

## All the Cravings

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Past midnight,  
and the barking dogs that chase you  
remind you of all the cravings  
you haven't listened,  
all the curses buried under the heels  
of taking them up on your wistful self.  
They give up, but not you  
to have all, blessings and curses,  
that's your due.  
They will be tearing the night in their sleep  
as if it were a poem they did not like.  
You cannot contend their will, brand it ill,  
seated as you are on the mouth  
of your volcanic greed  
to obliterate the pyre  
and those who stoke it  
with the half-burnt logs of their longings.  
They are the wood of the threshold  
on which you find yourself for ever,  
the wood that suspires,  
grows leaves,  
ultimately spreading jungle  
beneath your feet.  
Of that jungle,  
you only feel its rustlings,  
a path that lands you  
where you started first—  
home.  
Old, old at eighty four,  
your father on bed—when did  
he start growing old? —

is blessing you again at midnight  
with a son you will never have,  
pushing you back to the insomniac road,  
to the barking dogs, and their lonely moons.  
You wish you could cuddle up to him  
as your two-year-old daughter does up to you  
but what's it that's tugging  
at your heart-string  
that's beyond consolation, beyond guilt,  
where even seeking pardon is redundant?