

Avleen K. Mokha

Work Song

Since we had not woken up
when we had expected, since
the days of trembling
with joy that did not have
to be taken nor earned, we sang
like our voices came from
elsewhere than our plexus

and adamant, we wanted
limbs like ours — to rest
on, some solace in the end-
less days, to kiss like
our first loves had changed

their mind for the better
like our parents' ashes were
a fistful of pollen, and nothing

more insidious than a rose
grew inside your ribs, and
they were leaving their rest
places for us while inside
we went, because our work

was only the loving to do
to see barren earth and to
turn the roots up, like a sigh
of tangled hair bunches,
eager to be held by some-
thing bigger than itself.

https://deracinemagazine.files.wordpress.com/2020/05/deracine_volume-vi_summer-2020.pdf