

Bunny socks

All I wanted was my bunny socks,
But the world was in ashes.

It started one after the other.
I was hiding in the basement.

Like millions of us before-
I was told.

Because we as a 'race'
Were a sorry excuse of life.

The space was tight
And food was spare.

I was 8 and
My brother would be 8.

All I had was-
His bunny socks and the scream of him dying.

There was no way out,
Every one told me.

All there was to breathe
And pray that we could pray the next day.

But pray to whom, I asked.
But why pray, I asked.

The questions were shunned,
And we had to run.

From one basement to another,
From one scrapped knee to another.

Why? I would ask.
What's wrong with me? I always asked.

But he made me,
Just like he made my brother's killers.

My brother bleed red,
Just like his killers.

One after another,
Bomb after bomb.

Killing every person I saw hiding
And people who tried to hide them.

The world was in ashes.
And all I wanted was my bunny socks.

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From Rags to Riches

They got a cot when they were born,
I shared mine with 10 others.

They got new clothes,
I looked pretty in hand me downs.

They had the best first birthday celebration,
Mine a little modest, hidden from the world.

They got the best schools,
I got the one they didn't even know existed.

They got new books every semester,
I reused mine for years to follow.

They took school trips,
My trips from school to home consisted of a 'work' stop.

They got a choice to work or follow their passion,
The only choices I had were work or work harder.

Their life got them the highchair,
Mine too, a couple years- decades later.

They got married and
I did too.

They got a mansion,
I built a cottage.

They got a kid,
I got two.

They got new clothes for the kids,
I did too.

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Mirror of life

I was a kid when I saw my Mum
Pop in a pill and continue her work.

I had a wife,
She did the same.

And it all came crashing on me,
The unsaid rule that women, wife and mothers had.

I started noticing a lot of things,
How the definitions change with genders.

My mother always said,
You won't understand.

But I did.
It just took me a long time.

I thought about all the dishes, my mother did.
And so I washed them, so my wife didn't have to.

I thought about all the trips to grocery shops,
And I planted a garden, so they didn't have to.

I thought about how tired she was,
So I arranged for a holiday.

It took me a long time to see
How the day is different for everyone.

And so I started taking efforts,
Every day to make life a little easy.

Just not for my wife,
But for my mother and daughter too.

People talk about breaking gender norms,
I plan to do it, silently, one shackle at a time.