

Poems by Lakshmy Menon Chatterjee

At the Threshold of Insanity

A poem about a mother's angst of having aborted her baby.

This night has lost its fickle beacon,
My shadow forsaking its importunate hold,
The rose I bear is a weathered crimson,
An austere keepsake of my story untold.

Crystals of silvery frost languidly drift,
Swathing my morbid form in a pale caress,
An icy teardrop splinters from my eye's rift,
Branding a new furrow with gentle finesse.

My heart is bereft as a naked tree's boughs,
Dark and brittle without the verve of life,
I reflect on the altar of my shattered vows,
Slicing through memories like a dull knife.

The abyss beckons me to join my unborn child,
Whose life I was coerced into extinguishing,
A terrible sin to which I have not reconciled,
Decades of yearning have left me languishing.

I hover at the fragile threshold of insanity,
One tiny push can propel me over the brink,
Subtle threads of hope tug me to tranquility,
But a delicate hand beckons my mind to sink.

Lost in the Rain

This poem is about the tragic Peshawar massacre that occurred in December 2014.

On a bright, wintry day of December,
A day the whole world would remember.
A temple of knowledge turned mausoleum,
After an act of terror-laden mayhem.

The dreams of a hundred lives torn,
Leaving behind beloved ones forlorn.
Their last day to feel the warm sun,
As they fell to bullets from a gun.

Some had dreams of healing others,
Some wanted to become famous authors.
Numerous wished for eternal peace,
Sick of terrorists and the police.

But terrorists attacked that day,
Loaded with many bullets to spray.
Innocent blood spilling on the floor,
As terrorists broke open each door.

And when the rain of bullets ceased,
Survivors crawling over the deceased.
The feeling of loss crossed borders,
Anger rising against the marauders.

Nothing would bring the children back,
They are just names in another attack.
It is for their country to now decide,
Whether terrorists be allowed to hide.

Because terrorists have no religion,
They aim to cause fear in each legion.
Believing in the worth of their cause,
They justify their heritage of loss.

Lakshmy Menon Chatterjee works as an information development manager in Dell. She writes poetry and does painting as hobbies.

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