

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/4

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Too Powerful To Speak To

I feel my heart beating slowly after six hours of struggling to breathe under his weight

Wooden floorboards drier than a sidewalk on a summer's afternoon

Tiny splinters poking straight up seem like nails

There in the corner lay my virginity, too scared to talk and blind

Chains clasped tightly around those small wrists

His back facing daddy with bloody lashes

The heat can get to him sometimes, making the boiling water burn the flesh

He screams so loud food is shoved into his mouth to keep him quiet

Supertime is the worst for the leering giant stands in the doorway with his

unwashed knife

I huddle quietly in the corner shaking till my nails crack from chewing on them

No!!! I don't want to feel anymore!

Stop it! Please don't hurt me!!!

I can feel what was once mine: a blissful child

Now, I am confused and afraid of what my reality is now

He comes...he comes closer with those muddy, leather boots

A black shroud covers my whole body as hands squeeze the thighs

I sob for what seems like hours, releasing tears of squashed cries

Death did it again yet my voice is too small to hear

Too much power he contains in his oily hands

Those hungry dogs that won't let go of my swollen arms

If I say "No" he rapes me as if I were a virgin

If I cry he belts my chest for hours

The room is too far from the orphanage

Deer sometimes peer into the house and smell my anxious sweat

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It does not bother them at all

They wait for the little boy to be slaughtered for dinnertime

I am a meal to be butchered like a pig

Entrails served on a plate for animals who once ate plants

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The Cave

Loads of black coal sit next to the boarded entrance of a cave
The result of months inside the wet hole with no time to leave
You know they couldn't breathe, so had to rely on each other
Air flowed from one mouth to another

Digging the far end where water drips into large enclaves in the ground
Such cold and refreshing water!
Fish swim happily in pools unaware of the footsteps along the rocky path
Echoes of whispers are heard by the workers near the front of the cave

A soft laugh in the midst of tired coughing
A memory inside that laugh taken out of suppressed joy
You can see the man's life before he went into the cave
Children played with him, shared snacks and gave meaning to his life

There is a way out of this journey that may not be found
It stretches for miles to the end of a hill overlooking the deep blue ocean
Nothing but the milky waves rolling into each other
like cats when playing with yarn
Death is dreaded by regular people but for the cave men it is treasured bliss

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The Devouring Abyss

As if the streets no longer exist...the blue sky is gone too!
All one can see is the never-ending black vortex with bright stars
disappear one by one
Sunlight no longer exists so the trees have fallen into the abyss
Down, down they go without a word uttered by onlookers

People with no homes lay under the ground as skeletons
Their flesh eaten by dogs before the priest read from the Bible
Relatives did not cry or speak for they were silent as terrified
children
Faces smeared with the ashes of massacred ancestors

Gas chambers were used to dispose of every soul of our world
Civilizations banished due to shameless deeds
No creed could withstand the relentless greed swallowed by all
God came to reclaim His suicidal children and to banish everyone
else to hell

A river of sadness flowed from his eyes into the streets of every city
He watched the buildings turn into mush and the creatures that speak
drown without squeaking
He could not bear to listen to their pleas of mercy
each face painted with horror!

When the apple trees nearly touched the sky God smiled
When they drooped over the ocean till nearly touching the cold surface
God became sad
One world of His bent to the will of His deranged children
His paradise is not a toy to be twisted and pulled for anyone's delight

Yet, no one acknowledged His screams for attention
If His fingers fell towards the Earth's forest, breaking countless of trees
We would assume nothing but an odd event had come to pass
The concerns of a previous world did not match our own

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We were in denial...our faces were covered in deep cuts
Bleeding a river of regret that darkened minute by minute
Water like oil can annihilate life with one spark
The children stood before the stream with lit candles

To be sorry for disobeying one's parents
To be sorry for not saying "Yes" to cruelty
No more liberty, only fear is what we know
No more food or water, it's time for us to go

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Note: I was inspired by the 19th century Romantic poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge's piece Kubla Khan and wrote a poem:

Blinded, Is He Not?

