



Openness

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Openness

You! planted the third eye on my forehead –
black, crimson and vermillion, to
fill every blank you fathomed.
You! pulled the wild locks of my hair, to
knot me into a breathless braid.
You! pierced my ear-lobes, to
sieve what I hear.
You! poked the tender flesh of my nose, to
filter smells you deemed inappropriate.
You! shaded kohl – shaping my almond eyes, to
envision what you condone.
You! fastened chiming bangles onto my tender hands, to
keep my presence heard.
You! clamped my ankles with brass and silver,
to keep my feet from wandering.
You! draped my body in six yards of
fine kanchipuram,
and left my midriff exposed.
You! adorned me with the fragrance of jasmines and
the fiery vibrance of crossandras –
teaching me songs of love and
dancing to your rhythmic pleasures,
bound to all your wants –
accompanying your birth, your death –
and the seven lives thereafter.

Then
A wind rustles the vedic pages,
and
my third eye flickers –
opened to the elements.
I
sit on the lotus,
I
manifest my own
I
exist,
I
a woman.

In those stories I weave,
you find my hair coils confusing
my smell audacious
my actions incomprehensible
my footsteps undecipherable.
You take a backstep, and
hiding behind a glass veil
this openness, you say,
is not mine!