

Babitha Marina Justin

Post Colonial Selves: My Country and Me

You can rue death when
obsessed with life,
you hate more when you
love more, you seek death
in the corridors of life with
an intensity that scares you
from within.

My hybrid muse spins over
life and death, love and hate,
you and me, tries to weave
in contradictions with conflict,
seeking death in life: Narcissus
on the shore longing for his
self in the depths.

Dreams once alive
are a paleontologist's
delight, their antiquity
and beauty; they are
history now. Love curdles
in memory as a tumor ripe
for a final meltdown.

My eyes see in Picasa
soft-focus, grains
and graduated tints,
vision cropped and sharpened
at will, mind tangling
in virtual chats, the
rigmarales of politics,
love and recession.

My country claims to be
robust, seeks cheap plastic
from her neighbors, not just
cryogenics alone. Though she stands
unfazed in the graphs of a fall,
is it not gripping to see the rise
of beggars and the ghouls of the

poor in the self-same graph?

My paradoxes are my country's too,
lost in dreams we walk round
an idol that breaks us into
those curious thin shards
of negation, we live in our
pasts and opposing selves.