Emperor Kubla stood before his expansive empire
Miles and miles of an unharnessed mire
The River that cuts in-between the muck
Once flowed down jasmine-laden hills moonstruck

All the way to the deep blue Sea where corpses once lay
The sacrifice an abandoned maiden once made for which
he views as mere decay
In order to retrieve what was once lost
Yet, unaware of the catastrophic cost

She murdered her own children
A price one cannot place on the
future brethren
At last! The Lord of the Moon who tolerated her wailing
Admitted its denial of failing

One wish he granted: the return of her sin
for the birth of another
If she truly cares for her people
she will let them serve their new king
like a revering brother
To give life where it was one snatched
So humanity will be silently hatched

By the ignited will of mind, an enormous golden egg
appeared on a hill
Containing the sustenance Mother Earth will use to fill
her womb where the potent seed awaits
To endure its intensely desired fate

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The shell broke in half, exposing the towering caretaker
From which water roared miles and miles
Towards our heavenly maker
Through the caves which nestled in the frozen cliff
Falling onto the fearful Mother Earth who's stiff

She relaxed as the water relieved her of panging thirst
And witnessed mankind's honored first
The destruction of the caves that possessed mouths with jagged teeth
Ice sharpened into slender swords to strike from beneath

Thousands of years passed since our first mother
gave Mankind a world again
Only to be encroached upon by the dark huntsmen
Emperor Kubla built his ruby-laden abode
Though the glowing Lord of the Moon's spite will one day erode

He spat on the selfless Moon
Then had his men create a palace under a false boon
Made with the finest marble salvaged from demolished
pride
To remind the world his wishes they will experience as
a swallowing tide

The golden fountain once breathed into Mother Earth
to induce a prophesized birth
Tiny diamonds sparkled under the Sun's blinding chest
With joy at being freed from a taunting test

From middle of the crashing waves
Stood the Incorruptible Genghis Khan, enchanted by
the beauty emanating from the caves
Music tied around his sore neck
Which it seems to always peck

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Till our gracious Emperor will bleed through
his fingers
Proud and mighty, a ruler stricken with poison that
lingers
In his blood finely-pointed claws will scratch their way
up the limbs
Such reality is needlessly grim

Our first mother sang to the Lord of Moon in devotion
To forget a regretful potion
If one sip had come to pass
She would have witnessed a grieving mass

Her voice traveled from the end of the sea
to sparkling palace

Where not even Emperor Kubla's pearl-laden chalice
Compared to the sounds of a distant memory
Implanted in the mind of an ensnaring gentry

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Treasured Spot

Tomorrow is a new day...something to breathe and exhale
Cold air stings my nostrils like a group of bees swarming around
a shaking rose
Polished Mercedes Benzes fill the streets and honk till they disappear
miles from my bare feet
I ache with each step for my soles have been stitched on a weekly basis

Each string is cut by the jagged rocks thrown onto the pavement
As others walk by with their eyes focused on the dance of seagulls
I wince when blood oozes onto the sidewalk
A cat walks over to lick the puddle, assuming it is cranberry juice

Rich people collect their checks to deposit in overflowing accounts
Smiling while the poor ones are pulling their hair out when
the teller delivers stroke-inducing news
Death killed our nation's holidays to give poor people a scare
Yet with money God has a great sense of humor, though don't we all?

Kids play their handheld videogame toys for hours on park benches
God! Must they be so detached from reality!?
I kindly extend my hand to them with the wish God will show me mercy
Instead, they push me to the ground and kick my face for disturbing them

Big globs of blood from the milky sky hit the street
As the innocent run in fear the naïve laugh for omens do not exist
When the world has lost its remaining drop of virtue humanity
lost its reason
And I wait till the day the sun arises so I can run into his arms

To be loved and protected is a gift unheard of in today's world
we strayed from the path of noble character to live in filthy alleys
how are bodies still grow with the same light of Adam and Eve
Puzzles me as the next blow to my face amuses Death

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He snickers while trailing my body with his greedy eyes
"A doe lost without her mother" he utters coldly into my chewed ear
Indeed, a helpless creature with broken legs moans and cries till sun falls
asleep
By then, only the skeleton remains