

I DOUBLE DaRE YOU *by Pavi Krishnan*

the edges of things are always deceptive.
because we are taught to believe in endings and beginnings.
but the truth is:
There Are No Borders.
and all boundaries are lines drawn in the imagination (like the equator)
people like to put things in their places.
(we believe in belonging somewhere)

this is the problem with poetry
(it does not understand belonging)
and it will not be put in place.
with crayons on paper maybe
but who can live life strictly
inside-the-lines?
the color of countries that
cannot be contained
in cliches where
the red of your heart spills
into the red of the rose spills
into the red of the sunset spills
into mehendi on the hands of a bride.
and who can explain these things?
but what i want to know is simple:
who settled the sky on top of the mountain
and who drew the restless margins of the sea?
everything flows into everything else.
like a picture drawn without once
lifting pencil from paper;
this world.
now tell me the story of your life
(whoever you are) go on
i Double Dare you!
tell me the story of your life
without once touching mine.