

## The Criterion An International Journal in English

## Frozen Lake

Mamta Madhavan

Gold dust from larkspur ride through the lanes sprinkling nectar, fall in stile as they draw close to the fences.

Like December, my eyes are glazed.

Rivulets flow within the limits wanting to spill and wet the banks

close and still impossibly far. Like December, my eyes are glazed.

Scarred wounds stitched up, camouflage sack of reds, grays, blacks; obliterate pink that tries to find its way in.
Like December, my eyes are glazed.