



Travel and Nothingness

Anindita Sengupta

Travel and Nothingness

First, there is the circle. This is how we understand space.
 Salt uncoils, a rattle across the horizon, bleached
 as a whale in these lands where once whales spouted.
 Salt so flat and packed, it resembles ice. Vinyl ache
 of travel in our bones. Sun is doppelganger to the vanished
 whale, white and feasting. A mnemonic for the future.
 We lie back in the nomadic, the unrooted boiling. Here is a place
 of rest. Here we may be naked under sea and sky. Sand convulses.
 Tornado. Black hole. The one cyclical worry come to jagger
 across the desert. Groot striding.
 We prepare for cataclysm, unearth minutiae.
 We burl in dunes, pulling their soft pillows over our heads.
 We shrink to mites. We may grow back in time.
 Snake coiled under, cool yellow.
 Perhaps it was never there. Perhaps it was a worm
 Or can a flower be an animal? First, there is the star.



Anindita Sengupta is the author of two full-length collections, *City of Water* (Sahitya Akademi, 2010) and *Walk Like Monsters* (Paperwall, 2016). Her website is at www.aninditasengupta.com.



