

# Blue Hydrangea

## Me, the Gypsy

*Indian gypsies can be traced back to the nomadic tribe, Roma which originated in northern India. They worshipped Kali, a quintessential embodiment of destruction, female power and the ultimate protector of evil. As they spread out to different continents, they aroused the onlookers with intrigue and suspicion. Myths and tales hitch onto them as they continue to fuel the wanderlust in their DNA.*

The curve of her thrusting hips  
silenced deftly; fuchsia and neon  
bejeweled cheap, princesses of first copies sold;  
the clamor within the loose  
shield of midgut skin- hunger mounting  
like forest fire, her blackened silver and  
glass bangles, clamored less...  
We, the clan with walking abodes  
luckily never slept on the same floor twice.  
Those tiny in feet privileged the motherly veil,  
In mahogany arms soaked in primal stench;  
a stench I never could wash off.  
Rain washed our bodies clean,  
but left dirtier, at least until the next drizzle.  
Yet, envied the air-conditioned eyes  
that groped us through sun-proofed panes,  
seated on privileged shillings.

Lips lined with tangible scorn.  
Why did women nudge their  
purses closer when they watched us?

A new craft I watch her engage,  
broomsticks, glass bangles  
and occasionally a bamboo flute  
Budding out of her body, pleading for an exchange  
Some paper that'd soothe the ache  
on her cracked feet...  
For us, settings are not set,

newness lurks in the next step:  
Rising with the sun and again rising  
more with the moon, like an allusion  
to Dionysian way of life in India;  
To plough the mud  
of her body all through the night-

Her only hope and harvest  
for a two meal day.

### **When Time Ripped the Child from Her Mother**

*I miss you.*

Look how ignorant the three-syllabled phrase blatantly sits. Not a day passes as my hands fidget in search of a particular something. Something I realize only at the end of the day that it's you who I miss; it's you I will always ache for. I am in search of you like that homeless little girl in search of mittens during winter.

*I lost the locket.*

I lost my arm. Material things are never my first pick, yet that Pandora locket you personalised for me makes my neck itch and my eyes well up in frequent cycles.

*You are my religion.*

You've told me I have always seeked safety in you, more than a daughter must. That I always let my emotions and thoughts gobble me up because I have no religion to lean on. But mother, you are my religion. You have taught me righteousness and courage more than most.

*You are not perfect.*

Your warmth much like a hand lost in a crowd, is what keeps me going on most days and on others it's what freezes my limbs and I lie down in sad deprivation. You're not perfect ma. How could you be if you have been your only warrior? You are my strongest warrior. Yes, you've gracefully survived the brutalities life embossed you with. Like all warriors you swiftly mask the angst whirring up inside of you and charge through with arms that never tire; your love is one that never retires ma. Your love is perfect. Your warmth is perfect. Your parenting is perfect. Your strength inspires me six fold, which naturally makes it perfect. But you? You are handcrafted poetry; a goddess of love, purity and might. After all, perfect art isn't what hearts unfold to and minds remember.

### **If falling in love isn't hard enough**

Shackled doors, shackled hearts  
A bag overfull- feelings brazen,  
courage uncanny.  
The journey sails on forced, fat lies  
off we tread on this explosive mine.

“One man, one woman  
One husband, one wife”  
Isn't it time to write our own rules in this life?  
What is this thirst for generations  
having to resemble origami-men in line?

What is this blind faith devoid of reason?  
What is this reason devoid of empathy?  
I love him. She loves them.  
He loves him. They love her.

The weight of ignorance is at our throats;  
A herd that erects our own loudspeakers to be heard,  
our own lighthouse to be seen.

Mind you, our children shan't gleam  
in the ugly oil of perfection,  
They'll be as naked humans can be  
For we shall reap and repeat:

For some it is men,  
for some it is they/them.  
Some just want out of the mayhem  
for some it's xe\*, for some it's xem\*-  
Equality served at its finest.  
All we love, we love akin.  
It is not you and me, but we;  
We all bleed in red.

*\*Xe/ Xem/ Xir- a set of gender neutral pronouns that people use to identify themselves with*

**An Ode to My Grandpa's Chair**

To give your carved antiquity a voice, old  
As stone- a longing delight! For any antiquarian,  
And myself, You sit proud with your  
Carved Mahogany armrest.

Only for his wrinkly arms, your once sturdy  
(Now craven) arms outstretched  
Puny to say the least; grandad's photograph,  
Anchored in my memory.

You saw the world before me,  
And a few through my eyes.  
Let's revisit with the stories, untethered  
Let's unravel the unfiltered past.

Did he swat the ants if they trespassed  
On his netted skin?  
Was Grandad really crimson as Dad described,  
When Mom proposed to him?

Was he a secret crier? Are these faint stains  
A graveyard of his sorrows,  
Etched on your Mahogany?  
Did his lime-soda make grandma's smile beam?

Did his hands smell of cigarettes and tea?  
A man of his word they all agreed,  
But was he too seated on the throne  
Of poignant patriarchy?

Tell me, did my Dad disappear  
In the pale moonlight, at three?  
Were my parents really The Power Couple?  
For my granddad sure did disagree.

The questions will follow, and you?  
Forgiveness shall bind you back to me.  
After all my dearest companion you've been,  
Ever since orphaned at thirteen.

