

Spring 1985

Madras Insomnia

Maurya Simon

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Simon, Maurya (1985) "Madras Insomnia," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 24 , Article 10.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss24/10>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.

Madras Insomnia

Struck head-on by the wind's blow,
two trees hum like tuning forks.
The sky's colander drains off
water from the stars while a parrot
sharpens its voice. A lone peacock
sputters in the dark.

I can't sleep under the fan's blades.
Saffron geckos cling upsidedown,
chirping and chirping for gnats.
Mosquitos unzip themselves from the wall.
Even the bee-eaters' slender tongues
untie their knots.

Outside, a banyan tree sinks its hooks
into an acre of dust. In the blue hills
langurs leaf, through green crops,
and water buffalo sink into mud.
Spirals of light cling to night's ribs.
White ants spill out of bark.

I wish for the sleep of clear rivers,
for the midnight dreams of saints,
I wait to enter another realm where
one flame dances eternally on one toe:
where the bride of heaven sings a single note,
and the king cobra's hood cups the world.