

For such a time as this

by Samiksha Tulika Ransom



"Annäherung" by Brigitte Thonhauser-Merk

My dog-eared Mrs Dalloway was lying on the kitchen platform
and I was trying to prepare the perfect meal for you.
You were sitting in your arm chair half-asleep,
head hanging from your shoulders, visibly sagged.

It was half past five in the morning
the koel had only started cooing
and the sun was still waiting on you
to open your eyes.

I imagined your death as a slow dance to the burial ground
as rainfall,
as gulmohar flowers blessing the ground after a thunderstorm.

We had had a night full of prayers
dark circles and text messages.

I imagined your recovery as a series of punctuations;
a yellow street light neutralizing the blue in my window.

Life asks tough questions
and there are no quick-fixes,
except to question back
and God have mercy.

Note:

The title is taken from a verse in the Bible (Esther 4:14, “perhaps you were born for such a time as this.”).