

The Old Playhouse

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You planned to tame a swallow, to hold her she is like a "swallow bird" who was trapped by her husband
love trap In the long summer of your love so that she would forget
Not the raw seasons alone, and the homes left behind, but Day : Domestic slave
Also her nature, the urge to fly, and the endless Night : sex slave
Pathways of the sky.
It was not to gather knowledge
Of yet another man that I came to you but to learn
What I was, and by learning, to learn to grow, but every
Lesson you gave was about yourself. self centered
You were pleased
With my body's response, its weather, its usual shallow
Convulsions. during sex ,you were happy, sex is not love making untill both were happy
forceful kiss and saliva in mouth You dribbled spittle into my mouth, you poured yourself into not physical but emotionally
every nook and cranny, you embalmed
My poor lust with your bitter-sweet juices. no love and affection ,not satisfied
tight press You called me wife, I was taught to break saccharine into your
tea and To offer at the right moment the vitamins. domestic duties
penetrate all parts of body Cowering Beneath your monstrous ego I ate the magic loaf
and Became a dwarf. kabhi kabhi like slave
nod yes I lost my will and reason, to all your Questions I mumbled
incoherent replies. The summer Begins to pall. I remember the
rudder breezes suffocation
Of the fall and the smoke from the burning leaves. Your room is
Always lit by artificial lights, your windows always Shut. Even
the air-conditioner helps so little,
All pervasive is the male scent of your breath. The cut flowers In masculinity aura
the vases have begun to smell of human sweat. There is No more
singing, no more dance, my mind is an old Playhouse with all its
lights put out. old dead theater
The strong man's technique is Always the same, he serves his
love in lethal doses, For, love is Narcissus at the water's edge,
posion

haunted

By its own lonely face, and yet it must seek at last an end, a pure,
total freedom, it must will the mirrors

To shatter and the kind night to erase the water.

Here ,she is not complaining the husband but ,
telling mankind the difference between woman and man,not just body but minds
female is not bird to catch