

New Poetry by Jayant Kashyap: “The War”



A NIGHT KNOWS / image by Amalie Flynn

The War

“The war continues working, day and night.”

–*The War Works Hard*, Dunya Mikhail

It has a way of knowing people,
the way a night knows our stories.

Everything’s quiet, then you learn to fall,
deeply. It’s said *how you approach an issue*

says a lot about you,

but how do you approach war?

Everything quiet – almost
at peace – when you learn to fall. *Deeply.*

And even the night changes its colour.
The dawn is difficult to accept.

Your palms have broken into little chips
of stone, which you will either throw

at people or swallow yourself.

In the kitchen, the water's boiled, the pan

is ready for eggs. The child you sent out
to get some bread hasn't made it back.

In the news: *everywhere, the streets
have learnt the meaning of blood.*