

POETRY

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CORONA BLUES

(Monologue of a Patient)

My bosom feels weighed down
As if it was pressed under a huge rock
I can see my mom making garlic soup
But why can't I just see and not smell?

I belong to the God's own country
Which now looks like the hell capital
Educated and unemployed at twenty-five
Three years being confined to the four walls of home.

Afraid to take phone calls, afraid to hear the news
Filled with stories of death and disease.
My eyes can see, but why is it dry?
Even while peeling onions, it's dry like a wasteland

Even red jalapeno tastes like mud
Losing my senses bit by bit
Losing my soul every moment
It feels like death in life.

My aged father has stopped coming out of room
He complains of an aching body and lost senses.
Each cough from him frightens me,
My father the healthiest man I ever saw
is not the same anymore.

I have stopped feeling like a human being
I feel that a death once is better than-
living as a shadow of what I have been

I can see my mother praying to God
In spite of all coughing and sneezing
Tending to us even in this state of sickness

How can God who shaped us
Allow this to happen to his children
Or is he playing his last games on us
To take us back to his abode?

BIO- NOTE

Ananya K H, is a graduate from University of Calicut, Kerala. She has completed her Postgraduation from Yuvakshetra Institute of Management Studies, Palakkad and Graduation from Mercy College Palakkad in English Language and Literature. She has presented a paper in a National Conference and has published two articles in edited books. She has qualified UGC NET and GATE examination in 2022. Her areas of interests include Greek mythology and European Literature.