

We are opposite like that (2020, Subcontinent Books) by Himali Singh Soin

1.

Lacuna, recipe, guide to futures
South Asian futurism emerges
The friction of multiples and sutures
A unification of ways, urges

The arctic once was a queer rave she says
Before white landscaping, not meaning ice
The way it becomes its own agent Does
Arranging the map at whatever Price

In Svalbard, an alien figure moves
Between receding glaciers emerging
Graphic effect combined with myth removes
A time period set in converging

Multiples walking up and down valleys
Wandering ice and emergence alleys

2.

Wandering ice and emergence alleys
Polar ice caps are another planet
Two blank spaces where outer space Rallies
Orchid, pineapple, and Pomegranate

Representing the other on top deck
Capital O, an alien color force
Paranoid victorians abuzz, Wreck
Fantasies of infiltration, of Course

Another blank map, white, pure, no natives
Until now, an old school Ovidian
Transformations breathing in ice Datives
Feminist answers a Meridian

Of Explorer narratives' ice archives
But collecting sand, seeds, stories Survives

3.

But collecting sand, seeds, stories Survives
Waking the permafrost with tropical
Hallucinations, conjecturing knives
Of her own alien Anthropical

Taking root in four translations become
Languages of Alchemical signage
old scripts to rewrite the unfolding drum
Of an explorer's journal, a Lineage

Now giving the ice a voice, an elder
Insisting on itself, loving, losing
Landscape enterprise, Poetry Welder
Dispersing fear from the source, Diffusing

Colonial tremors hissing fragments
Composing snow in String quartet Segments

4.

Composing snow in String quartet Segments
Outlines of ghosts on the page retreating
As echoes potential future Planets
An almanac of Resonance Heating

Messy and missing, unreliable
Observations from the ship, false archives
And love letters unClassifiable
To render the material of Lives

As not being a collection made up
Of ekphrastic poems when the image
Could be inner, outer, beyond the cup
Jumble of scraps in the afterimage

Missing data are small resistances
Smudging the raw effect of Distances

5.

Smudging the raw effect of Distances
And empirical truths from witnesses
Prone to maniacal Existences
Ice charts the fracture of their Businesses

Reading their horoscope archived in ice
Hand sewn and wax sealed, canvas-covered glitch
Silver space blanket, rhetorical Spice
For marking your place in the book with which

You can open both ways, absorbing heat
From the page while reflecting true errors
Back into space for horoscope spreadsheet
Tabulated mourning for dying Terrors

The mist and fog of the map, a rave beat
Sounding the poles before colony heat

6.
Sounding the poles before colony heat
we are opposite like that, a poem
Called thinking like an island from your seat
As though an unwieldy map could Know him

Making erasure poems, what what what
We are opposite like that, connection
Lodged in the mountain, a radio Nut
The static range of healing transmission

An embroidery, epistolary
Drawing entanglements, continental
Contentment of the joy Dictionary
Where otherness insists like Antennal

Protection while dreaming the bodily
Of Scripts Articulated Audibly

7.
Of Scripts Articulated Audibly
This opposite way of being a mess

Of quiet Patterns displayed nodally
Unscripting the empires' fucked up finesse

A nightmare to decipher from towers
Of ivory, this quiet, fucked dissent
Street literature and cheap fonts of hours
Spent Sublimating the dreams of Lament

Water as a mode when the ice dissolves
Thinking through the archival messiness
Of different kinds of knowledge that Revolves
From planets to plants, translation Queerness

A river of varying embouchures
Lacuna, recipe, guide to futures