


Beyond Barnacles

Anju Sosan George
Assistant Professor
Department of English
CMS College
Kottayam, Kerala India

Who said I could live past your memories?
The ones, I had pickled and preserved.
Like the adamant layer of sesame oil on top
My heart refuses to let you go.

Don't teach me to forget
I do manage well. Don't you see?
I still entertain guests, run finances,
Smile at empty jokes and pretend to be engrossed in conversations.
If you see my eyes wandering in crowds,
A wan smile held tight between my teeth
Then you know, I am good at this act.

Your bougainvillea's have blossomed, again.
Now a deeper crimson-red.
They say roots go deep down
Its tentacles searching frantically for water
that quickly recedes from the earth's bowels.
Can't you see?
We both have fought the death instinct.

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I want conversations around your memories.
As warm as the coffee that you brew.
At night I wear your litany of remembrances
like a shrug.

Don't worry about us.
We will survive.
Your crimson-red bougainvillea's and I.

