This is Now

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I’m sure, there’s a story behind everything

Behind the faded polaroid’s in the velvet bound family album

The used Chemistry textbook with notes scribbled all over

The newspaper clippings in the unvisited section of the library

The old statue in the corner of the quiet cemetery.

The simplicity of history, has probably taken away

All the millions of little things.

I wonder what people will read sixty years from now? Who’s story gets told?

I hope it doesn’t read like it is now

Maybe the truth will be sugar coated and warped like it is.

Changed because people in power

Could decide that the severity of a crime committed

Depended on something like the colour of a perpetrators skin

Striking up disturbing dining table conversations

And me realizing that the amount of melanin is inversely proportionate

To how safe I’d be the moment I left my country.

Changed because while there are people dying

Homeless, hopeless, all their small comforts,

Blown away with the cold harsh cyclone wind

Some people are complaining because why can’t they just have cake then

Changed because some people have been so brave

To tell the world who they are, so they get thrown into

A dark pool of sharp bitter hate

Because some people thought religion was a cover to hate people

And break them down.

But, this is now.

We get to pick what faded polaroids, old newspapers

and headlines people will see down the line.

This is now, we get to decide if people look at now

As a gold age in school textbooks,

Or a as a dark time where people pointed fingers

Burnt the innocent instead of the witches.

We are at crossroads, Hecate looks at us,

The branch of change is just within our reach.

The question is are we going to use it to pull ourselves out

Of the quicksand or are we going to sink.

We pick.

This is now.