She

The predator is in mask
All set ready to hunt
And wait for dusk
Teeth and nails sharpened.

She is dragged into the woods,
Behind the bushes; inside the temple
He did on her until he is done,
And they did on her until she is gone
Screamed!
Sobbed then and silenced.

Left with her are, the years of endless trauma
Succumbed!
Ending all pointless drama
Stages the plethora of candles and hashtags
Lined up in the morgue
Eventually fold their flags.

She is stripped off her name, even.
An unknown now
A soul unwilling to die.

A far cry from the cradle, me too!
Mumbled she,
Are the days far off to, you too?
And I too!

The Search

Is there a poet ever born without an unbroken heart
that it bleeds from within,
What could be as intense as an un-expressed emotion,
that dies poignant and uncorrupted?

Is there a sword ever made that pierces as deep as
those words hurt, that can't be undone,
What could be as painful as one's good-bye,
that steals what is still attached to it?

Is there a chain that bound the duos tight
that ever remained untied,
What could stay as strong as that's
unbound of the chains of bondage?

What could be as divine as an un-said love
that attains eternity; a virgin forever.
In search of the unknowns, the soul still dives
into the depths of the most unexplored; the Truth!

– Saraswathy Selvarajan*

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