A Poem of Love and Hatred

The canvas was white sans a drop of ink,
The night etched patterns on it,
The blackness dropped a bob on it,
It became a painting to be envied.

Chiaroscuro of light and dark
Captured uncertainty by its forelock,
Grief and pain came to its rescue,
Coagulating the blood that drenched
its bosom.

Brethren of a community
Shouted shenanigans,
Marched forward
Smearing their faces
With fearful colours
On blood-curdling symmetry,
Though the serpentine streamers
Hanging from parapets
The colourful bandanas
Covering their foreheads
Disseminated messages
Of universal brotherhood
Or,
Terror and Violence!
Ketaki Datta is an Associate Professor of English, Bidhannagar College, Kolkata. She is a novelist, short story writer, critic and a translator. Her novels A Bird Alone and One Year for Mourning have won rave reviews. Her poems have been published in several anthologies. She was elected Professional Woman of the Year in 2005 by American Biographical Society, North Carolina.

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