

Home

Winter 2007

Autumn 2006

Summer 2006

Spring 2006

Winter 2006

Fall 2005

Summer 2005

Spring 2005

Editor's Note

Guidelines

SNR's Writers

Mail

# POETRY BY RUMIT PANCHOLI

COPYRIGHT 2007

## **Awake under Anesthesia**

She cringes when she feels him  
cut through her cheeks  
in swift strokes with his scalpel.

He rearranges her face  
until he makes her the woman  
she wants to be,

but as the blood warms her cheeks  
and dribbles from her eyes  
to her chin,

she can only think  
of words to distract her—  
*relief—leave—veil—*

until her wedding dress  
covers her body. At the funeral,  
the priest had whispered

that in extreme pain,  
it helps to picture someone else  
feeling it.

*How can I, she wonders,  
when these hospital rooms  
have mirrors on their ceilings?*

## **Anatomy of a Ghost**

You have no bones  
to pick up now, no grinding  
of footsteps in this old  
filthy sandbox  
behind our porch swing  
caked in rust beside  
father's shed,  
your tiny jasmine buds

disappearing into  
puddles you stop caring  
to fill up, his unfinished fence  
never picked up.  
Now home, two nerves  
calm inside when I tell you  
the artist in me  
is painting Andrew and I,  
the susurrus of our voices  
an impossible idea in  
your mind: first wean away,  
the pulling apart  
of your umbilical cord  
the snap of it hitting back  
like a flimsy tree pressed against  
the ground then letting free  
a ghost inside.

---

## After David

My father, a religious man, dreads another David  
in me when he sees me, a ten-year-old  
in the kitchen. In my mother's apron,  
I reach up to the stove, a saucepan warming.  
He passes by, looking away.

I grip a wooden spoon with both hands,  
mixing cubes of chicken and potatoes  
into the green peppercorn sauce  
in such perfect circles  
that my mother stops me and asks:

*What is imperfection to you?*

I stare back blankly, lifting the spoon,  
and with Davey's breath still rising in my spine,  
lower it. Somehow he tells me  
that our mother will not mind me  
following his lead.

---

**Rumit Pancholi** is a first year MFA student in poetry at the University of Notre Dame. He has published work in *Banyan Review*, *Double Dare Press*, *Foliate Oak*, and *The Clemson Poetry Review*, and has work forthcoming in *Gertrude* and *Blue Earth Review*. Recently, he was nominated by the Notre Dame Creative Writing Department for the 2006-2007 AWP Intro Journals Contest and the Ruth Lilly Poetry Fellowship. He is currently working on a collection of poetry that explores and narrows the space between familial relationships and sexuality.

---

**Copyright 2007, Rumit Pancholi ©.** This work is protected under the U.S. copyright laws.  
It may not be reproduced, reprinted, reused, or altered without the expressed written permission of the author.