

Chronicle of my Curious Corona Case / Susmita Mukherjee

So for 21 days after possible infection I was sustaining without any medicine, only on fruits and coconut water. Suddenly on 30th morning, I woke up with a panic attack and called my doctor in Mumbai who immediately prescribed some pills and asked me to take the RTPCR test. Now this test had been the bone of contention for a while. My younger son who is studying to be a scientist in New Zealand, along with his school classmate, My doctor,, who is in the frontline of Covid treatment in India, had been pleading with me to get a test done. I had dismissed it as medical haranguing. I had first heard the term from my very concerned older sister, and ofcourse I was determined not to go to any hospitals for testing (Pateli) But my Mumbai doctor was not going to listen to this insane patient in Orchha. A conversation happened between him and my husband and I was bundled off to to our small but clean hospital in the village where they stuffed some cotton up my nostrils and the dreaded RTPCR test seemed like child's play.

Under the Grid of Sub Reality / Susmita Mukherjee



Hag

The old hag lay face down,
Her dried hair up in the air,
Like dry twigs after harvest.
Her scrawny left arm upturned
at an angle, as if not sure,
whether for alms or in benediction;
Her other hand, mottled, was tucked way under, gripping her
squashed belly bag.

She lay there for eons,
under the grid of the sub reality radars that were new in the
neighborhood,
their flickering light beams stinging her, serpent like, into
convulsions.

Sometimes she moaned.
At times she farted, and,
noxious fumes

volcano like, filled the air.

Too tired to be angry, she lifted her aged bum to pee,
And out flowed waters
that swirled and twirled in dizzy vortexes and caused
unnecessary delay around the area.

Too tired to get up, she shook her head and colours,
like flashing lightning,
danced with the grid overhead and trapped her in place.

" I don't like being watched, you wretches"
she said,
But the soundless sound,
rumbled into the countless clatter of car honks, and busyness,
as another coin dropped into her upturned hand.

" Can't you spare an old hag who has done you no harm"?
Her moan took the shape of a saliva drop that fell under her
breath.

No, no, she must not give up! Not yet!

The hag knew that as long as she wrapped herself around her
belly bag,
her little ones would survive.

She remembers the hard years,
when the singeing blast
had ripped her right breast,
her milk buds had scattered and mushroomed in the sky,

She remembers how her public rain forest had been blazed down
by a careless cigarette.

She remembers not so long ago, bullets, bayonettes, bombs and
blasts,
whistling over her body, as she curled around her belly bag.

"Stop it"! she warned

“Stop it”! she wailed
“Stop it”! she whimpered a command.

But no one was listening
to the old hag,
Old Mother Earth,
as she lay face down,
Under the giant grid,
Walked over, used and thrown,
An old useless Mother.

Susmita Mukherjee
9- 4-2020

The Only Whole Thing / Susmita Mukherjee



I will give you a piece of my land,
I will give you a piece of my kid's custody,
I will give you the healthier half of the meal,
I will give you the lions share of my earnings,
I will give you freedom; credit for what you have not done,
I will give you a piece of my jewels, my cars, my credit
cards,
I will give you a piece of maintance, legal fees, even

alimony,

But I will not give you a piece of my mind,
because even though you don't get it,
It is the only whole thing I have,
The only land where I will find my peace,
Where I will pick up the pieces,
Into peace...
Soon, soon..
That I promise!

Norma Torian

Susmita Mukherjee from the heart cave of mother wounds.

8th March.