

BACK STREET RAPISTS

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Thirst for an extra two hour's knowledge;
A short walk through the abandoned-road-home
 in the lusty hours,
 of a luminous night.
That was all it took.

She was robbed;
Robbed of her femininity,
burglarized of her freedom,
 stolen of her existence,
 let alone her life.

The hounds of lunacy with
 fire in between hind legs,
loitered through the streets;

 mounded, pounded,
 pierced, stamped and
 crumpled;
fought like street dogs
 for
 a piece of muffin.

As the insatiable heat of the dawn
 molested the morning dew,
she bowed in subjugation.

The herd of wolves left
the black street in triumph;
 Extinguished fire
 down in loins,
quenched thirst in eyes,
moronic pride in words.

A crumbled piece of
paper near the drain,
robbed of hopes and dreams;
shattered , scrambled,
left alone- for a life time-
(if at all, she survives for one!)
lay there.