

Anisha Pai

the world is becoming so small

part 1

I thought it was a broken pipe; I really don't like pastoral art,
I like the mountain, water lines running down its sides! Isn't that cool?
Everyone has such funny faces—very blue, maybe too blue.
I like that too. They are now standing by the bucket, not writing.
the world is becoming so small

part 2

They were examining artwork in a box. It is a box itself...the entire piece made my heart jump.
It is a map of Uganda, that one Butterfly Sanctuary we were in in Bangalore, or was it Chennai?
I am thinking of how much care they take to sit with the artwork and know it.
There is a golden sleigh in the middle of the room. the stool was already there.
There was art that looked Indian.
If I were to turn my head 180°, it would look normal.

I am wondering if I am too critical of white appropriation.

There is a plastic belly mounted to the wall by the map of Uganda. nearby there is a stool.
The painting second nearest the golden sleigh is a woman crying. The text in her bosom reads
ESPERANZA

I am wondering why I should associate everything with India.

they lean only from their torso, walk in an almost semicircle, to sit on a stool.
The belly is called Shield. Their eyes are sharp, but they never stop.

The crying lady is not
Latina, she is Spanish. I am thinking about
her coming to the butterfly sanctuary.
The first recorded female sculptor in
Spain, Luisa Roldán.

Them and I are stood still, in different parts of the room. I have not seen them look up.
I want to make connections through time & space & culture. I am
gaslighting myself.

It is still comforting: all of Asia, with little or g a n i s a t i o n.

It must be difficult to get art from across the world. I am trying to believe this, but I do not know.
Both make me feel like erasure.

Let me return to the museum.

“In ... four decades, [the American] has explored icons and symbols ...
from Greek Goddesses and Hollywood starlets to tubes of red lipstick.”

This is the fourth time they have examined it. There is no description.

part 3

I hate the feeling of my fingers on my jeans.