bickering echoes

it is not often I see
my Ammu dress up –
only on weddings, holidays & outings
struggles to keep
her magenta silk sari intact
while she gets out of her silver Lexus SUV
she calls for me
to notice how others
are not using forks & knives
while eating brown food
once home, she calls her Ammu
tells her every little detail
that she missed
Grandma says she can’t hear
Ammu repeats, Grandma says,
she still can’t hear clearly.
Ammu’s blood pressure rises
but she continues, again & again—
until Grandma bobs.

karma lounge

though my memory might be dim,
I remember the red lounge,
the walk back, him. I remember his last
name spelled in tonic,
& the evening moving on a whim
& Bleecker Street
turned into a stream, where
lights of 1st Avenue limned.
his black leather jacket, his military
short hair, chestnut eyes of sin.

Sanjida Yasmin