

# Smelling Arctic Weather

by [Ankur Betageri](#) (April 2020)



*Eclipse*, William Bazotes, 1959

I can finally smell  
even the cold smell of steel  
and feel it becoming  
something warm inside.  
Am I diesel or am I gas?  
Am I a volcano of life?

The steel and the snow  
become spring inside me.

The earth is all colours  
the sky is full of light  
white blue ochre and red  
the night is full of stars.

A monument doesn't move  
but life—it dances and flies.

There is fire inside the glacier  
there is ice in the fire—  
but it's love, more than anything else  
which holds us all.

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**Ankur Betageri** is a poet, short fiction writer and visual artist based in New Delhi. He is the author of *The Bliss and Madness of Being Human* (poetry, 2013) and *Bhog and Other Stories* (short fiction, 2010). He teaches English at Bharati

College, University of Delhi and is currently pursuing PhD in Philosophy from IIT, Delhi. His poetry has appeared in *New English Review*, *Mascara Literary Review* and *London Review of Books*.

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