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Guilt and Gratitude

Swati Moheet Agrawal

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Tonight as I lie suspended on my bed,
I cannot let the day drop down,
I cannot put out the light,
I feel horrendously guilty, compulsively guilty,
basking in luxuries and pleasures,
opulence and splendor,
when others are toiling to make ends meet;
treading precariously,
moment after moment,
grateful for a hand-to-mouth existence.

It strikes me sometimes with a pang whether I even deserve it all?

Here I drown myself in an extravagant tulle gown to feed my ego, there a househelp drowns herself in menial works to feed flour and rice, here I am comfortably ensconced in a chauffeur-driven car, there a maid totters and lurches towards her ramshackle shanty, here I am wishy-washy about the pair of shoes to wear, there someone is content with a frayed pair.

Alas!

All of us are not cast in the same mould, life flows differently for different people, people feel guilty and grateful in different ways.

Bio:

A writer based in Mumbai, India, Swati Moheet Agrawal delves in poetry, fiction and nonfiction. Her work has appeared in Café Lit Magazine, Mad Swirl, The Drabble, Friday Flash Fiction, Ariel Chart, Café Dissensus, Active Muse, Setu, Kitaab and is forthcoming in Thimble Lit Mag, Muse India, The Pangolin Review, Nailpolish Stories and The Dribble Drabble Review. Follow her on Instagram @ swatiwhowrites