

Angrily Yours

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I prick you, I poke you
I try hard to irk you,
to see your eyes burn once,
to see the ball of fury bounce!

I let fall the glasses,
they shatter.
I throw the plates, spoons and knives
they clatter

I move the curtain
with the force of the whirlwind
it disturbs your sleep
but never your ever napping spleen

Your adrenaline remains constant
at the face of my continual censure
my burning tantrums go wasted
before your cold calculated clemency.

I wish you get angry
to be angry is to be honest
I wish you get angry
TO BE ANGRY IS TO BE ALIVE

PLAINLY SPEAKING

You are no happy man, I know.
 your grinding teeth,
your twisting and turning in sleep,
 talks of your nameless woes.
You are a tumultuous wave beneath
 the facade of your calm waters.
You are no happy man, I know.

I am no happy woman either.
Do you know why I run to the bathroom often?
 It's not my weak bladder only
but my weak heart I empty into the closet.
 I cry and weep
 rave and scream
The flush tank, the water tap, the shower
 are my privy watchers.

We are no plain people, we know.
we live on the same plane, though.
 On floor 30 of a luxurious home.
Much beneath us the lush grass grows
and bright blossoms of hard labour
 force grown on this desert land
 like our mouths,
stretched forever in endless smiles
 products of high artifice!