

## **Crying over spilled water**

My son spilled some water today.  
I was sitting afar  
Working when I saw the water spill.  
I was about to rush to him  
To clean -  
Between my work,  
I have to admit,  
I was annoyed.  
But I stopped mid step.

He grabbed a towel  
And wiped the water.  
Picked up the glass and  
Filled it back.

He gave me a quick smile  
And continued eating.

I couldn't work after that.  
It should make me happy, right?  
I didn't have to clean the water  
Or reprimand him to be more careful?

But my tears didn't stop  
And neither did my hands  
The shaking, the quivering.

I remember spilling water  
As a kid-  
And being hit because  
It wasn't lady like.

I remember spilling water  
And my first instinct being

Hiding in my room and  
Being denied food.

I saw my son spill some water  
And I cannot stop spilling tears.

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### **Sunrise for love**

I hate questions.  
Questions that make me think.  
Questions that make me wonder.  
Questions that make me scared.

Questions like  
“What do you want to do when you grow up?”  
Questions like  
“What is your dream.”  
But today, one question  
One question made me re-think everything.

The professor asked everyone a random question.  
And 5 seconds to reply.  
Reply without thinking, the professor said.  
Someone was asked what are you grateful for.  
And he said sunrise.  
I was curious and asked him later-  
Why sunrise?

He smiled and told me his story,  
How me was wrongly imprisoned  
For 12 years -  
Because he was at a wrong place,  
At a wrong time.  
Because he loved differently

Than people all around.  
Because his love was pure,  
But at a wrong time.  
Because loving a man  
Was a sin.  
Because loving a man  
Taught him, how fragile humanity is.  
Because falling in love with a man,  
Taught him how-  
Employed turned to unemployed,  
Home owners to homeless.  
Free man to imprisoned.  
Just because he did a small mistake  
Of loving a man.  
“Was it really a mistake?” I asked.

“Loving him wasn’t a mistake.  
The world around us was.  
I don’t regret loving him.  
But I would’ve loved without  
The world knowing of our love.”

“Do you still love him?” I asked.

“Some part of me always will.  
He died some years ago.”

I was trying to understand the cruelty  
Of the world when he finally told  
Me, why Sunrise...

When he was finally out,  
Between the dark cell  
That was his home for 12 years  
And the noise of prison,

It was the sunrise that  
Grounded him.  
It was the sunrise that  
Made him realize  
He was no longer in that  
Small cot  
Waiting for one loaf of bread.  
It was sunrise that  
Reminded him  
Just how much the world had to offer.

I asked him-  
How did he do it?  
Wasn't he angry?  
His answer changed my life

“There is too much the world has to offer to be angry about.  
There is too much the humans had to offer to be angry about.  
But there is only so much anger  
The body can take.  
There is only so much pain  
The heart can feel.  
But there is so much love  
That the world can heal.”

...

### **Black**

Black is my favourite colour,  
The man said when he bought his  
Wife a dress.

Black coffee please,  
The 7<sup>th</sup> order of the day rang.

Black clothes, black color, clack coffee,  
Black here black there

But where was this love  
When my father was begging  
To not tear down our home.

Where was this love  
When my mother was struggling  
To give me my brother.

Where was this love  
When my friend was shot  
Because even comb is dangerous  
In our hand.

Where was this love  
When I was denied  
The chance to speak when  
I won 1<sup>st</sup> prize.

All this black is love is love  
But not when they are people?

But someone told me -  
Fight is ours  
And I fought back,  
Every chance I got,  
Breaking the shackles  
Even when they were invisible  
To everyone else but me.

They told me, I was  
Taking a lot of space  
That being the only one

Was a bad thing.

And so I tried...

To not take space

But create it.

I teach my students all about

How black can not only

Be your favourite colour

But also the colour

Your skin has.