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Predestination

Sonika Jaggi

- Often as a child,
- We mimic the life of adults
- Acting as men and women
- In a marital bliss.
- Ignorant we are
- Of their stagnant mindset.

We grow up, they don't

The phenomenon holds an edge

Over every earthly bliss.

Beauty is the commodity

Auctioned and bought

By a rich compatible suitor.

Till we reach our teens

We enjoy the spring

After passing through

Our autumn begins.

Fruit ripened but raw

Is served in trays.

Dreams are packed and buried In a suitcase to groom's house A stink is searched for. It is unbearable now to be kept Its home is full of chores So resides in the bin.

Pestered we are with inquires Of age, household chores, education By some nothing-else-to-do people Rolling a stone over For blocking the narrow path A fruitful utilization of time.

We enter this somber party With a demand as a pass To deliver, procreate and serve Not like men at work Using head and heart For progressing their art.

This dual X defect Is nothing but a soot Staining the harvest An evening before reaping. The Flour submerging under water Turns out now a dough.