

## On Some Days

**Lallawmkima**  
Guest Faculty of English  
Pachhunga University College, Mizoram, India

On some days I lie in bed untroubled  
Opened my eyes at dawn, free for the rest  
Stirred my oats and dreamt in unison  
My heart wanders far away at last.

The day brightens with sunshine and the streets empty  
The birds behold the grandeur of silence  
I looked out and stared, breathing now my mere task  
Smiles to the sky that still quivers blue.

On some days I am joyous of the wave  
A frail ego torn apart to shreds  
My sister my brother my new companions  
While the world withers away with the peace.

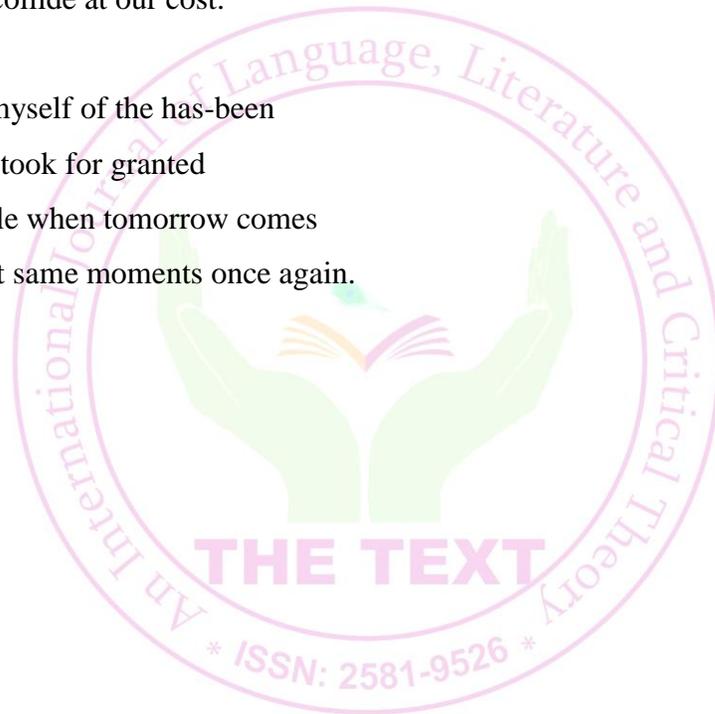
A time till it concludes remain still  
Meanwhile, I jot down a letter to the world  
Reminding them of the reality of our inabilities  
To control our very own stories.

On some days, I think about people  
Surviving with empty bellies in serene afternoons  
I close my eyes and mutter a prayer  
And watch it fade away in the clouds.

Splendid souls keep their degrees on hold  
Not of slacking, but they are shackled in chains  
I peep out my window to the fruit vendors  
Sneaking in for their wages due.

On some days, I feel alive and breathing  
While others suffocate and wheeze at the weight  
While the way of the world pains my bones  
Love and injustice collide at our cost.

But I shall remind myself of the has-been  
The regularities we took for granted  
Remind me to exhale when tomorrow comes  
As we live the exact same moments once again.



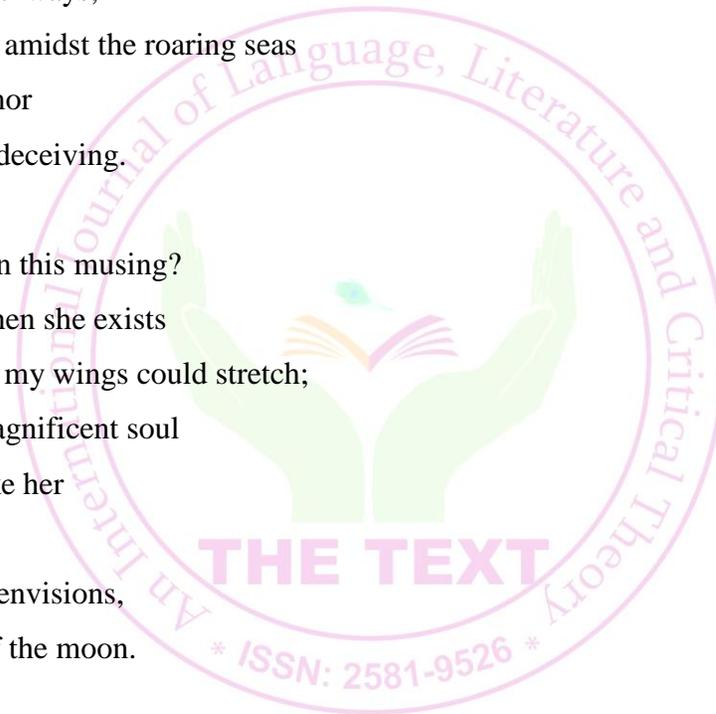
## **When, My Love?**

**Lallawmkima**  
Guest Faculty of English  
Pachhunga University College, Mizoram, India

She stares, intently as the Sun  
Never shrivels at the beams of intensity;  
Never puts it on  
But lives it out.  
Along the dim lit hallways,  
Into fiercest storms amidst the roaring seas  
She puts on her armor  
Slaying the acts of deceiving.

Might I interpose on this musing?  
Certainly, if and when she exists  
I'd swoop down till my wings could stretch;  
And weep at the magnificent soul  
No, it never was like her  
It never had been.  
Not once, but trust envisions,  
Behind the beam of the moon.

I lack such courage for a hope  
Not her, in all her ability;  
And as the sword sheathes its last  
I hear cries of utter denial,  
Such commitment to perfection;  
Can only reach so far as the sky  
Yet I see you there, waiting, longing,  
But when, my love, when indeed.



## **I Am a Mizo**

**Lallawmkima**  
Guest Faculty of English  
Pachhunga University College, Mizoram, India

I am a Mizo

Born and raised in these green hills

Played in the sand after church

Collected marbles for the thrills

Wooden swords clash on till dusk

I am perfectly happy here

Said my prayers and palms joined hence

Words flow by innocence of nature

Culture neatly cushions my existence

A loudspeaker announces my duty

My identity stands firm in the people

The strong, standing code of the community

I am a Mizo

One ancestor roamed the missionaries' land

A diluted burden of genetical gripe

The other welcomed them into the clan

Clad in the warmth of my traditional clothes

I obediently speak my people's language

“But never speak the white man's tongue,” they guffawed

While we go to his church for marriage I head up the hill for the gatherings  
Lest they laugh and make fun of my oddities

We shouted and called and listened to a voice

A voice to control all our policies

I am a Mizo

My religion is European

My accent is American

And my culture is Korean  
The TV speaks of life never envisioned  
Books read stories of the great beyond  
My mind twirls around in curious bigotry  
The fate of a stagnant life prolonged  
Bathed in the aroma of the Sunday pork  
The commanding bells ring through the city  
The selfless inclination of an ancient passing  
Now flow in the blood by decree  
I am a Mizo  
But I went far away  
Went to the mainland for education  
Surrounded by souls my people hate  
In the South I stopped rolling my r's  
Away from the safety of the ILP  
“I hate our outdated palette,” my roommate declared  
To Starbucks for a cup of coffee  
So I stand firm for the truth of the moment  
An individual through the reason of senses  
If my core beliefs and identity ever collide  
I shall see the world through my lenses  
I am a Mizo  
As Mizo as can be

