

SHE IS NOT SHE ANYMORE

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Standing in front of the mirror,
She gazed and gazed to find a creature overgrown inside her.
Red eyed, filthy green in colour.
Its arms black with flakes of dust;
Legs tied by chains of conduct.
Its body fatigued, ornamented with superfluous labour;
Face wrinkled by negativity.
Its locks matted; burdened by preferences;
Lips silenced fearing the howling of foxes n wolves.
A trace of rust crawling inside its brain, eating up all the precious.
Terrified and alarmed,
Her pearly smile melted. Kindness vapourized.
Her courage faded and Honesty locked up.
Horrified to see her image distorted, so obnoxious, so unlike...
Raised her soft hand to touch the image.
She heard a crackling sound. Quietness there after...
Now,
She is not she any more.

THAT IMPERFECT ROSE

A rose
startling red
blushed afresh in the cold.

Standing tall,
She danced and sang
in the rhythm of
the frosty rain.

A pristine beauty,
A soul so pure,
graced with the
fragrance sweet.

She is so fresh,
fresh to the core.

Her charisma in that bleakness
leaves the beholder
Captivated and enthralled.

Soon,
she found herself
in the cascade of darkness;
chained in a ceramic pot
adorned in a teapoy.

No Rain, No Wind
No bees, No skies
Only the walls four.

She cried:
“Free me from the chains
to bloom in December again.”