



Unfinished

you are immutable,
for in any other state you are intolerable.
contemplation is your constant,
and so mine,
as I hug my knee in mirror of your bronzed fashion.

I will choose to ignore
that your head tilts down in shame or worry,
to watch time age a single spot on the polished ground,
for I wish to study your face,
as we contemplate.

Together, we are a constant,
of things unstated or unfinished,
I by choice, you through the metal
that holds your limbs and wings in their four-foot shape.

Your wings, of course,
that I imagine sprout, half open from my spine as much as yours
are the feat of sculpting that root you here,
us both, I suppose.
their semiotic freedom wraps you
in rings of irony.

Freedom, as I conceive it
belongs to man and bird,
and yet the baffling combination
in your angelic state has none,
your purpose to serve our wishes,
to incite contemplation.

You are immutable, however
the corner of my eye might catch
the crooked fingers of your left 'hand'
jolt and creak open,
as you strain to touch this
pellicle of reality between us.

Perhaps your head, restrained all this time,
would creak and jolt heavenward,

limned with the delicate wonder of a newborn bird
viewing the stars for the first time, and
your wings begging for sky would painfully
jerk open,
realise the beauty of things finished,

And perhaps you would shake the rubble of
coliseums, temples, and bronze
off your shoulders,
let them stream into the dirt and become a part of history,
together with your four-foot box.

Perhaps, for just a moment,
your contemplative form becomes something new,
an angel bound in service,
a man with freedom,
wings outstretched to their extent,
raised to your tiptoes.

We sit in contemplation
bound by gravity and much more.
I cannot move beyond the limits of my reflection.
I tilt my head, to face the floor,
and watch time age a polished spot on the ground.

Together, we pretend to choose
to sit and remind each other
of things unstated and unfinished.

Free will, combination of birds and mankind, creator moved by god, angels don't have free will

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