

## Reading Materials - The Earthly In-Common: An Eco-poetic Tea Circle

### *The Lisbon Consortium Book Club at Hangar*

From: Anne Fisher-Wirth, and Laura-Gray Street. 2025. *Attached to the Living World: A New Eco-poetry Anthology*. San Antonio, Texas: Terra Firma Books.

#### **Mint**

By Ashia Ajani

Grandma played me her garden song  
During the shallow heat of springtime

She beat her palms against the soil  
Caressed the dirt-laced scrapes on my knees,  
jewels of transcontinental sweat lined her bosom  
as she hacked up furtive weeds

Granny licked her peeling sugarcane lips  
They parted, and forth sprung an aria of flowers

There were whole land masses dropping from her hands  
breathing soul into fragrant coriander and parsley  
ballads of San Juan and Mississippi, West Africa  
reconciled in Sunday dew-kissed grass

Look how the slender spines of lilac  
bow to the sunflower's sullen crowns  
just yards away, a squash blossoms  
Swan song wanes toward summer

She sat in the cool shade, mint leaves whistling  
Her back creaking  
Like slave ships on salted ocean  
She's found ways to harvest her own skin

Ripe like wild bananas  
Slow and deliberate

Lugun, Anuj. 2024. *Rupkatha Translation Project 2024: Selected Poems of Anuj Lugun*.  
Translated by Pragya Shukla. Rupkatha Books.

[https://www.researchgate.net/publication/384332949\\_RUPKATHA\\_BOOKS\\_SELECT\\_ED\\_POEMS\\_OF\\_ANUJ\\_LUGUN](https://www.researchgate.net/publication/384332949_RUPKATHA_BOOKS_SELECT_ED_POEMS_OF_ANUJ_LUGUN)

#### **Preparing Lakhtho at Home**

Sometimes wheat flour found its way home  
Sometimes sugar graced our kitchen  
Sometimes there was oil in stock

Ma sometimes prepared Lakhtho at home  
My sister danced with joy  
And brothers fought  
Maa would quietly prepare the batter  
Deftly rolling and cutting  
We would look at mother's fingers at work  
Father picking up the hadiya mug would remark  
'No one can ever prepare like her— '  
Back then, we believed Maa was preparing Lakhtho  
But only Maa knew that  
With borrowed flour  
And borrowed sugar  
And borrowed oil  
She was making home  
We were unaware then  
Now the truth is out  
Maa always made home  
And never Lakhtho

(Lakhto: indigenous sweet dish. Hadiya: rice beer)

Putul, Nirmala. 2022. *The Echoes of Tribal Times*. Translated by Anup Singh Beniwal. *dialog*, No. 39 (Spring, 2022) 290-307.

<https://dialog.puchd.ac.in/wp-content/uploads/2022/10/The-Echoes-of-Tribal-Times-Anup-Beniwal.pdf>

### **A Hill Woman**

I  
She –  
Who is coming down the hill,  
Balancing a bundle of fire-wood on her head –  
A hill woman,  
Would presently go to the market  
And sell the entire lot  
To quench the belly-fire of the entire family.  
Lugging the sheet-wrapped child on her back  
This paddy-sowing hill woman  
Sows her mountain-like-grief  
Hoping to reap a bumper crop of happiness  
In Breaking rock, she breaks  
Hilly restrictions and taboos  
Weaving straw-mats on the hills  
She confronts the hill-heavy day  
In making brooms, she forges  
Weapons to fight the dirt  
Putting a flower in her bun  
She pierces the heart of someone  
Running after cows and goats  
Her feet etch

Thousand primeval songs on this earth.

VII

Come, Let's Save it  
Our settlements  
From stripping  
From the climes of the town  
Save the entire settlement  
From drowning  
In hadia  
On our faces  
The earthiness of Santhal division  
The Jharkhandiness of our speech  
Also, the warmth of life  
In the coldness of our routines  
The fecundity of mind  
The innocence of hearts  
The arrogance, the persistence too  
The fire within  
The string of the bow

The sharpness of the arrow  
The edge of the axe  
The fresh air of the forest  
The purity of rivers  
The silence of the mountains  
The melody of the songs  
The earthiness of soil  
The swaying of crops  
An open courtyard to dance  
A song to sing  
A little laughter to laugh  
And a fistful of solitude to weep  
Playfield for children  
Pastures for the cattle  
Peace of the mountains for the elderly  
And in these times of disbelief  
A little belief  
A little hope  
And some dreams  
Let's save these together  
For there is have still much left  
For us to protect in these times

Mbembe, Achille. 2021. Excerpt *The Earthly Community*. E-flux text. Accessed on 4 May 2026.

<https://www.e-flux.com/architecture/coloniality-infrastructure/410015/the-earthly-community>

Glissant, Édouard. 1997. *Poetics of Relation*. Translated by Betsy Wing. Ann Arbor,

Michigan: The University of Michigan Press.

[https://monoskop.org/images/2/23/Glissant\\_Edouard\\_Poetics\\_of\\_Relation.pdf](https://monoskop.org/images/2/23/Glissant_Edouard_Poetics_of_Relation.pdf)