

POETRY

Debarati Sen

sen.debarati14@gmail.com

A Scarlet Woman

The days you addressed me with your shrill falsetto and covered me in a red muslin,
The nights you moved your fingers through my hair and untied my braid!
Your stroke my arms and ruffled both my shirt and my heart.
I was hardly sixteen
Unaware of your falsity.
As you unbuttoned my shirt
My innocence went for a toss.
Your ravenous looks abraded my chastity.
The pale yellow flame flickered
As you put out the paraffin light,
Only to plunge my life into utter darkness.
I delved into an abyss of obsequious hatred
As you spit out my heart with your beetle juice.
My faint rumbles fell flat!
Far away the factory whistle dwindled into oblivion
Like my innocuous mutterings.
Your monstrous laughter shattered the stillness of the night.
As you hurled abuses at me to satiate your lust
I realized I enticed only your libido, not your heart!
When push came to shove, your eyes blurted out the epiphany;
A scarlet woman can never be adored!

Another day in the City

It was another usual day in the city,
Cars honking in full blare.
Young men in neon- colored t-shirts and dyed hair racing their bikes.
The air smelled of petrol and dust
As the evening settled in,
A cohort of sporadic noises filled the air,
children returning from schools
and septuagenarians discussing the pernicious effects of technology on young minds!
It was another usual day in the city
Engulfed by the quotidian life
Lost in the mire of discourse and dialect,
Enmeshed by the drudgery of existence,
In search of catharsis into the realm of poetry.

Childhood's Spectre

The witching hour passes in a jiffy.
A cauldron of repressed torment flows from a blemished soul.
The spectre of my harrowing past stood with open arms,
ready to devour me into its crater of debacle.
Your stinking touch still ravages my sanity.
Your stares defiled my vanity.
I was broken beyond measure!
My childhood wasn't a treasure.
It turned to a curse,
Those days when existence was sombre interspersed.
Years passed by and I struggled to breathe,
Your menacing laughter made my heart crease.
But you couldn't dampen my vigor,
I collected my ruins and refurbished with rigor.
The light to my soul
enters through the crevice you had etched in my memory's lane,
I reincarnated my spirit from a concoction of tumult and pain.

BIO- NOTE

Debarati Sen works at Presidency University Kolkata as a Junior Assistant. She is a published poet and an independent researcher in the Genre of Disability Studies. She has published national and international articles and book chapters on Disability Studies.