

POEMS

Don't Make Such a Fuss

*It was her day of belonging, of being recognised
And my family whispered in the aisles:*

*If you tie those silver bells around her ankles,
She will stay grounded to who she is.
If you line her hair with the red dust of her village,
She will never forget where she came from.*

*If you sit in the shade and watch her turn circles around the
fire,
She will know that life repeats itself regardless of hope.
And if you hang her with heavy golden trinkets
She will remember that everything has its price.*

*I stayed near the back and watched the bride
Take her bloodstained paces around the silk stage:*

*If you decorate her with burdens like those,
She will remain trapped underneath them forever.*

Kindred

*the shy woman eats alone sits alone
steeps her own tea grinds her own beans
quietly snuggles into the fabric of the couch
laughs into her hands shifts her eyes side to side
frowns ashamed when someone catches her whispering her secrets
to guilty furniture and inanimate incarnations
manifestations of her fruitless god*

*the shy woman carries her clothes on her back
and her tears in the seams of her rustling shoes
watches her children grow up to be soundless
voices blown away like ghosts in the wind
watches her husband shellacked on the streets
black as tar smooth as pavement scalding in the sun*

*the shy woman carries her death in her palm
and always walks with her arms outstretched*

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