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Krishnaa Speaks, Without Malice

A.P.Govindankutty
Sreejayam, Post Painkulam,
Cheruthuruthy Kerala.

When she came to her senses,
Caressed by the mountain air,
Moist and fragrant,
Listened to birds singing,
The river in the ridge gurgling,
Krishnaa heaved herself up,
Sat on stone, looked around,
And saw that they had left her
For dead, but she only knew
She was deathless,
Recounting in her mind
The journey from childhood.

Archery was held in high esteem
When I grew up as a child
In the ancient kingdom of Panchala,
Cynosure of my father King Drupada.
He gave me to Arjuna,
Who won the archery contest
My father held for my sake,
And as a blossoming young princess,
I was thrilled to my bones,
But my dreams began to shake and shatter
When Kunthi commanded her five sons
To share whatever they got on the day,
Turning me into property,
Snuffing out my dreams, desires
And dignity as individual.

The eldest of my five husbands,
Yudhishtira, embodiment of Dharma,
Addicted to game of dice,
Gave up everything as wager,
Me too, again treating as property.
The archer who won me
Condescended in silence,
Blind to my turbulent emotions,
Let me live and die as property.

Should I ever regret if the great war
Of eighteen days, again for property,
Not for regeneration of Dharma,
Dharma that was thwarted again and again,
Until it fell dead in the body of the patriarch,
Bhishma pithamaha,
Was ignited by my laughter
Standing on the balcony of Indraprastha,
Seeing Duryodhana turning himself
Into a laughing stock,
Unable to distinguish
Solid ground from flowing water?

Was it my fault if I held Arjuna
Dearer of the five?
Yet, the eldest told his brothers,
For that reason I fell first
On the mountain path
Of Mahaprasthana,
The final insult
To my dignity
As a woman, an individual.