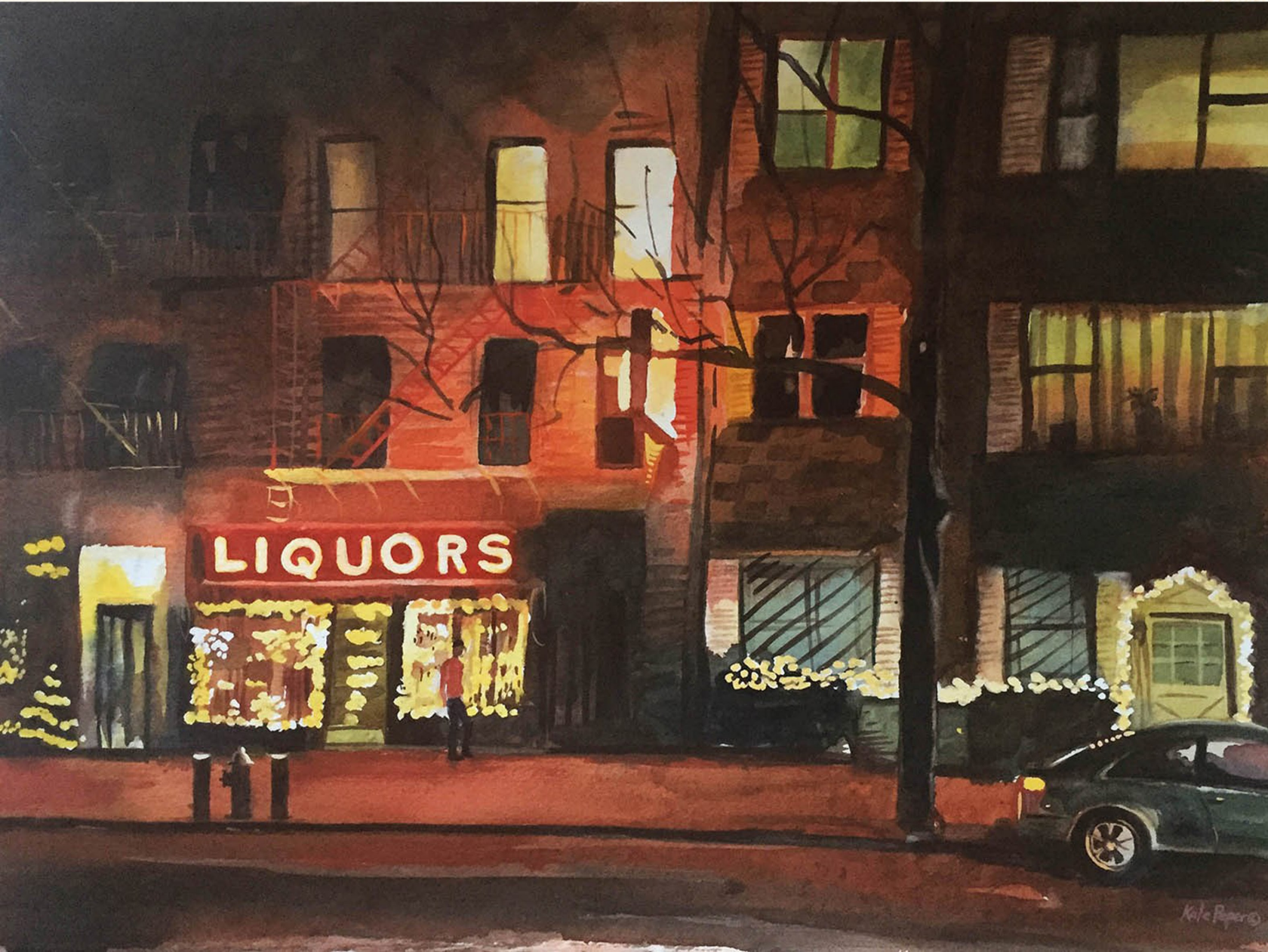


An Index of Visitors

by Ajay Kumar



I've seen something like this somewhere, all the time.
white, black & red the first colors. as we enter november,

the weather turns december. as it was june, it was also may.
remember, all the buildings blurring by to the next station.

remember the index of visitors, the middle-finger ring-fingers,
singers whose songs were just extended foreplays.

an old couple practice arranging furniture on the street,
still looking for the house they were sent to. sunglass-seller

on the newspaper-road-blanket looks polaroidal, as we enter
the new year, kaleidoscopic weather, stuck in the last decade.

swinging lighters caught the ruddiness of the white of eyes.
tea, tap, tray, gully rap to traffic-beat-hymns of highway

protests. blushing heel in my soiled hands, on my crossed legs,
soiling them too. we came out & went back in through somewhere else,

& being told about a way from the inside, we realized
how everything's connected by a skeleton of ladders, like roads,

like railway lines, computer chips, germs of the lips of canon-mouths.
still, I see something like this somewhere all the time but every time

is different, with new unstill flames. the old couple pack up with all
their wooden things in the back of a truck to the next station. on fridays,

the sunglass-seller sells toy parrots instead, which fly into the neon lights
until the next. this time, from this body place the car has already moved

away half towards the blinding light. but as it was gone,
it was also there, waving & particle, all the time.

Image: "Open All Night" by Kate Peper. "An Index of Visitors" was
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