

## **Interview**

Are you your father's child  
Or mother's, or both?  
Do you muffle your woman's screams,  
Are you a sedate rapist  
Feeling superior to women?

Are you job-hungry  
Desperate to secure a job  
Care to praise me  
Butter me for a raise  
Or an unequal promotion?

Are you cunning and shrewd  
To fool your superiors  
Do you carry wads of notes  
To win me over?

Ah, I can see the glint in your eyes  
Radiance spread all over your face  
You possess all these dark qualities  
My friend!

Heartiest Congratulations!  
You are Today's Chosen One.

## **Gone, Mother Gone!**

Hurray!  
Mother's dead  
Wrap her quick, in a saree of gold

Anoint her  
Carry her to the flaming pyre

Mother's dead  
I was born her girl  
I was always the Lesser One

I was a poor nobody  
So she'd abuse me  
So she'd curse me  
She did never ever bless  
Her nincompoop.

Of late,  
Writhing in sorrow and pain  
She agonizingly bit  
Into morsels of strawberry cake  
And flicked ice creams  
Her last wishes fulfilled.

Mother's dead.  
Good riddance!  
Burn her with care from head to toe  
Soul and all  
Lest she be born again--  
My mother.



**Debashish Majumdar** is one of India's leading writers of children's fiction. His poems have been chosen by Nissim Ezekiel and published in *The Independent* and *The Indian P.E.N.* These poems are his first written after 30 years.



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