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## The Knot

**Manasvinee Mukul** 

Your tore me to pieces

I screamed in hollowness

You seemed not to listen

As if you had no ear.

You hit my heart.

You hit my mind.

Left me to screech in despair

In bouts of anger

My nerves grew green

I wanted to shout at......

Like an old dilapidated

Mansion I could not stand

Mockery of my once

Stately lustre inner and outer.

Your demeanour, air and ego

Demeaning my dignity

Were enough to let me

Collapse and sag.

I was thrown in the din of Silence

Unable to recollect my power divine.

In that asphyxiating silence

I longed to break the torment

And pledged never to speak......

And then suddenly she came

Calling out, 'mummaa....!'

ISSN: 0976-8165

And I saw me speaking,

And heard you saying,

That I had learnt it

At last,

How to lead a life

As an Indian wife.