

The Other

By Amitabh Vikram Dwivedi

I was born as a human.
But defined as a woman.
Actually, I was same as others,
And never was man's other.
Culture somewhere conspired it seems,
And marginalized me as
The other half.
Literature too supported this scheme,
And glorified my existence as a mystery.
It faked to solve my existence:
Sometimes how I think and talk
At times how I look and walk.
An upshot soon summed up the verdict:
That woman is an unsolved mystery.
The other indicators soon began to disappear.
I was no more human and woman.
But only considered as
The mysterious other half.

The Story Ends Here

By Amitabh Vikram Dwivedi

Her sensuous body must've tempted everyone for sure,
That's why they had desired their wives less than a whore.

"Her beautiful body made her a hooker," they said,
"Lest, she'd been someone's wife; we hadn't paid."

They liked to consume her instead for pleasure;
And wanted to taste her for their good measure.

They wanted to forget their pain and wound;
They desired fun, and for play became hound.

Her love made their troubles feel much less.
Their problems of lives were well harnessed.

Their countless woes and innumerable strife,
Made her their toy and they hit their stride.

She resisted a lot, but all went in vain.
All became sheriffs and nobody wrote complaint.

They softened her rage with little love and money;
Little pushing and patting made her everyone's honey.

The Woman Cries

By Amitabh Vikram Dwivedi

This is not his story.
He actually tries to
Engulf me instead.

When dancing shadows of phallus traverse
Only my body becomes a victim.
Many loop, leap pool, and spurt
And they burn, bit, sting, and spring
No breathable space lies in those thin layers.

Can anyone feel my pain, or those actions
Remain permissible though they surpass human dignity, but
I am in rage.
Ellipsis lies everywhere and their language fails to tell, but
Someone will still have to sing my tale.

Unfaithful

By Amitabh Vikram Dwivedi

Being unfaithful is a food for my body.

It is a recipe that
I prepare for myself with utmost care.

With little lies and deceits,
I fill my soul for adventures galore
Where I party with others.

I smile seriously, and
Engulf the innocence
With my subtle moves.

It is all about living-
An art that I have developed while
Facing this world all alone.

This is how I survive.

Being faithful to myself
Makes me unfaithful.
I can't help it.
But this is what I am, a selfish being.

Valentine Day

By Amitabh Vikram Dwivedi

Wintry night is neither cold nor warm.
The season of love and losing someone
Is approaching.
Evening breeze is deceitful-
Lovers become losers, and
Losers become lovers-
Between a fine blending of
I love you, and
I love you not.
Someone finds a new girl,
And someone forgets an old boy.
A mixture of love and losing is in the air.
Come;
Let us find someone
Who is not celebrating this Valentine day.

Why Should I Love Thee?

By Amitabh Vikram Dwivedi

This is not a myth.
It is a fable instead,
That tells an untold story about me.

No fire was burning inside me.
They bought my body and choked me up
With dancing shadows of phallus and with their lust.

They fitted into me; their love.
No breathable space lied in those thin layers.
My body looped, leaped, pooled, and spurted.

And they burnt, bit, stung, and sprung.
No one saw their dancing shadows.
Their ill-considered gestures-up and down-
Remained permissible, and they surpassed human dignity.

Only my body was burning.
It was in rage when they were in cold blood.

Women

By Amitabh Vikram Dwivedi

When dancing shadows of phallus traverse
Only my body becomes a victim.
Many loop, leap pool, and spurt
And they burn, bit, sting, and spring
No breathable space lies in those thin layers.

Amitabh Vikram Dwivedi bio: AMITABH VIKRAM DWIVEDI is university faculty and assistant professor of linguistics at Shri Mata Vaishno Devi University, India; and author of two books on lesser known Indian languages: A Grammar of Hadoti and A Grammar of Bhadarwahi. As a poet, he has published around fifty poems in different anthologies, journals, and magazines worldwide. Until recently, his poem “Mother” has included as a prologue to Motherhood and War: International Perspectives (Eds.), Palgrave Macmillan Press. 2014.