About the House

Raam P Gokhale
About the House

The Sequel to Ten Home-Grown Poems

The Lights Across the Way

I can see the lights,

The lights across the way.

I wonder, my mind wanders:

What faces there hold sway?

We bunch up by two's and three's

A full house that we are,

Maybe inside straight,

Mere numbers on a par.

The faces in the window,

What hand did the fates deal them?

Maybe a royal flush,

The end of the game
Maybe I Can Drive My Car

(after the Beatles’ ‘Baby You Can Drive My Car’)

From the window, I can see the car’s been washed.
My eyes aren’t so sharp as to detect the removal of only two day’s grime.
But the wipers are up—a sure indication,
That the car has been fully prepped,
Though I only drive it around the neighborhood.
My Juicy Hillocks

I have to restrain myself:

No metaphor for breasts,

In the gently sloping hill nearby where we walk,

Though at the apex, a juice stand does sit

Like a sweet nipple

From where we get a heavenly nectar of carrot and squash.

I have to restrain myself you see,

Because a temple is also there.

And many people come to pray,

And though I never do so,

I must respect the sentiment.