

Second Gods

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I wish for a second chance at life.

Where I am the god.

I will tug at your head

...make you nod.

distil you

muddy you

...and make you go blind.

judge your pains

...and complaints

as if it were a crime

an ugly ugly crime.

I will say

Go!

I will see you tremble

resemble

Something called ignorance

Your fragility and presence

Will annoy

The joys.



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I will say
...a bruise is from a clumsy face
that hit the floor
While the red on the hard white surface
...will be hidden
forbidden
From common sight underneath my shoe.

I will say
Stay!

I will say
... no one asked about you
...no one knows you anyway!
I will say... you will be bored
So...Stay
Home
And be alone
...isn't that what married women do?

I will come
...home
and feign exhaustion
...unsee you
miserable in the corner
undefined and
...quietly talk of honour.

I will walk past



...you
couched on the chequered sofa to the left.
Clenched
...having been left.

Ivy,
jade, weeping fig
peaceful lily,
Opuntia and mammillaria
sit
atop the mantle.
Witness to
...the colours
...and changing hues
on your face.

As they survive
...under needles and a dry bed
So shall I.



When all is over and the gods have slept, the next day is a new cycle a new rhythm a new smile a new home a new chance a new forgiveness a new hopeless hope for a new day.