

A Ruptured Matrilineal

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Mother's house stands frequently silhouetted against ebony, cornflower or atomic tangerine sky.

I toddled, a three year old; unsure of the ground I planted my feet.

Earthen pots I carried swaying on my hips

Fetches from a rocky stream, where crabs lammed

Beneath the murky deluge to escape scraggy hands.

Plaudit eyes of passers-by perceived me winnow the chaff of grains away.

Fowls hovered around me to get a peck of the grain I leisurely clean;

I carried ashes over to the banana clump, a cremation of wood and hay I used to light fire.

In the evenings I braided my hair, and

Pinned a red hibiscus that grew near the bamboo gate.

T'was an ark under which relatives lodged weary limbs

The afternoon I was betrothed.

Nimble ruse they all silently contrived,

All because I started bleeding copper scent blood a year ago.

The rest of my days were spent involuntarily plastering with my hands

My four walled room with a smelly concoction of mud and manure.

Indistinct melodies of rose-ringed parakeets (Who dodged every trap my husband set),

Returning to their pockets in the huge mango tree

Rests muted in my ears of forty.

My daughter sits by the hearth, a version I stare,

Blowing air to flare the embers through a short bamboo blowgun.

She is no me. She is twenty five yet a discrete invincible sole;

A witch brewing smoky magic in a cauldron, scheming inconceivable horror.

A witch for the house- more worthy.
