

Wound

Shreeang Kumar

I walk by the narrow meandering streetlight,
the night dark and intense,
narrowing in on me.

I walk past one streetlight and another,
the effect intense on me.

Something is lying there.
A gross-looking something,
Lying right under the streetlight.
I look closer, narrowing my gaze.
I realise that “something” lying there is a wound.
And suddenly I realise,
It’s mine.
A wound left unexamined,
heaving and pulsating in pain,
and the half-life left in it
throbbing, a half-alive piece of flesh.

A wound.
And sadly I realise,
it’s mine.
I have left it there like an orphan.
A fatherless orphan that doesn’t know it is there.

It has become grotesque
in the process of being left unacknowledged.
It is rotting, putrefying,
sadly dying;
yet trying to be alive.
And even as I keep peering at it,
it dawns upon me.
It is not a wound.

It is my childhood
Sitting there in pain;
Left unacknowledged
And in pain...