

Things I don't say it aloud

Today is Thursday
I wash my sins for twenty seconds
Put a mask on my lies and get ready
When the Sun dip into the concrete Ocean
I'll join the crowd on my balcony for clapping hands
Sky is already red as the smudged droplets of blood on my basin
For you too Marie
I heard yours was a silent farewell
You snatched the respirator out from your face
For the final twitch
left a sobering leer
Then you gone!

Weeks before you were searching supplies
On the shelves we shamelessly ripped off with greed
You still went to the frontline starved
Looked after the infected
With silent tears
It wasn't that long I stood like a statue on the city square
When an enraged mob burning your national flag
Shouting at you saying go back where you belong to

I know there will be a lament on Friday
A drooping black flag on my neighbour's window
People still be walking on the street
Dawn to dusk bath their naked bodies
soaked in sunlight running, jogging, laughing, talking aloud
Rest of the world may travails restraint
Cringe and cry inside their walls
Sing along play music with broken hearts
And Saturday we learn how to forget
Crush the numbers of death
On the foil of time, bin it
Pretend and smile.

Sudhi is an artist, a musician, a writer and a wanderlust by nature. Originally from Alleppey, a Southern Indian state of Kerala, he is currently based in Brighton, UK. Literature has been an asylum from his early childhood while inherent fascination for poetry and literature comes from his father, an established writer of his time.

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