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Two Poems

Shripad Sinnakaar, shripadripoll@gmail.com

Two poems by Shripad Sinnakaar.

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ON DISPOSSESSION OF CASTE

The eyes of the bear, hidden in the exodus of its
thousand black pelages, sedated – red from how
they exhume those it looks at – turning into glances of
I look at you & it's all you become are stoppages at a stealth pace of noon
into this personal narration of the looking: A door: Single shuttered,
blackwood with sharp-edged, fiery-red flowerpetals
carvings – the bear is a setting of slow withdrawal in its
coming, its coming like an idea of a room floating somewhere
outside this one, shifting the essence of all objects
to their shadows falling past the children plucking in the track
of its mane (to test its sainthood) (as its keeper, a boy,
its caretaker/tamer, drags it by its chains, calling out to collect alms)
now beating – *how many? how many? how many?*
chafed by the pecking & cawing, disjunct from where it looks at them –
Standing in the threshold, rising on its hind to show itself,
reminding itself of their toothlessness. The direction they elope to
away from this corner the boy fastens its chain in, off-centred,
crusting on the lip of a drum left to fill itself in rain – dehiscent & nameless –
starting a fold to warm its end, fraying, all brown shot
in dark algae green, uncoiling in slow cursives downwards,
peeling by its corrective leaks in the path of its retrace –
echoing in its decomposition, the last sigh of a swell stripping
to worsted pleatings, deducted to a blade of scrap. Rust is our redemption.
As in: we have touched, we are forsaken; chawl daughters married off
afar don't even return for their brother's funeral –
& to what is called fate is only napes, seldom skies
& on the either side the long, two-point ladder of the look:
Star Depot Soap, Gulshan Diaries, Desire Leather Boutique,
Al-Rehmaniya Repair, Ravina over her phone pressed hot around them,
& then another kothi in the adjacent light, & another.
Arriving in white flocks. Curses, slights
    like cheap marigold blossoms torn apart.
Now gilded embroidery –

WHITE CROWS

We could tell you only by your summer
call, late June, white ants
having eaten the words on notes
are instances of leaping in Utopia,
that released in your departure,
we have caught it in net like Black Pomfret,
lavender, husk, synthetic –
making days anew,
these random sequencing of adjoints,
sinewy & tucked:
each row of swathe, blurring lines within lines
is an assemblage of dispossession,
dissolving tenses, hymnal
through the golden pane of 181 bus
a regular from Kalina to Pila Bungla –
the mechanism of black wires
winding in a slow, black heat thickening depth
at its iris & from where I squat,
this loam before it's even thought of
is dispersed, yielding,
misaligned from what resides in the midst
of layers clasped into folds;
backtracking to confront the thing
at the interstice that stands for outcaste
is constituted in this
handicraft of amounting; fats,
cement slabs, leftovers, silage,
dreadlocks, the run-down assortments
& other sorts of drawing in
to keep unmutilated the volume of your plumage.
It takes rain finally to precipitate
the bulwark. Melting.
This waiting, the chorus of *us*,
stretched & prolonged,
look, hours pressed into another day,
the dark-bluish kohl of sky to loosen the bind.

Competing Interests

The author has no competing interests to declare.