

About Us: http://www.the-criterion.com/about/

Archive: http://www.the-criterion.com/archive/

Contact Us: http://www.the-criterion.com/contact/

Editorial Board: http://www.the-criterion.com/editorial-board/

Submission: http://www.the-criterion.com/submission/

FAQ: http://www.the-criterion.com/fa/





Cage

Afsana Khatoon

ISSN: 0976-8165

She is sick,
Sick of the compendia
Of advices, of the road maps

And the idee fixe of guidance.

Those gorilla eyes that blinked off
The years of her innocence,
Could no longer hold her captive
In the forest of dark designs.

No more, the swinging tongue to misguide

No more, the treacherous smile of assurances

No more of the pitying shit.

The blind allays have burst forth the crossroad

And the straitjacket lies slit open, in tits-bits

Beside the empty cage.