

## POETRY

**Nosano Kikhi**

[noki2301@gmail.com](mailto:noki2301@gmail.com)

---

### At Fox River

At Fox River  
Weekly Farmers' Market  
Misty sky met seeking hearts  
I bought porcelain fish fridge-magnets  
Two jars of honey  
A tote bag with tulip prints for Mama

The live band sang Cohen's 'Hallelujah'  
As we took pictures with our kebabs in skewers  
At the stall of a Kiwi  
Who beamed, claiming to have visited our land  
Some thousand miles across  
What co-incidence, I thought

Our hosts met forgotten friends  
They had prayed for and had hoped to meet again  
Prayers answered amidst fog and mist  
One day, this mist will disappear

No more 'cold and broken hallelujahs'  
We will fully know  
Even as we are fully known

Key chains encasing photos  
Of native birds  
A sheep leather coin pouch

I fancied and paid for  
In coins embossed with the Queen's profile

At Fox River Weekly Market  
Where the stall girl gifted me post cards  
Now kept in my bedroom drawer  
A hemisphere away  
Tucked in cloudless memories  
Free and precious,  
Aqua Blue like the water at Pigeon Bay!

### **Ambling Along Pheyo Memories**

My father created poetry for me  
When he took us to vacation woods -  
Summer fields hosted by cicadas  
Along forest trails buzzing with insects,  
Scented by spoor, excitement  
And mutual fear – ours and theirs (the insects)

Ambling through paddy pools of grey gold  
Feeling a snail or two on our bare soles  
Chasing dragonflies and cupping tadpoles  
Our hungry childhood wishes sated

The sun blazed, its rays massaging  
Our backs like warm oil in a masseur's hand  
And when it drizzled or rained  
We ran for shelter in the little shed

Petrichor and hunger for sauce  
A smooth rock for seat  
Soft leaves for napkins  
Lunch was ready

Chives and potatoes, edible snails and beans  
Boiled tender with smoked meat in soft shoots of bamboo

Relished beside the happy stream  
That frolicked along our wooden shed

Over food, older folks shared tales of yore  
Of mountains yonder  
Peopled in the next village, separated by a river  
They made plans for the morrow,  
I couldn't care less  
I was caught up in the third haven of summer euphoria  
Heaven on earth -  
Such was, such is *Pheyo!*

---

#### BIO- NOTE

---

Nosano Kikhi is from the Angami tribe, Viswema village and lives in Kohima, capital of Nagaland (India) where the historic *Battle of Kohima* was fought in WWII. Her poems have been published in e-magazines and several national as well as global poetry anthologies. Currently working in MGNREGA under Ministry of Rural Development, she is also a member of a non-profit NGO EarthCare Nagaland and runs GreenTop, a small-scale home-based production, where rooftop gardening and organic composting are promoted.