

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.

«[Previous Article](#) [Table of Contents](#) [Next Article](#)»

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*.

Follow NER on Twitter [@NERIconoclast](https://twitter.com/NERIconoclast)