

Lovemaking?

K. A. Rabia

M. A. English Language and Literature
Maharaja's College, Ernakulam, Kerala

The touch felt, gripped my soul,

Creeping up my skin, his hands....

The hairs stand upright

Like as a cold rush upon the soul.

Isn't this what I wanted?

The eyes I stare into,

Fill with lust and cold blackness.

The hot embrace enclosing me in cold steel cell.

What do I see in this dark space?

Isn't this what I wanted?

Each of my wings clipped,
The claustrophobic mind in his embrace,
The soaring betrayal of my body
And the death of an innocence I can no longer call mine.

Is this what I want?

That epiphany!!

I realise it to be not for me
This is where I should say no...
I raise my voice, only to hear a moan.

Isn't this what I wanted?