

Summoning

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I

Thus far : an ingrained taming of timbre,
of roar, choosing to lie hidden in waves

of elephant grass. Beneath the shock of
starlight, an awareness of the wakeful

pupils of ancestors watching. Glassy skin
of watering holes stretched still, suppressing

errant soil. A muting of glow – slow shrinking
to a blot in the wool of midnight grasslands.

II

Standing up : questioning unnatural camouflage,
Returning luminescence to fireflies condemned

to douse all traces of light. A summoning
of forbidden bursts of strength, an unfurling

of tangerine mane in the translucent light of
dawn. The dismantling of age-old tabuexu –

reclaiming sentience, reborn regina,
free from the fetters of the pride.