

## **Srinivas S**

### **À la carte**

When the yellow needles  
of the mid-morning sun  
pass through the diamond-shaped dots  
on the window panes, brew me,  
Please, a warm pot of rustic rhyme.  
Throw in a couple of crunchy limericks,  
sunny side up of course; and my breakfast's done.

For the afternoon, when  
the sun keeps shadows  
chained to bodies and the spirit strains under  
the sticky spell of heat, bake me,  
Kindly, a sweet sonnet with extra sugar.  
An iced free verse, stirred not shaken,  
will go nicely with it, won't it? Thank you.

Towards the evening, as  
the leaving sun together  
with the coming dusk, makes the sky a metal,  
alloying it orange and grey; pour me,  
Would you, shots of sprung' stanzas?  
Some ballads on the side as well,  
if you have them; and marinated in details.

At half past eight, while  
yonder stars shiver – the moon  
delayed, perhaps titivating its gelatin face –  
and a breeze solves clouds, bring me,  
If you'd be so kind, some blank verse:  
half a canto will do; I'm dieting  
you see, and got to count every trochee.

Before bed, when all is still  
and another day begins  
to recede forever into the single dot;  
while sleep waits, hesitant, leave me,  
Bless you, a glass of cool elegy.  
For the love songs, we have the breezes,

I hear; for life, just some dreams.

Goodnight.

## Liquid lights

Like space in lines, or dreams in sleep,  
Those lights in liquids linger through...  
As lies in form, or sight's own deep,  
In boundless sense sans bounded truths.  
In water's glass, all gleams are sprawled,  
As towers hug tents like snow greets ground.  
Reflections speak of life that's stalled,  
Or schooled by skill; or scars unbound.  
The source stays still, just true as skies;  
The image shimmers with its life --  
A Mirror's is to show, unwise;  
A word's alive in meanings' strife.  
In rippled rays, their soul still dwells,  
A flame flush at the heart of fire.  
From darkness no amoeba swells,  
For dark's not dark, but light inspired.  
A beaming smile that swims is love  
To loss; is laughter's Sun through moons.  
A balmy candle flows like doves  
For peace through war, like Sleep at noon.

## *About the Author*

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A theoretical linguist by training and an English teacher by accident, **Srinivas S** currently works at the SSN College of Engineering, Chennai, India. Some of his poems have appeared with *The Criterion*, *Indian Review*, *Spark Magazine* (India), *Amethyst Review*, *Literary Yard* and *Contemporary Literature Review* India.

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