

# Lapis Lazuli

## An International Literary Journal

ISSN 2249-4529

[www.pintersociety.com](http://www.pintersociety.com)

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VOL: 10, No.: 1, SPRING 2020      POETRY

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UGC APPROVED (Sr. No.41623)

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BLIND PEER REVIEWED

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**SANJULA SHARMA**

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**The Colour of my Skin**

Does it now matter  
What colour it was?  
That face you struck  
Because it defied?

Does it now matter  
What name I had?  
As you whipped my back  
Defiled my life to shreds?

Does it now matter  
Where I lived?  
As you strangled me  
Mercilessly  
Despite my frightened plea?

Does anything matter now  
As I merge into the elements  
Of the land that belonged  
To both you and me?

This earthy canvas of black and white  
No margins here on the ground  
No race, no caste divide.

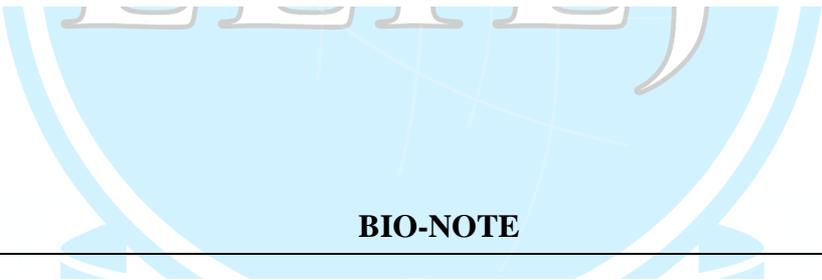
The vision blurred only in the mind.

Over years, over time, over now-  
The colour of my skin matters.  
It speaks. It hurts.  
It's hues double up in pain  
As it tells its sad story once again.  
In places different, the same refrain.

The colour of my skin matters.  
It hopes. It dreams. It wishes.  
For a better tomorrow.  
It feels a hundred desires  
You claim as yours alone.

Let them go now...  
Your hopes, your dreams,  
Your joyful life stories  
And watch them floating back to me

For the heart has no colour  
And the soul is free to fly  
Its unclipped wings  
In a happy, dappled sky.



### BIO-NOTE

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**Sanjula Sharma** is a journalist by profession and writer by choice. She has published five books of poetry and two collections of short stories. She has also published her work in various magazines and journals. She has written extensively for National Dailies and worked with AIMA, Delhi as Consultant Editor for seven years. She is the Founder of Happy Minds, a creative writing workshop for children which she conducts regularly in the capital. She is an active member of the Poetry Society (India) and coordinates various poetry events in Delhi. She is actively involved with Tamana, a school for children with special needs.

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