Sreeja V

A Straight White Line

I sat there laughing sheepishly, Secretly sharing your misery. Frightened to spit the grain of disgust, As the professor roared with mirth, Drawing a chalk line on the green board, "Is this the line? Does it mean you just step across this line?" He stepped across an imaginary lakshman rekha on the floor, "So simple." He roared, we all swayed in reverence. The amused lines on his creamy face Declared his lush Kottayam¹ lineage. And you stood there by the podium Looking down at the essay, smiling at the relative ignominy of the scene. With eyes accustomed to restraint The white line on the green board— Swollen corpse sinking slowly into the river. You stood there facing us-A formidable wall Of polished accents and expensive ideas, Shrouded in studied metropolitan carelessness. Clearly you were different. Oily hair, burnt skin on a working class body In a check shirt you wore specially for the seminar day. Ill belonging In the city of large round rocks And grand centres of learning. We had read the essay-Rushdie/Rooshdie. (And R K Narayan, A K Ramanujan, and Meenakshi Mukerjee) We kicked strong for you to surface Above the first few lines. Your confession in odiya²-stained English— Sir, I don't understand this-Feeble but steady. choked our cowardice. We shifted ever so lightly and tried to laugh, Our shame at your smallness. I do not remember the day you quit

Within a few weeks of the course, I had forgotten your face by the end of the next semester. May be not. As the Howrah Express³ meandered The flooded fields of Orissa, When news of institutional murders had lost its sheen, I go back to that classroom Sit on that chair and look at that white line on the green board That rises into a fort of giant guilt.

Notes

1. India's first city to achieve 100% literacy

2. Language spoken in the eastern Indian state of Orissa

3. Indian Railway Express that plies between the states of Kerala and West Bengal