

THE UNKNOWN

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The Refugee
I hear the sea,
A sea in me,
Turbulent tides tickle,
But I laugh not.
My eyes heavier,
Bleak my lips,
Sand powdered,
I am wet.

So close you hold me,
As my papa did,
When I slipped off his hands,
To the unfathomed depths
The depths of darkness
Where Sun rays screened,
I screamed,
A never-heard scream.

Swirled,
Squeezed,
Struggled I.
Washed up my dreams,
Scattered and broken.

Cold I feel,
Colder your kiss,
Never had it felt like this,
When she did a thousand times before.
Warmth recedes,
My spirit dies.

Here I lie on your lap,
Frightened,
Frozen
Saline soaked alien.
“Poor Aylan”, they rue.
One of those countless,
Helpless,

Worthless,
And now
Lifeless.

Abstract

The poem is more or less an outcome of a photograph which I came across in a news paper and later on a news channel. The photograph that struck my mind was of a Syrian toddler, Alan Kurdi, whose body was washed up on a Turkish beach on 2nd September 2015. The photograph was so powerful that it could bring out the sorrowful plight of the Syrian refugees to the world. It shook the entire humanity and also terrified me. It really disturbed my mind and reminded me of the rather peaceful happy existence I enjoy. A world of thoughts enveloped me, mother of another toddler and here, it finds expression in my lines....

Brief Bio

It gives me immense pleasure to get myself introduced to you. I am Sneha.A.S, a teaching aspirant, interested in creative writing. Having cleared UGC NET, now work as Guest Lecturer in English at Govt. Arts and Science College, Ollur, Kerala. The growing passion for literature inspired the scholar in me to take a Masters in 2012 and Bachelors in 2010 in English Literature from the University of Calicut. Published a short anthology of poetry in Malayalam, entitled “Venal Mazha” (The Summer Rain) during my school days in 2005. Now maintains a bilingual blog- CALEIDOSCOPE- for my creative writings. I also had published a poem and an article in the same journal earlier.