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Another Mary

Suchetana Biswas
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Cold salt on the floor, her marigolds evergreen,
She hid dreams in her son's ashes that
churning in her nightmares still.
She cooked meat every morning
with blood in it and salt in her eyes.
Sour walls read rotten tales of midnight,
the husband's hoarse voice like wild beast; the lullaby.
Seven and nine wounds beneath the gold grandmother bangles, and
she let her lyre die silently as died her sanity.
The mother's breasts on the frying pan,
little girl of fifteen running blue and naked
in breezeless hue, lusty eyes holding their horses to
eat alive, burn alive.

Fair May knocked her window panes, two mynas by her pond
"Oh, a good day!" she murmured, and smiled
only to end the day washing her hair with rancid oil.
Turgid bedroom doors, Saturday sky cried blood that night, and
entered the second daughter, Bhavani.
Wore glass shoe to dead woods where the moon rose no more,
Sun hid behind the black clouds leaving her spring terrace grey.
A young mother, her hair thick and jet black,
Blood wet lips as husband kissed, her sore wheat bosom,
she let the webs in pubes grow, that designed intimacy, and
fungus on her palms as her fluid is motherly,
and she only lived for Vincent's eyes of China blue.

The two mynas grew old with her, they danced to her hums
each day, even in the bleak of snowy midnight.
It snowed on her iron bed; she wept as did her father's farm,
Radiant sorrow – she put her trust on visitors from north.
“Who are they?” – they were only Seizure and Death and Nobody more
Her bones were mortal, and her pearl remained deathless,
lying behind the dusty bars since her wedding day.
The second daughter built castle by shore, tapestry of living starfish
The ceremony of raven and rough beast took over to
burn her corsage and wash her sandcastle,
by the sea, all left her deserted evermore.

Her son's ashes in her nails and on her hair,
smells like marigold. It put her to sleep,
homeless, nameless, and childless widow,
her shrinking skin, almost basking in the June sun
on the pavement; she could feel beating stilettos
against her cheeks.

I saw her smiling and humming
and humming and humming
under her breath, making the two mynas dance,
even in the bleak snowy midnight.

Short bio-note

Suchetana Biswas, an independent researcher, holds MA in English Literature (2023) from University of Calcutta. She currently works as a contractual editor at Hubhawks. Her diverse research interests include, Psychoanalytical Studies, Women and Queer Studies, Narratology and Art History. She recently completed her PostGrad Certificate Course in Editing and Publishing from Jadavpur University. Some of her academic contributions include, paper presentations at University of Liverpool (2022), Sister Nivedita University (2024), Central

University of Karnataka (2024), a book chapter in a research anthology "Diaspora Literature: Identity beyond borders", article entitled, " Madurai, Manhattan, who cares? – Reading of Meena Alexander's Fault Lines and Jhumpa Lahiri's Unaccustomed Earth; A Passage from First Generation to Second Generation Indian Diaspora" in the year 2023. Alongside her academic writing, she has always enjoyed writing poetry, and previously she had a golden opportunity to publish few of them in anthologies and local webzine; one of recent publications include her contribution in an anthology entitled, "An Adventure Called Life" (2024), edited by Ashoke Viswanathan and Swarupa Chatterjee.