

# Two Sonnets

by Ankur Betageri (October 2017)



*Untitled, Ankur Betageri, 2014*

It is Evening, the Day's Work's not Done

*(After Shakespeare's Sonnet 12)*

It is evening, the day's work's not done

And time between boredom and distraction has passed  
I remember my father's regrets, and as a correction  
Resolve to be ready when death comes unasked.  
But my body rebels against my will resolute  
And torpor drags me away from my desk and books  
My brain weeps for diversion, and desire, the brute  
Disrupts day's order—keeps me on tenterhooks.  
And I wonder whether I above exhaustion can rise  
And build the Tower of Babel and in it reside  
When my Limits all come in tempting disguise  
As a labyrinth of connections to ensnare my stride.  
I realize then I cannot better than my father be  
One breeds only to transfer the dream of possibility.

### Like an Indian Soldier After a Weary Chase

*(After Amoretti 67)*

Like an Indian soldier after a weary chase  
Seeing the Kashmiri girl from him escaped away  
Sits down to rest in some bombed-out place  
With panting dogs bewitched by their prey:  
So, after shooting down men and dumping them in hay  
When I had tired of my demented lust

The gentle Kashmiri returned the self-same way  
At the borewell wanting to quench her thirst.  
There spotting me among discarded shells  
Fearless she stood, seeking neither to flee nor hide  
Till I in hand her yet half trembling held  
And with her own goodwill her hands and legs tied.  
Strange it was to see a beast so wild  
So easily conquered, with her own will assailed.

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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. His poetry has appeared in *Maple Tree Literary Supplement*, *Mascara Literary Review* and *London Review of Books*.

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