

**“YOU’RE NEXT #ACCOUNTABILITY.”**

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Something there is that doesn't let me sleep.  
Who is it conspiring against the lovely earth?

Tony Timpa's was a custodial death.  
He had a history of mental illness  
He was high on sold legally cocaine;  
His last words, "You're gonna kill me,"  
Though prophetic were not believed.  
It is not a story of some man of colour  
It is just a case of white versus white.  
Is it a cold-blooded murder or racial  
Prejudice? "White silence is violence."

The heinous charges have been dropped.  
No one says young men need to live.

George Floyd was a coloured man  
High on legally sold fentanyl and meth.  
Handcuffing was not enough to  
Arrest the "criminal"; the glottis needed  
To be pushed; the white policeman  
Didn't believe his last words, "I can't breathe".  
Derek Chauvin and the others did not know  
Doing one's duty is not that simple in a  
Racial world where "Black Lives Matter".

The officers, though convicted of murder,

Were not charged of racial prejudice.

Can a poet bury his face in the grass  
Or remain silent or turn his face away  
Because it does not suit the moment  
And his seniors who write and publish  
Only politically correct poems? The  
Race matters only to a racist; the rest  
Care only for the character. Located  
Thousands of miles away I silently  
Bless the ignorant that curses me.

I sit reading and sobbing; I spend sleepless  
Nights watching the images in the dark hell.

What though my words do not reach those  
Who ask for more freedom; my heavenly  
Father causes his sun to rise on the evil  
And the good, and sends rain on the  
Righteous and the unrighteous. Blessed  
Are those who mourn; Blessed are the  
Merciful; Blessed are the peacemakers;  
Promise, thou shalt not kill for fun; I pray  
For those who curse me and persecute me.

### **KHUTULUN**

Coleridge was interested in Kubla Khan  
In Xanadu but I am interested in his cousin.  
While Kubla was busy building his palace  
His cousin was measuring the green fields  
That her horses will need to graze and run.  
Kubla Khan was busy erecting the dome  
While she was busy wrestling with men  
And wagers; the manly diva ruled the roost.  
Music, mascara, eyebrows, eye lashes,

Floating hair, collyrium and bangles did  
 Not interest her. Flashing the swords day  
 And night, dreaming of the horses white,  
 Black, brown, Arabian, Russian steeds,  
 Mares and studs was her favourite pastime;  
 She owned them, she rode them to be with  
 Her father in the battlefields; in the thick  
 Of the wars she roared like a ferocious  
 Tigress, ready to snatch the pigeons like a  
 Trained hawk. Khutulun insisted on getting  
 Defeated in wrestling; she was not ready to  
 Marry a weaker man; a queen she would not be  
 On her own. Is it patriarchy? Or is it the love  
 Of the horses? The father wants her to marry  
 And urges to get defeated by this handsome  
 Man, the owner of thousands of horses. She  
 Ponders over; goes to the field; in the arena  
 She meets a determined man not to let her win  
 And equally determined to let her be defeated.  
 She finds herself on a razor's edge; she is  
 Furious and attacks him and shames him.  
 The man runs away; the father feels stained.  
 People whisper, whine and whimper; she is  
 At a loss. She concedes to go by the father's  
 Advice and marries a man without any horses  
 Lest her father be charged of incest. Her ten  
 Thousand horses stare at her bridal avatar.  
 Should I name my daughter Khutulun?

### A TAJIK MAIDEN

What is the point in the civil law if his trust  
 Can be won simply by a certificate of a doctor.  
 For us, trust is equalled with a few drops of blood.

I often wonder if Mary's fiancée ever asked her,

The young unwed mother, how did the Spirit of  
God enter her stealthily to conceive the saviour.

Thank God, Virgin Mary did not have to  
Fill out a form and pay 32 Somoni to take a  
Test in a Government Hospital in Dušanbe.

I have stopped dancing and playing games  
Lest my parents should commit suicide some  
Day. With my hymen the trust may get broken.

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