

Perfect Image

by Ankur Betageri (December 2015)

In Delhi's liver there is no calm.

Hum of AC, rattling of fan.

Eyes shut up like inside a clam—

Then a chance-glance out the window

the pupil's dazzled by a disc in sky.

Sun—O how it peels the brain

and the last layers of the feeling—I.

I am what I have been transfixed by.

And out of the alchemy I spread

like dawn's blush comes to be the sky.

I am what I will be, from what the world has been.

I gaze at the world become me, and me the world.

It's the perfect image—there's neither see-er nor seen.

New Delhi. His published works include [*The Bliss and Madness of Being Human*](#) (poetry, 2013) and *Bhog and Other Stories* (short fiction, 2010).

To comment on this poem, please click