

ISSN: 0976-8165

The Criterion

An International Journal in English

Bi-monthly Refereed and Indexed Open Access eJournal

5th Year of Open Access

Vol. 5, Issue-6 December 2014

Editor-In-Chief- Dr. Vishwanath Bite

Managing Editor- Mrs. Madhuri Bite



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/>

Tearing Transgressor: A Poem on Kamala Das

C. Rosy
Asst. Prof of English
TBAK College
Kilakarai
Ramnad- 623 517

Who has found fortitude?

A liar who thinks that he'll ne'er be caught?

A truth teller who reveals peccadilloes and returns to fight?

I vote for the latter.

With inhibitions, information isolated,

With conventions, the contrary conceived,

But with confessions, introduction believed.

Spot-seekers scolded- 'no scruples,'

Accused of being immodest,

Often, blamed her for being shameless,

But audience bears her bare words that protest.

For, she strip teased her mind, hid nothing- nothing to redress

How worst the world of men works, wise ones wondered.

She crossed control and corroded community, crooks crowded.

She tried to recover it through lust but was pulled down to dust.

Restriction and restraints raided her release and planned to bust,

She discovered divine discharge of her mind by living with her pen.

For others like her, she designed it by leaving the imprints of her pen.

Prevail to present her wavering mind,

Omission of caps and varying length of lines.

Her marred poems are marks of marred marriage.
Callousness, mechanical act and void of love- to manage,
She tries to erase through reckless handling of punctuation marks.
Her love-dry emotions are well expressed through colloquial remarks.
At times, all this violation and infringement makes others research her poems and find.

Crushed by connections,
She became a hater of accepted norms.
You do it to anyone, and then they'll turn out to be the rarest ones.
Never loved, ever used and on no account bothered by her bridegrooms.
Privacy is not her real policy
All she yearned was fantasy.
When that was denied, she drowned that fake policy
And she protested against the iniquitous world by the hand-over of her ecstasy.

Is envy burning them- they can't assert?
Do lively lives lure them and urge them to keep a look out for desert?
Or is it liability towards the public that prevents them from letting her go her own way?
Why others worry about her proclamation, 'endless female hunger' and keep her at bay?
If so, set out on a trip to 'her precious feelings' for elucidation.
Her feminine sensibility hails maternity and motherhood.
Let whole manhood pervert,
But perspire womanhood,
To persuade- that perturbed woman pertains to literature- particularly Indian.