Odds and Ends

Raam P Gokhale
Odds and Ends

The Fan and the Carpet

Dangling from the ceiling, the fan's three blades whir
And with the power of the continuum seem as many as infinite
Or are they really infinite and only seem to be three when the power is off?

This is what the wall-to-wall carpet below wonders
Its many shaggy threads blowing in the breeze

Or are there only three threads, the fan thinks, making for itself a perfect match
Though it's a dizzyingly poor induction from one and thereby risks losing the thread.

But the wind is there, and of course the air and space, and, lest you think these also come in three,
Dimensions are there which are not only three but can be as infinite as there are qualia to measure.
Paean to a Window

The night bodes a dark gloom
From inside the lighted room.
And the room burnishes bright
From the benighted world outside.

But light or dark our view
One frosted window pane we see,
To match our choice
Of on which side of the pain we want to be.
A Peripheral Triad

The table barely has space
For two black laptops and one bulky printer,
Though it's really the laptops where work is done.
We write on both laptops, you see,
The missive going where fit.
But we need hardcopy sometimes,
Whence the printer is pressed into duty.

The printer has cartridges both color and black and white.
Two cartridges and two laptops but don't get any ideas.
We will mix and match as the mood or need suits,
Though truth be told, I can't say,
We've ever printed anything off the laptop
That contains my great American novel.
The printer cable does however, connect to it also, suggesting by sufficient reason the possibility.
An Autonomic Reflex

Everybody needs a social cause.

Mine is promoting the wearing of reflective clothing.

Not only would it reduce unwanted accidents,

As distinguished from happy accidents like the odd self-referential and reflective poem,

But since clothes make the man,

We might encourage everyone to be a bit more reflective

because in an unwise world, reflective-wise,

The man in the mirror is the philosopher-king.
Equality Among Trees

Some trees bear fruits.

Others just send out roots.

I can't decide which ones are hetero

And which ones homo,

Since depending on my prejudices of the time,

Both fruityness and rootyness can sound as gay or as straight as you please.

But the trees don't care,

Doing their business while bending some both ways amongst the breezes.
The Price of Pricing in China

From 'Ten Home-Grown Poems'
I took a step 'About the House'.
But, since Across the Universe I wished to go,
The next measured step, though it may've seemed madly out of step
Was one dear, clear if slightly queer day
To step up to the time-worn yet somehow fresh again steppes of China.
The Crazy One, or is it Two?

The two of us, the wife and I, are divided into three roles I call the psychiatrist, the psychologist and the patient.

There is a logic to me taking two roles, since being a patient schizo I have to have at least two personalities.

But of course there's more than logic that meets the I, since craziness unlike this poem has a rhyme as well as a reason.

I play two roles because besides being the patient, I am the psychiatrist since experience has taught me what the medicines do,

For example, the three which allows me to be upper and the nine which forces me downer and the trinicalm which is simply the calmer.

But I need a second pair of I's since I don't always know, though I usually am clever enough to suspect, just what's it that's ailing me.

So naturally the wife is the psychologist for my talk therapy, which naturally consists of 'pillow talk' as well as the more conventional sofa talk and the walking-talking that Shivaji fell.

Now, being one to gossip, you'll want to know who's the boss or as I've explained to the wife, the Americanism, who wears the pants in this family.

The answer is simple, the pecking order being from lowest to highest, the patient, the psychologist and the psychiatrist.

Of course each is king, in his or her own right the king of the castle which is our happy, crazy home:

The patient being the raison-d'etre and the psychologist being the strategically placed middle and as I already said the psychiatrist, being the most educated, the logical choice as the boss.

So who wears the pants in this family? The answer may be as simple as which pants leg is the preferred direction of 'the third leg', since 'monkey in the middle' is not comfortable, if you'll pardon the doggerel puns.

The two of us, the wife and I, are divided into three roles I will call the psychiatrist, the psychologist and the patient,

And though as boringly repetitious as 2/3 being .666666666..., the halting problem being unsolvable means we never know whether the 3 that goes into the 20 after another 0 is brought down will perchance yield something different.

But then again insanity as they say IS doing the same thing but expecting something different.

So hence the title.
Love's Labor Unlost

There's a blushing, gushing love between the street sweeper and the garbage lady.

I mean it's all action at a distance this being as distant from free from the U.S. us as India in the language of love.

But I spied a smile she floated his way once, meant full of meaning for him and him alone,

She being quite cantankerous with everyone else.

How much dearer and magical it seemed than the pop love of Mary Poppins between the nanny and the chimney-sweep...

The present couple being of a much lower station in life yet daring with love's forlorn fearlessness to soar as equally high.