RIPPLES…

The lake stood still; ripples dead.

With glassy eyes, the crow stared ahead.

A lonely house, a shadow stirred.

The night was young, the tale yet unheard.

*Glassy eyes; mirrored their stares.*

*Man and the crow, fateful their pair.*

*The chill in his spine had turned to a shove.*

*In the icy abyss, ripples he set forth.*

The sun had risen; the sorrow with it.

The dead man’s wife was shaken to bits.

Withholding tears, her face was pale.

The sunken eyes just told the tale.

*Dawn saw grief and dusk a shadow.*

*Not a whisper was heard except for the crow.*

*Ripples of venom tricked through their veins.*

*A duo of blue, they died in pain.*

No more a daughter, no more a wife.

People she had worshipped her entire life.

Their death had left just mom that night.

Her crippled child- her only ray of light.

*Darkness fell, the killer’s time to dance.*

*A tiny thing it was, it stood no chance.*

*His breath was snuffed, the crow had sung.*

*Crescendo of ripples, the end had come.*

Alone in the dark she awaited her end.

The only way out; no more to mend.

She looked to the lake, as cold as ice.

What stared back at her, the murderer’s eyes?

Crippled at birth and scarred for life,

The taunts and jibes had pricked like a knife.

Her wounds burnt afresh when the child was born

Crippled at birth, now life was a thorn.

“Enough.” He said, her spouse that day.

Ripples set forth when he walked away.

Her life now felt just left to kill.

A hole he left, so hard to fill.

Her parents, so loving, had left her alive.

Born so crippled and born to strive.

If only they had just let her die.

But not, they didn’t; why, oh, why?

The twisted legs of her child when she saw,

Her pain now felt so fresh and raw.

His tiny heart would feel this pain

If live he did, the cycle born again.

The eyes she saw now left no doubt.

A side of her had set about,

Killed them all in the dark of night

While day it was for grief and fright.

The lake, the water, so clear and still

Now seemed to her, a void to fill.

She jumped right in, the crow long dead.

The tale now complete; ripples dead.

- Ashwini, Maanasa, Pooja

**Poet’s Notes:**

This poem is about a lady with Multiple Personality Disorder. One side of her is a soft, loving wife, daughter and mother; the other a vengeful murderer. At the birth of a crippled child, her husband walks away. This renews all the pain from a crippled life. Years of suppressed pain trigger her dark side and she goes on a killing spree. In the end, having nothing left in her life, she kills herself.