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Sparks.

Like every December night
I peeled my sweater off me.
And in the dark I could see
A Western fantasy on myself.
There were sounds too
And even though it was raining
Within and without,
I suspected I had a flu.
Not knowing what to do
I kept it on and when I got bored
I peeped inside to see if my skin
Would show me fireworks again.
That is how I spent my night
Before I grew impatient and
Decided to light myself in fire
And even though the pain was dire
There are only few things you could do
On a rainy night with a flu.
I swear if I had TV, I would tune in
To some channel showing the sea
But sparks are the last decree
On an ailing body with a sweater.

I was halfway through ashes,
I remembered that I had to do my dishes.
So with my lower half looking for itself
I carried myself to the basin
And even though the scrub was my skin
I did do the dishes mom.
I promised you I would.

I had promised her that I would turn up
With her favourite haircut on Sunday
And even though I have technically wasted
A holiday to look at sparks-
She wouldn't hold my hair this weekend
Because by then the strands would be weakened.
My hair is on fire
Even though she had often complained
That I lacked desire
I hope she will be happy with how I looked.

So when my eyes are burning
Not with metaphors of poetry
And my entrails are churning
For the jackals' pantry
Remember mom, I did the dishes
And I'd have looked the same
Even if I chose the scissors.

How can you blame people
If they want to see sparks?