

Grief

Sreelakshmi A Nair

Teacher trainee

Dept. Of English

Adi Sankara Training College

Kalady, Kerala

lakshmi01.aji@gmail.com

Somewhere deep inside, in unfathomable realm,

Like a bird that lost its habitat,

Grief; strong, wretched and powerful.

What did you lose?

Is it a long held superficial belief,

Or is it a part of yourself?

How many words longing to jump out

And spread its wings were crushed by your “I’m well?”

Superficiality, a mark of civilization they say.

Locked inside the chambers of your heart,

She knocks strongly on the steadfast doors,

“Let me out” she says.

Thoughts buried, words unsaid, smothered inside.

Are they dead? Or are they immortal, regaining strength to kill your soul?

Slowly, carefully carving the edges,

While you carry on with your charade.

What will happen if she is let out?

Only to be wounded again, scarred again and being caged again...

Alone in a Crowd

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Impatience creeps in me while I'm stuck in a crowd,

A crowd of happy people.

Happy outside and slowly dying inside.

Who mandated this charade?

A charade of meaninglessness...

We identify faces and voices.

When will we identify souls?

Souls craving to be read and understood,

Souls longing to break the chains of a false charade,

Souls eager to be free...

What do the voices in your head tell you?

Are these the voices of the helpless

Begging to be rescued?

Are these the voices of a potential rebellion?

Have they yet silenced the voices?

Alone in a crowd I stand,

Overwhelmed with the meaninglessness of the world around me.

They all look alike, speak alike and even think alike.

I wonder, are they programmed in this way,

Or am I the odd one out?