

# oh india

I keep listening to George Harrison  
chanting in Sanskrit until a wanderlust  
for Gujarat pounces on me like a  
litter of loose lion cubs. I am

simultaneous: smitten and stricken,  
enamored and terrified. I am  
walking through intentions of passport  
acquisition and frequent flyer's remorse.

I was once a tiny monk, maybe eight  
lives old. I was wrapped in mango robes  
freshly spun from my mother's loom.  
I was walking contemplation, a view  
from the eye at the top of the head.

I was once a black-haired woman  
bent at the well for water. Mustard  
flowers surrounded her head, held  
the threads of her shawl mended to  
gether, the colors illuminated her charity.

I was once the vessel she held,  
the one that gathered the water. Om  
Asato Maa Sadgamaya || Om shantih:  
shantih: shantih: || She was refreshment  
near the banks of the Ganges,  
I was that old tin can.

## peggy dobreer

Peggy Dobreer is a parent, an educator, and a poet. She is a coauthor of *64 Ways to Practice Nonviolence, A Curriculum and Resource Guide*, a project of Common Peace, the Center for the Advancement of Nonviolence, and she has self-published four chapbooks including *Face of Sky*, *Henceforth*, and *B.L.A.B.B: Be Live at Beyond Baroque*. Her poems have been anthologized in *Literary Angles: The Second Poetic Diversity Anthology*, *Cracked Pavement and Plastic Trees: Our Gifts to Future Generations*, *Everything About You Is Beautiful*, *The Tamaphyr Mountain Press Irregular* and *WordWright's Magazine*. She is the founder and curator of Horse of Another Color Poetry at the Venice Grind Cafe, now in its second year.

