

# Bone Yards

by Gopikrishnan Kottoor (October 2015)

You must give birth to my love

After all this. Not a demand,

Just a feeling, that you must.

Your smells of flowers

Decaying in the bone yards

Of my name, your senses

Your breath turning to deer fright

Among the bloodied night hills.

Perhaps you must give birth to my hate

After all this. Closely parted

And sucked in, among the

Estuaries of night, turning

In full bloom in the mornings

For another night of love; you must

Give birth after all this; to nothingness

That moves in my late sleep

Bleeding the colours of your dream.

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Gopikrishnan Kottoor recently brought out his eleventh collection of poems, *Tell Me Neruda*. He'll shortly bring out his novel *Hill House*. He is working on his fourth play, *King Marthandavarma and Devasahayam*, set in the socio historic context, Kerala, South India, that focuses on the life and times of a Hindu nobleman executed by the king for his conversion to Christianity.

Kottoor's awards for poetry include the All India Poetry Society- British Council Special Prize for poetry. He won three more leading awards of the All India Poetry Society- British Council Poetry Competitions from 95 to 98. His poetry has appeared in *Bloodaxe*, *Fulcrum*, *Orbis*, *Ariel*, *Plaza*, *Toronto Review*, and other magazines. He edits the poetry ezine [www.undergroundflowers.com](http://www.undergroundflowers.com), a poetry quarterly. His book of poems *Father, Wake in Passing*, translated into German, was read on invitation across universities in Europe.

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