

Self Portrait

There are scars instead
of lines on my palm
I've no biography
only remembrance . . .

I turn my back
on streets with names
Yet I give in to leaves
that nestle on my lapel
like butterflies
in a gush of wind

I say
leaves have a habit
of giving in to emptiness
like oysters with pearls
missing . . .

On a nameless street
someone holds a horoscope
to my face
buttons carved with my initials
my fingerprint on a bill of fare

I have no choice
I bare my shirt
ribs scraped clean of flesh
the porthole where birds
have stuck their necks
the masking tape
I keep replacing

I'm not their man
I assure them
walking away
my hands squirm
in my pockets like fish
gasping for air . . .

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