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**FENEENA S MOHAMED**

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**I wish, I could**

I wish, I could  
step inside the temple compound-  
sit under the sprawling banyan tree,  
eye the windy leaves, while  
the sun cascades into  
ripples of greenish-orange  
on my set and mundu,  
red bangles vibrating  
against the temple banner.

I wish, I could  
step inside the Masjid-  
after the Muezzin's call  
on a pious Friday,  
when the doors to heaven  
are left ajar, the devil chained.  
I enter, my body clad in a mass of black,  
the white dome on a rainy day,  
the red imprints on my mussallah.

I wish, I could  
step inside the church-  
my white organza saree

with pink flowers  
clad piously on my shoulders,  
hands tremble while I hold  
the bread.  
I could just marvel at the pew  
the Holy Virgin and the Sacrament.  
*Passe Oves Meas- I whisper.*

**You don't know**

Cornflakes,  
for breakfast;  
perhaps boiled eggs too.

You don't know  
I like puttu and kadala,  
puttu like Himalayan snowflakes.  
kadala , made with fresh coconut  
fried till they ooze  
my favorite aroma.

You don't know  
that I blinked at the moon  
through the wooden banister-  
my fingers glued  
at the epicentre,

the taste of blood.

My dentist's appointment

endlessly deferred,

Our daughter's marriage,

Your cold and fever.



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**BIO-NOTE**

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