



Temples

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A 10 year old
sits across a table
two doctors take notes
anxious parents
await answers
the coordinates perhaps
of a cemetery
meant for secrets
the little girl
she already knows
all of the answers
but the right words
will grace her world
only a decade later
finally making sense
of her chaos
lips tremble, eyes well
a "mind doctor"
her parents had said
tear stained cheeks
convinced of disease
thriving within
a certain hollow dread
she wants to say
her body is foreign
that ten years have
been too long
she won't survive
ten more
not this way
a mind pained
already a decade
too long
finds the only words

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it knows
she says
she doesn't like
her assigned toys
the doctor says
"this is fairly
abnormal for boys".

A ten year old
didn't know the words
but today
another 11 years hence
as she has grown
into the woman
that i am
if you ask me
what it is like
i say it is the hilarity
in bounding waves
never making their way
to feet that await catharsis
it is like falling off
a cliff only to
spend an eternity
falling
out of love with oneself
a little more everyday
like a failed marriage
between man and woman
only to save face
only for convenience
until the death of one
do them part
or end them both
it is the absurdity
in piecing together
a flawed jigsaw for eternity
only to find each time
the one misfit piece
it is like the void
in a life raised far
far away from its roots
that yearns to return
and finally be complete
it is like people
divided across borders
forever misunderstood
red blood, sure
but spilled nonetheless
it is also much like flavour
that which can be explained
but not understood
until tasted.
I mouth
philosophical phrases

to my therapist
she asks, how then
in the face of all this
senselessness
do i persist
i say it is in knowing
that a temple too perhaps
needs restoration
to be worthy of
what it houses
so despite the fallacies
the eccentricities
in the creation of this
mortal shell
i say that in this fluidity
i will restore if
i must until
even in the face of
every impossible impasse
i come to fruition.

Complexities of the mind
can now be fathomed
she understands
that i was wronged
before i was born
not to have been born
in the wrong body
but in the wrong society
for if a doctor had once
known any more than
a ten year old girl
a life would have
been spared of
fewer fantasies
of death
fewer deaths
today i see
that our lives
are perhaps
hidden away
buried away
silenced
with sadistic glee
but so are seeds
until they must finally
break free
emerge
find utterance
as will we.
