

SAGAREE SENGUPTA

SOUP—A 12-SYLLABLE GHAZAL¹
(With thanks to Agha Shahid Ali)

Poets are poor, air in the cupboard, we try soup;
Hatted man chomps buzzard drumstick, and asks Why
soup?

Broken pencils, brazen bulbs, cracked dishes, clutter—
We live on dirty pawprints, paper, nails, and soup.

Croaking love, the bird swept through and pecked at my
heart
It left nothing except an acorn in my soup.

Around the creaking hut the wind lashes the bush—
I wander on Desolation Ranch, and make soup.

Of course my life could be more velvet, more padding,
But boot toes in leaves, Sagaree stands and stirs soup.

¹This *ghazal* will appear in *Primavera* (Chicago) this fall; it is reproduced here with permission.