

## REMEMBERING YOU

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It would not have happened but for her  
He wanted to be a cowboy, a herdsman  
Like all other boys of his age, encouraged by his father  
Liked washing and galloping on buffaloes, I guess

I imagine,  
He would have run around with a khaki half trouser,  
revealing his naked torso to the sun,  
disheveled hair, a towel around his neck,  
  
climbing all possible and impossible trees,  
watching the wandering herd, not really controlling them  
taking them to the nearest pond – sometimes  
as far as *puderi*.

It would not have happened but for her.  
At noon he should not have gone to her place.  
He might have known and the fun or the herd  
or she could have lured him there!

May be she liked him, his spiritedness,  
his eagerness, to break taboos,  
or she was waiting for someone to take her home  
after her husband abandoned her dead in the arid bush.

She liked and disliked his world.  
She found the house smelling like a rotten fish  
She couldn't withhold him (her) from dancing in *bajanai koil*,  
my grandmother told

That was her denouement.  
She betrayed him (her), beaten by the priest  
He w(ent)as sent to school.  
It could not have happened but for her.

The poem was inspired by the author's father who would not go to school until he was possessed by the spirit of a woman who was murdered by her husband.

*Puderi*: name of a local fresh water tank.

*bajanai koil*: a temple where songs are sung on gods.