

Feneena S Mohamed**No Politics Please**

No politics please.

Waters, juicy

Chambers-

devouring

hungry tongues-

amidst media prattle

on feets and inches.

Smell of flesh,

Raw life, blooded water.

Shrieks and shouts –

For the child, the dinghy.

The boatman's voice-
"Lie down, lie down!"
a body bloated,
floated by the shore,
someone dear and loved.

Death by water.
a mother's wailed
lullaby, as the current
carries an only child.

Clouds burst, again
into pellets of rain-
while, rescued ones -
they sit on scum
and dream about lives.

Girls in hostels,
airlifted, with morning dew-
their nighties
drenched in shutter-shock.

Autorickshaw, stranded,
dashed to the median.

Wickerbaskets inside brim
of red bled tomatoes
trembling in the rain.

Glasses splattered;
Shimmering in the sun,
lost their glaze with the rain.

Gifted tilapia, dazed,
gobbled in salt water, musing
about fresher days.

Feneena S Mohamed works in the Department of English, Union Christian College, Alwaye. The poem is her attempt to convey the horror of the floods that rocked her small town, Aluva , on the banks of the river Periyar. Caught in an ugly political struggle, the old dam of Mullaperiyar raises issues of safety and security.

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