

*Anu Lakhan*



## Untitled IV

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I packed:  
Dry leaves, a toothbrush, a file  
And went up into the mountain  
To sleep.  
I washed down on a wave  
Awakened to rain, purring sky  
Curled up in my lap, strong coffee.  
The land seeped between my scales  
I have been judged  
Smooth  
Whole  
Now, seemingly seamless  
I am more.  
I walk east in search of tomorrow  
And new words, like rows of gleaming teeth  
Smile behind ink-stained hands.

