



# IMPRINT

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH, MAR IVANIOS COLLEGE

## ON HIS VISION

### -A SONG ON A FRIEND OF AN ATHEIST-

-Parvathy Chembakassery

II MA English

You know that enthralling word-winner  
The majestic orator , the young preacher  
Fitfully a rhetorician , sometimes a gagster?  
Amidst some tiring lectures  
When he leaves us in ‘darkness’  
And snoozes to colourful fantasies ,  
“Mm hmm” he murmurs and nodes.  
A bird watcher or a stroller lost in contemplation?  
There he walks with one arm swaying  
and another fetching the grip of mine.  
What mastery does he have in smelling  
The intruder’s footsteps ?  
“who is the third who walks always beside you”?  
Echoes somewhere from his  
Best-loved verses ,  
Heralding signs of  
An author in making ere long!  
Behold how he stands,  
In what serenity he stoops for  
You the beholder to settle in tranquillity.  
“Before we... “ he begins  
“As in .. “ he reiterates on dais.  
Those rolling eyes swinging  
Or the pendulum bobs striding in air?  
Abiding opaque pebbles in soft streams  
Or the turbid undercurrents submerged  
In the seamless serine sea?  
I, an outcast of the Bible  
Longs for an unfamiliar visage  
Of a least valued majesty.

Come forth , be humane and feed my wish.  
No sermons , No rosaries, no tossing fingers.  
Stars or coins needn't shower me anymore.  
Repay me for this song,  
Slightly do enthrall me and  
Show me him walking,  
Free from the clutches of our hands!

## RED RIVER OF SOUTH

-Anju Devadas R D

Research Scholar, PG & Research Dept of English

Blossoming like a flower  
In all the full moon  
She dripped red, deep red  
The angry lava flows from within  
In all the full moon  
She cringed with every twinge  
The smell of iron fills the air  
Sore breasts, bloated belly  
Throbbing head and aching limbs  
The mood swings kept her on her toes.  
The pain that flows between  
Her thighs in red, a shame or pride?  
Or a price she pays for being a ‘she’?  
She has become a source of life  
And a stigma and a cause of misogyny  
When has it become a taboo?  
When has it become the stain of sin?  
When has she become a curse of creation?  
When has this natural cycle of normalcy become an embarrass-  
ment?  
Is it when he got his first breath?  
Her weeping crevices never mind  
She goes with the flow, until the next time.