

## **HISS...**

**Srija Nandini. M**  
II MA English Literature  
Government Arts College (Autonomous)  
Coimbatore

Mellifluous flow of music... during my silent sleep! There is some lure in that music. I'm yet to discover it... but the discoveries and the resulting destructions are all the deeds of humans. We don't do those. We just adore things and consummate with nature. I have a question in my mind. What's the prettiest stuff in the... in the... what do humans call it?... Ah! Yes, Cosmos. I wonder what would be the prettiest in the cosmos or at least in this world. If it's going to be in the cosmos, will I ever have a chance to admire it? Or how would it sound if I take it this way - A gorgeous being... that comes out from the hidden bushes pacing... in order to look at me? Oh God! Glaring light enters my homely basket. Who was that? The lid of my basket has been opened. Where did this music arrive from? Silence... silence... hiss... hiss... I'm dumbstruck... perhaps moonstruck. But why? Why? I think my wish has come true. Humans claim our eyesight to be poorer than that of theirs. They utter in magical terms - "Snakes see the world in infrared at nights." I don't understand such stuff. Aaaaaaaaah! What a big yawn! I've been thinking all the time and now to my astonishment, the answer to my questions... in front of me. I can't believe my senses. It's a young human. I've smelled many such but this man is so appealing. My forked tongue repeatedly reaches out to smell his presence in the amorous ambience. Ah! He looks so lofty. What a huge stature! Let me climb up so that I can see him. I've elevated myself from the ground to reach out this six feet pyramid. So this also does mean that I'm too six feet long... and no inferior to him. My flexible, glossy skin craves to swirl around his tight, ravishing physique. I doubt if these humans feel comfortable with their less flexible bodies. Anyhow this man looks great. The pungi in his hands seems to be the source of such a melodious music. I can't help it. He nears me with the instrument in his lethal lips. He looks red. He plays the longest, never-ending music. Is that all for me? Look! Look at him. See how he looks at me. What a perfect preparation of God! He scans me through all possible angles. Am I that gorgeous? This music is

marvelously mesmerising. Is it because of that instrument or his lustrous lips which blow it? Such a wondrous feel! The veil that covers the corners of his countenance adds flavour to him. What's he trying to do? His fingers are pointing at me. Before he could do, let me grab him. As soon as I dwell in his skin, I feel euphoric. I want to roam all around his defining features. He smiles at me. How good it is! He's a real charmer. Wait! I can sense the touch of someone else. Who's that? Will you please let me watch this mystical man for a while? Oh! How dare you take me in your soft hands! Mmmm... Did I say "soft hands?" Yeah, these are truly as shiny as my skin. What's this? My goodness! Another elite wonder of this cosmos. A brunette lass. I'm sure these are Arabians. Look how slender and tender she is! She is as curvy and flexible as me. I wonder if she's a snake goddess. Hiss... hiss... hiss... Hey beauty! Your eyes are arresting me. Why is the lower part of your face shielded with that translucent red veil? Do you also have split tongue akin to me? Baby, what are you doing? You are going to make me laugh with your caressing touch. Wow! How hypnotic her hips are! How gracefully they dance to this man's music! She's full of surprises. She's an absolute treasure hunt. How enchanting would it be were these hips my sheltering spot for lifetime! Please don't put me down back into that boring basket. She said with her sultry smile, "Hey little creature, I adore you! Do you want me to speak in your language? Hiss... hiss... hiss... hiss..."