

A Room of My Own

*He has gone to his parents' home
and has taken his children.
His flat is quiet.*

*As I dust his furniture,
As I straighten his books,
the anger grows.*

*As I sweep his floors,
As I make his beds,
the anger grows.*

*As I wash his clothes,
As I iron his shirts,
the anger grows.*

*As I clean his balcony,
As I water his plants,
the anger grows.*

*He returns to his home laughing.
He has brought along his friends.
“Four teas, please Meera,” he shouts to me.
The anger grows.
Then he comes to the kitchen saying “Here, let me help you.”*

*“No!” I bark.
Fangs bared, guarding my domain.
The anger overflows.
“This is my kitchen. I’ll do it.”*

*He steps back quickly.
He has been hurt -- he doesn’t know why.
I’ve hurt him -- I don’t know why.*

*He returns to his friends, hiding his wound.
I retreat into my room, to tend to mine
...and prepare the tea.*

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