The Saree

The saree which I wear
Is made of fibres of my joys and sorrows
experiments of my
Indignation and agony,
despondency and detachment.

This saree is a song
of my love and loss.
The end if my saree
is to fasten my discontent.

On the borders of my saree, bloom the
flowers of sadness.
When I move out with this saree, image of a loom floats in my consciousness.

While wearing this saree, dreams must have poured out in its
form if colours
many wishes must have taken shapes,
a deep interest in art
must have moved his tireless hands.

Do you know
how much love, intimacy and emotion one has to pour down to produce a saree of your choice?

This saree is made of fibres of my sorrows and joy, my happiness and sadness.

Pravasini, What Are You Doing These Days?

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What are you doing these days?

your birth is not
such an important event
the night you were born
many children would have taken birth on many places on this earth -
Australia, Africa, Asia
North America, South America, Europe and Argentina.

They must have cried like you in Summer, Winter and Rains, inside
nursing homes, government hospitals, homes, huts and igloos.

Pravasini,
do you think your survival is an accident?
What are you doing this fading afternoon of
13th March 2019?

This afternoon is like
a white carbon paper
and on its surface are
written some letters
in black ink.
Have you read what is written on it?
Does it preserve the signature if time which
you want to write once again?

Pravasini,
what are you doing these days ?
Do you think you depended on someone or the other always,
to begin with your mother, then the members of your family
and its environment,
on your own shadow
enchanted by love
God's loveliest gift on earth?

Pravasini,
so I ask you
what are you
doing these days ?

On the Top

They are all male.
Among them one is my Father,
One is my brother,
Another one is my husband

Someone is my lover
Others are my blood relations
And my friends
Who trust and love me.

In fact, fathers are males
But they belong to
A divine group,
Brothers are males
But they are armours of protections.

But do not ask me about husband,
When he asserts his manliness
He becomes a demon
In whose hands
You become a toy
With which he plays at will
And destroys it finally.
There your love setsburied
Along with the dry flowers
In an utterly lovely and helpless
Moment of your life.

No,
I have no complaint against a male
Not I have to go in a procession
Against him holding a placard
But I want to distance myself
From his inhumanity
And ignore his arrogance.

One day I failed
To recognise an intimate face
Who went away
From the dark room of my life
After all the images are erased,

And in whose love
I remain enchanted
For aeons and aeons,
Before whom I surrender
The rest of my life,
Whom I love
From the depth of my soul.
But who is that Soul?
A male or female?

Nor male nor female -
Only a pure soul:
But why this doubt?
I love a male soul
Want to live again and again
In poetry and epic
On the top of the beauty of
Sculpture of poetry
With alphabets of emotion,
Want to live as I wish
On the peak of my consciousness,
The life of Ardhnarishwar,
Half male and half female.
I want to remain away
From ego and arrogance of a male,
The contented life of a poet,
A life of fulfilment
In troubled times.

Once again I repeat,
I have nothing to tell
Against a male,
But I have to raise
My voice against his cruelty
In so many ways
Beyond my brimful life
As a Poet.

– Pravasini Mahakud*

**Ms. Mahakud is an Odia poet and translator. In addition to twelve collections of Odia poetry and one collection of poetry translated into Hindi, she has published eighteen books translated into Odia from Hindi. She is the recipient of the Odia Sahitya Akademi Award, Jhankar Award, Junior and Senior fellowships from the Ministry of Culture, Government of India. She lives in Dhenkanal, Odisha, India. Email: pravasini12345@gmail.com*