

## Jasmine and Pepper

V is back again  
my wheelchair revolutionary  
with little body left  
this time to kindle  
in hospital or council  
square - and unsteady  
souls disallowed  
at dances - he first sheds

i f a a e  
r r n m y  
i o a e  
s m u  
r  
o  
t  
i  
c

in the Mediterranean

an arm a leg long  
dead unburied  
by the Dorsal

fine parchment healers had marked  
as skin to line the Sahel.

Then resurges effulges  
in a dozen distinct cities  
at once

Tunis  
Sousse

Kairouan

Kasserine

Gabès

yes Sidi Bouzid

the calligraphy of smouldering  
protest rising from breath  
to lone outstretched hand  
then handed and lit  
from hand

to more hands to hand

Alongside this trace of a jasmine  
spring, his self outlines in 4H  
(more clay than graphite)  
fine hard and scarcely seen.

Bouazizi, El Hajri, Ammari,  
Naji ... names more names more  
lives more deaths all threading  
the jasmine and other flowers  
an invocation of lost things limbs  
or sight or futures.

V only says i found  
some of the currency lost  
in our Hexagon  
adds they could still be  
screwed but we already are.  
I picked up fraternité all over  
(save from the cobbled  
streets for sad wheelchairs)  
less liberté alas except to dream  
and hope and die the last  
of which you never let me.

And égalité why more égalité  
than anywhere else i have  
been all through riots  
Oleoresin capsicum  
tear gas flavoured  
pepper recognizes  
no colour sex age  
health wealth  
handicap  
race.

I was normal for just that while.

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