

I Double Dare You

by Pavi Mehta

the edges of things are always deceptive.
because we are taught to believe
in endings and beginnings.

but the truth is:
There Are No Borders.

and all boundaries are lines
drawn in the imagination
(like the equator)

people like to put things
in their places.

(we believe in belonging
somewhere)

this is the problem with
poetry-

(it does not understand
belonging)
and it will not be put in place.

with crayons on paper maybe
but who can live life strictly
inside-the-lines?

the color of countries that
cannot be contained
in cliches where-

the red of your heart spills
into the red of the rose spills
into the red of the sunset spills
into mehendi on the hands of a bride.

and who can explain these things?

but what i want to know is simple:

who settled the sky on top of the mountain
and who drew the restless margins of the sea?

everything flows into everything
else.

like a picture drawn without once
lifting pencil from paper;
this world.

now tell me the story of your life
(whoever you are) go on
i Double Dare you!

tell me the story of your life

without once touching
mine.

