



KRISTIAN CARLSSON

DHAKA
POEMS

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Dhaka Poems

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DHAKA POEM #1

The bamboo dungeon fifth floor
and a straight line not surpassing the letters
28 isn't enough to follow through
Working on this or that
straight lines are just
brackets of infinite circles

DHAKA POEM #2

Skywards flashlight
of nocturne wayward wind
out of the glass tower
Unstitched seams on palm leaves,
ripped sutures on pale mould
Clouds have carpeted the stems,
clouds have carpeted the glow
Windows need to act as windows
when no door is there
Houses need to know
how to move as beetles
to drink the liquid daylight

DHAKA POEM #3

The sun has worn out all its car horns
The moon is the left behind
third wheel of a rickshaw
What kind of road dust
has dotted the ladybugs?

DHAKA POEM #4

Rich colors sway
like flowerbeds along the streets
and particular hues
roam about, faced
by grey buildings
that might be white or blue,
dulled by colors that move

DHAKA POEM #5

As a new building rise
to densify the city with its rooftop,
the clouds get another letter
on their earthbound keyboard,
squinting at the grid
where stray letters—
apparently human—
crisscross between the keys
in all the colors of lost words
Mankind built this computer of Eternity
for wayward clouds to write
a lullaby
the Universe can read
on the blue screen of the Bay of Bengal

DHAKA POEM #6

Yes

but I'm stuck in traffic

I do

but I'm stuck in traffic

love you

but I'm stuck in traffic

now and always

but I'm stuck in traffic

and will

but I'm stuck in traffic

spend the rest of

but I'm stuck in traffic

my

but I'm stuck in traffic

life with

but I'm stuck in traffic

you

DHAKA POEM #7

The mandatory stature
of a car horn
is the calligraphy
of slow journeys

DHAKA POEM #8

For the emerging middle class,
poets adjust their adaptations
of nature:

A middle class bird—

A middle class tree—

A middle class flower—

all of the sudden appear

in the old garden

of youth

It won't take a generation for nature

to upgrade the essence of nature

But all the same

it won't take a generation of mankind

to downgrade the essence of mankind

DHAKA POEM #9*

* This poem was literally lost in Dhaka after a reading at the National Poetry Festival, February 1, 2017.

DHAKA POEM #10

Garments
as ornaments—
a garden
of the body;
the eye of the beholder
is its keeper

DHAKA POEM #11

When something won't happen
by coincidence or accident,
it will suddenly still occur
A poem can outlast society
A love can outlast oblivion

DHAKA POEM #12

Memory is the measurement of time
where it does not pass
but comes to us,
unconfusingly
allowing our minds various ages,
time spans and timelines,
not to put moments in the right perspective
as perception is all there is to it
But time becomes complete
while it is being counted,
overtaken from the lower classes
doing their all-hour duties

DHAKA POEM #13

In the Green Road
traffic jam
evergreen flowerpots
dispersed
along the sidewalk entrances
try hard to look busy
for the sake of recollected greenery,
awaiting advice
from the encyclopedial mind
of Sazzad Qadir,
or his evergreen flowerpots
on a second floor balcony
down the street

DHAKA POEM #14

I begin with a feeling, and from there
the rising of a few words
The power of language
And the weakness of social injustices
Most of your brain
get something very concentrated out of it
It's not in between the lines
but in the gap
between two irreconcilable images
the reader should find a message

DHAKA POEM #15

A kiss of the green chili
kickstarts the day
Continental breakfast
depends on the continent
Language is dependent
on ignorance
Nothing out of the ordinary
A well deserved kiss,
unlike the prematurely defaming
kiss of death
in being addressed as Sir

DHAKA POEM #16

An uncircumvented rush
that never goes blind

Do you have any passions in your life?

No, but I have passions after my life

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