



THE MANY MOODS

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Shashank Mane

rosetta

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The Many Moods of the Moon

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for his invaluable guidance in editing the poetry book
The Many Moods of the Moon.

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• v e r s o s •

*Dedicated to my little Nona,
holder of my heart*

Stand solid, my purple
my bruise, my rain

Stay strong, my orange
my torch, my flame

Remain intact, my black
my shade, my cover

Don't hurt, my blue
my deepest of lovers

My red, my fire
A silver I perspire

My green, my guts
eyes like apples I desire

Stand bold, my gold
autumn leaves over snow

Wrap around me like rainbows
and refuse to let me go

Today I swallowed a silver lining

My heart wore weakness to dinner
A suit freshly pressed of delicate fabrics
I had little to thicken the inner lining
a protruding rib sufficed to bulk me up
and push me out

I refrained from an appetizer
The moon's glow
borrowed for the main course
gleamed until I appeared
to have swallowed a million morsels
all to my heart's content

I was light
just as I ever was
filled with countless little particles
my head high in the clouds
with a stomach full of silver linings

My soul is scattered
across her shores and sands
inside her abandoned houses
and her warm valleys
on sun filled days

I wish to hold her close
when I catch her scent
in the air of the afternoon
light years away

I clutch onto her
a child refusing to leave his blanket
like rainwater upon mud
knowing we will dry up
eventually

I exist
cracked, firm
in spite of our separation

She is the passing of a life
A solitary salutation
in a cold place
the warmth in my infinite darkness

One day
I will walk across her endless highways
in the raindrops of her promised freedom
touching her colored skies
that I will once again
call home

For the human condition

What if I commit my crimes
in gentle tones
with hugs and warmth
where these sins have a home?

What if I summon my good deeds
during acts of corruption
counting all of my blessings
as I inflict destruction?

What if I suffocate the truth
as I praise its existence
the warmth of my skin beaming
against the clawing of truth's resistance?

What if I justify my conduct
with logic and sense
with science and facts
without need for pretense?

What if one day I finally awaken
in the silence of the meadows
to the warmth of the world's sunshine
to the wails of our broken widows?

What if I bury my demons
with a turn of the cheek?
what if my actions of deceit
were fully mine to keep?

*The problem has always been
that, although it is long over,
we are still standing
inside each other
looking, watching, listening
breathing our presence
in crowded spaces and tiny rooms
in neither of which
elephants have ever fit
but still sit
awaiting a train
that refuses to move along.*

(The last station)



Shashank Mane is an Indian born author and poet living in Finland. His first collection of short stories and poetry *Moments* was published in 2017, and his collection of short stories *Glass Streams* was published in 2020. His works have appeared in various journals, reviews and anthologies.

The Many Moods of the Moon is Shashank Mane's first full length poetry collection. It touches on universal and transcendental themes such as love and wisdom through heartbreak and enlightenment.



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