

# Meghali Chaliha's Poems

## #Metoo

You stand aghast,  
The echoes of metoo,  
the overwhelm of response, petrifies you.  
United stand the numerous women you knew.  
Your better half, your sweet heart,  
Your heart beat, your daughter,  
Steeped in innocence, your little sister,  
Shocking isn't it, even your mother?  
Your aunt, your neice,  
Your friend, your neighbour,  
Your quiet classmate,  
The pious girl across the street,  
the girl in shorts,  
the lady clad in burqa,  
the beggar, the whore, the millionaire.  
Victimized souls of a lewd comment,  
A look of lust, an evil touch,  
A hurried intentional brush.  
Her bruised soul hurts, doesn't heal with time,  
The wounds gape and flare,  
She was a weakling, but no longer,  
In the turbulence, she stands stronger,  
Holds her head high, without any fear,  
Echoes of metoo resounding loud and clear.

## Kunti Down the Ages

One midnight, moved in agony, behind the cover of the  
dirty municipality dustbin,  
she gave birth to a delicate, innocent female baby.  
No human came to her aid,  
the bone rattling cold wintry winds  
and the barking of the dogs at a distance  
were her only company.

On the hoarding above her head,  
lit up with pride, shone a mother's face  
a delicate female child in the safety of her bosom,  
with promises of added care and safety,  
'maram, mamata, mamoni'.

No one cared to know,  
the paternal identity remained in the dark.  
Never ever did any man of fallen ideals,  
some absconding rapist,  
some lover who is a cheat  
faced the contempt of society.  
In the social misjudgement,

she is always the one fallen,  
the embodiment of disgrace.

Hiding her tears,  
drying up her affection,  
she collects rocks in her bosom.  
The newborn becomes still amidst the cries and the cold.  
The mother throws her into the shelter of garbage,  
tearing apart the bond.  
Nectar melts in the stony bosom,  
the sheared cord bleeds in pain  
the sheared cord bleeds in pain,  
hot tears trickle down,  
the dry eyes moisten.  
The fateless mother of the twenty first century,  
its always Kunti.

In the popular media, next morning,  
the sensational news is telecast,  
a corpse of a newborn has been found in the dustbin.  
Shame to motherhood,  
shame to modern day Kunti.  
In the sunlit bright morning,  
up in the hoarding,  
proudly shone the government policy  
'maram, mamata, mamoni'

**Meghali Chaliha** is an Assamese poet, novelist and translator. She is presently serving as Professor and Head of the Department of Pharmacology, Assam Medical College. She wrote in both Assamese and English. She has published one collection of poems in Assamese titled *Daponar Samukhat Moi Narcissus*. She has also published an Assamese novel titled *Faculty Enclave Diary* in 2021.