

FROM THE ASHES

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The incandescent bulb dims and gleams,
The sewing machine runs fast,
As if racing past time,
The needle pierces in and out.
I hear something, a baby crying,
Hubby screaming,
Or the pressure whistle blowing.
She looks away,
The needle pricks in, blood drops out,
Falls on her feet, sweated in pedalling.
A wasted cloth piece sucks it up.
She keeps pedalling,
The bulb dims and gleams
Tears meander in viscous ruins
Static at mild breeze
She keeps pedalling,
Nothing stirs
A tale told and read by mute eyes.