

HIM AND HIS WOMEN

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A trip by the river made him sombre,
Cuckoos called,
So did his *maa*;
But, he had given in to the macabre.

He felt, a lifeless blanket, wrapping his body and mind-
Taking his 'soul and whole', through the poisonous wind.
Everything felt slow and still,
Like a cockroach dancing over a restaurant bill—

A hand, a cold one at best,
Caressed his face-
To which he woke
With a stroke!

Alas! It was she,
She who loved him one day-
And hated the other- to who's sight he-
Shrieked and screamed: "*Jaago! Bhaago!*"

Nothing happened, but the silhouette came dancing near,
And went away striking a menacing fear.
He breathed a sigh of relief that at the terror past-

So, that he could leave the terrific land fast.

The dreary dreams of escape rooted his mind...

He moved his body

But not his mind.

“Oh my God, another figure!”

Knowing not what of what sins was this outcome,

He made a run, to the forest, he ran!

No matter how much he tried,

He felt his mind, in a bowl, was fried.

Then he heard a voice which said nothing, but meant a lot...

Petrified he stood, contemplating the escape he sought,

While he watched his “being”,

Being devoured by—His Women and Him.

Glossary

Maa: Mother

Jaago: Wake up

Bhaago: Flee