

# Crispies

by Sanjeev Sethi (September 2016)



(1)

Conference of crows:

life burns

buried in their beaks?

(2)

Newsletters, love songs

for the lonely. I've my share.

Love is a bull run.

**(3)**

Is manscaping my salve?

Will fresh skin free

me from skeins.

**(4)**

Quotidian cries

make me uneasy.

Meter is my marijuana

**(5)**

Leaden minds let

monologies loiter.

Agile brains edit briskly.

**(6)**

When moping

for stub of sadness

I vape your memory.

**(7)**

Empathy with ebonics:

handshake

of lingual hitchhikers.

**(8)**

When you've an urge to alter

another's poem:

it's working.

**(9)**

Gravid with groans

kvetching and cussing.

This too, is commitment.

(10)

Meeting via photographs

has its hitch,

one never sees the snot.

---

**Sanjeev Sethi** has published three books of poetry. [here.](#)

To help New English Review continue to publish original and thought provoking poetry like this, please click [here.](#)

If you have enjoyed this poem and want to read more by Sanjeev Sethi, please click [here.](#)