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JAISHREE KAPUR

On losing one's father . . .

I don't want to even think about it
But I always thought about it
I dreamt that you're dead
Then in my foolishness
I told you what I had dreamt
Perhaps you were hurt
Perhaps I wanted you to die
Perhaps I wanted my mother to be solely mine
Perhaps I was so obsessed with my mother that I forgot you

Forgot to talk to you
Forgot to read the messages you sent me
Forgot to include you in my hostel dairies
Forgot to even ask if you were keeping well
Forgot that I had two parents

When you asked me if you had committed some mistake
I was ashamed
Ashamed to accept my mistakes
you kept calling me and I kept running away from you
you were so proud of me
I was so ashamed of being nothing
you kept praying for me
I kept ignoring you
You always believed that things would be alright one fine day
And I kept believing that things would end one day
And then one day
You ended
All ended

You died like a saint
While meditating
I meditate on my shortcomings everyday
Is it possible for me to die like you?
And meet you
And say sorry to you for what I had done
And for what all that I couldn't...

Shadows

Let's play a game
And make it our reality
Come, surrender!
Become Shadows today
Bereft of identities
Of names
Some would call us dark
Dark we are
Yet Colourless
Sexless
Casteless
Intangible
Impalpable
Unabsorbed
Unseen
Unnoticed
Unthreatened
Unabashed
Dissolving in darkness
Becoming Nothing
I wish we were shadows
Bereft of identities
And become what we can't with these bodies
Or Can we?



BIO-NOTE

Jaishree Kapur completed her graduation and post-graduation from University of Delhi with a distinction. She topped her M Phil coursework and PhD entrance examination and interview. She is currently working on caste based issues in literature and cinema as part of the PhD program. Her poetry enables her to reflect on her inner self and her surroundings.

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