

Sukrita KUMAR

Budb Purnima

I lie beneath
fistfuls of red soil
snatches from potted plants,
the roots lying naked

Today they cover
my golden body,
as though aggrieved
bending heavily with
the terror
I created when alive
even with

my greetings

They'd seen me
digging my teeth
so easily
into my game
human flesh.

They stood
solemn,

in freedom
from me;

Akka cried her
soul out,
mine had
left this world

Hands stretching
for more soil,
every eye seeking

akka's attention;

Was she pleased with them?
Will she give them
a raise?

Dead once
I was born twice,
akka --
my second mother

They don't love you, akka

I lie beneath the red soil
and see it all,
you too don't love me:

Budha was enlightened this day,
the day, the night of my burial;

Akka,
I see it clearly
how much
you don't love me

You are happy
to think, in your tears
they see love,
you are happy
to think
they see you
so soft inside,

today
on the day my burial
I know,
I know it all.

Generation Gap

(i)

I cannot fathom
This ocean between us
The ocean filling up with
Alligators, big fish, sharks and all,
Corals and weeds
Going in circles
With elephantine waves
Gushing over them
Round and round
over and over.

(2)

Fiery sunflowers
Holy marigolds
Roses smitten with love
You, the droplets
Of dew
In the garden of
My mind

So many selves
Yours and mine
Dancing in the myriad
Mirrors, each morning.

REARING

I seek Chamundi shakti
to see you in your
Eyes...

The eyes of Saraswati
Goddess of music, of learning;
The eyes of the gentle cow
Or of the mother earth herself

Eyes with
darts of love
of hatred too,
Twisting in my heart
as I search for music,
remember, we created together

I, your mother and father,
Hearing unuttered desires
Fulfilling raw wishes
Standing on toes
To provide unsolicited
Attention

And power,
That took you away
