

Guerilla Tactics

*From the quagmire
of their vocabulary
curses frothing
they flung words
physical violence almost committed
they scaled savage heights.*

*Yet after just a few moments
she gave him a telephone message
in a civilised tone
helped their children
with delayed homework
and even hummed a tune
while cutting the "subji."
She didn't effect a melodramatic exit
a few clothes, money, thrown in a bag.
No reprimands, no prolonging
it seemed of this state
of mutual hate.
He is not so insensitive.*

*His quick apology
did not conceal astonishment
he didn't really want to show.
Grateful that the emasculating
analysing
of it all
did not seem necessary this time.*

*But she simmered
and it all on replay
blow by blow
exchange with exchange
plotting her next ambush
she let the milk boil over.*

Poems

by

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My Face

*Washing my hands
at the bathroom sink
I catch sight of
my face
and am surprised.
I haven't seen my self
since the morning
when I ran a brush
through night-rowdy hair
and needless to say
I don't see my self
reflected in your eyes
any more...
looks like those
of wives battered
no outward bruises
just a naked pain
in red-rimmed eyes
eyes that can look
like all kind of adjectives
laughing, darling
I've been told
my face.*

*I pick up the stick
thick, weather beaten
my dhobin uses
to beat the clothes
clean
as she beats, beats
anger flowing into
drains
with the dirty water.
My face
in the mirror
the stick
I crash
splinters flying
I think the noise
must have gone
filtering down
the shaft
to neighbours.
This will be the sign
the first obvious sign
of an approaching dementia
I tell my
cracked face.*