and me in Paradise while my salad days
fornicate in Calcutta, my days and ways being
served as funky platters of crab casserole, ecstatic
white steam sizzling and blue skies burning in
agony ... We know ice tea to induce quickies so
we squeeze green lemons like cruelty, discard
white and yellow pips like disdain, Do not
Disturb signs hanging frayed and loose across
our Anniversary Suite, the AC hums like sex as
wine glasses crash against wine glasses and the
blue smoke of cigarettes ... You and me in
Paradise while our gay salad days make hay in
Calcutta, your rightful place in the sun hanging
loose like my destiny and precarious like dollops
of ice cream, you scream, I scream, we all scream
for ice cream!

28