The Societal Disguise

My wishful wait for the bus gave way
a rustic whistle wildly gushed past
I muttered mildly
at the sight of its insane speed.

In mustering my mental strength;
to try whistling at a length,
amidst the vivacious vibrant youth,
around me at the bus stop - appealed uncouth.

My whistling attempt went in vain,
leaving the voice box with a strange pain.
A simple long cherished wish
my gait of life would miss.

Whistling, a taboo for women
has been rehearsed, relished
in privacy without waking the world
in which I live as I should.

I dare not weaken my social image.
hypocritical hiding of a true face
plays a pivotal part of professionalism.
Is there any avenue for nihilism?

At times it looks smooth to be lulled
by societal doctrines – stereotyped.
A deviation from dogmas may get you ostracized.
But, how to live plastic in the ceramic world?

Friendship Nostalgia

No doubt - you are my friend
whether you sulk or talk.
You comprehend my interests
I value your perceptions.

Distance cannot separate us
we delve deep into
those treasured memories
spent together in our hometown.

I know well - Friendship is selfless
willing sacrifices often made
Compatibility uncompromised
despite our blunders and blemishes.

So, be not bothered about these
snobbish societal strictures-which
hurt and humiliate with a
pretentious posture of perfection.

Is there a need for perfection
in friendship? Which of course
sustains a concept - abstract
as we are born imperfect?

– Dr. P. Malathy*

* *Dr. Malathy is a bilingual poet (English and Tamil) and Assistant Professor, PG and Research Department of English, Government Arts College (Autonomous), Coimbatore – 641018, Tamilnadu, India. Email: prof.p.malathy@gmail.com.*