

The Farce Again

*I, too, have seen the farce...
with eyes averted
in mock humility.*

*Walled up in gold and red
with mother hawering
hesitant expectant..
helpless,
pointing out the long, black, silky, pleated hair,
the 'fair' colour-recent
result of mudpacks and turmeric...
Tongues clicking
in sympathy/despair/indecision...*

*And father's ears on tiptoe
and hope spread out across his face
like mountain shadows across the plain;
followed by the
inevitable
Yes/No...
To
the piece of polished human flesh
placed lifeless on the corner chair,
with eyes averted
in stark, real humiliation...*

I, too, have been the farce

- Charanjit Kaur

Krishna, the World

*to be a man
to steal their hearts
some butter
to take away their clothes
to have some fun
though not the brains
blue skinned boy
to have
crores ofni&itsand days
misery
forgotten for one moment*

*though not for ever
blue skinned boy*

*takes more Aon you
allmen
can hold*

*it leaves you ,
naked
blue skinned boy
it takes
more
to give life*

-Jurgen Jansen