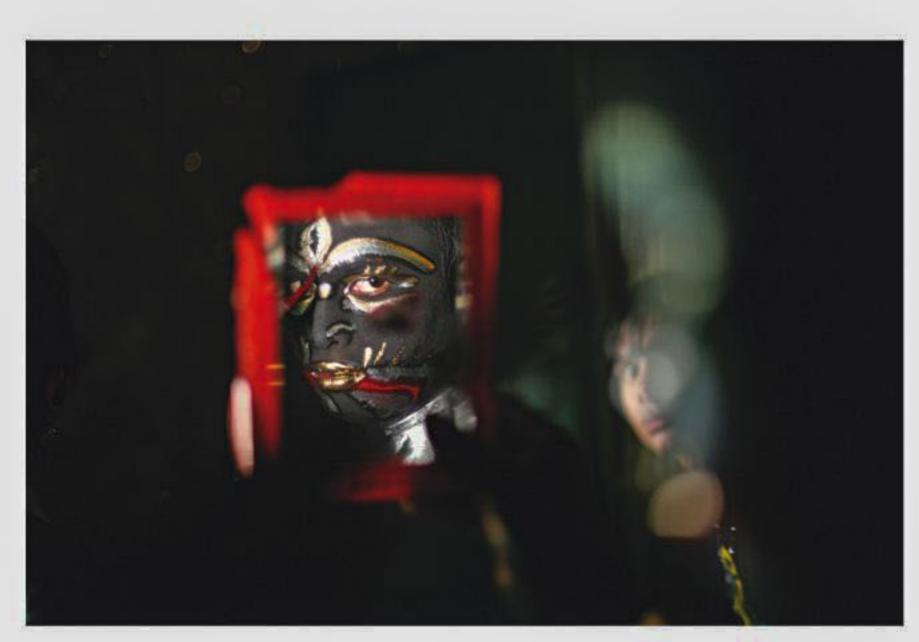
Charak



PHOTOS: PRANABESH DAS **WORDS: AMIYA HALDER**

What do you know of breathlessness? The heart pumped into a sore pulp – he named it his soft spot and treasured it for a long time, like a fool drunk on dead stars and

Enter the putrid punch of life!

Tonight the moon will burn cold over an eternity under the cover of darkness, a night as dark as blindness.

There is a divine, unspoken word in the dank, summer air tonight.

Remember when we tread like crazed

The glittering bank, the moth aflame? The sky like vast, dark pools, Bubbling, boiling over.

The bodily machinery aches, squeaks, and grinds to a halt

Red leopard, you are most phantomlike

Frenzied thirst, but flesh is flesh.
In the pallid, broken, unhealthful
waking hours,
I find you breathing, heaving, Leopard

of Dawn.

I am scared of that darkness – the waking hours the worst of all. My belly is all knots for you, My face red like an open wound.

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SHUTTERSTORIES







Charak Puja is a festival celebrated in the southern belt of Bangladesh, where devotees undergo acts of flagellation in order to appease Lord Shiva and his wife Shakti. The rituals involve falling on a ground studded with sharp objects and being suspended from rotating columns using hooks impaled onto the skin.



