

Out of the Blue

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“I’m not insane!”
the daughter yelled.
“Mom, Your son!”
the mother stupefied.
Wounds in lips, on the neck
blood blotches and defiled cloth
“dear” mom ends up
in a yawp..
No more mothers,
No more sons and daughters.
Only the flesh-torso!
Wants to consummate
the fortitude to give up.
Realities are dead bodies.
Reminiscence the kelpie.
He howls, moans
scares, yowls.
A wound in the heart
Pursues whom? Aches where?
I too known by the same:
‘One who lives in reminiscence.’

Congé

Unfasten sharp razors
are we,
United with a rivet.
As twines
Our hands,
gash into two
All the unified
ones...
So we dispose of
the 'scissors-love':
Get rescinded.
Love sparkles
with the serration;
past slivers
flanked by us.