

# 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.](#)