Mother tongues and Father Laws

Ananya Aneja

How many languages are

written on your tongue?

Or how many tongues

Do you carry in your mouth?

Ask those who write love

letters in future tense,

How many dynasties

have died loveless in their family.

How many women menstruate

in rainbow colors

Or how many brides scrape

their husband's ordinances like

henna off their hands.

How many children smell books

and carry more paper cuts than

Chimney burns from plastic lies.

The men who don't know the

weight of tears on eyelids

but bricks armed on their vertebrae

If the man had guns in lieu of hands

would his beloved target still be his lover?

Those who worship terror, do they carry bombs in their chest pockets?

They tell me my culture is outlined with kohl,

And we are mere teardrops on its edges

I tell them our culture is the tip of an iceberg,

It floats above the sea of its own liturgy

A part of it still yearning to drown back to its roots.

Our mother tongue has fought wars

With our own fathers,

Our books carry literature but still aren't literate

The folklores ammi narrates me before bed

were written with burning hands,

epochs have shrank in their abdomen

but their sparks don't ever die.

The stories of tooth fairies,

have politically upgraded to tongue wizards

They who cut their tongues and

keep them safe under pillows

wishing for human rights

I often wonder,

What is the culture of a dancer's feet

Or the religion of a singer's throat

Who does a writer's pen bleed for

Or if the hands of a sculpture understand

which God he carves.

Cultures aren't separated by

alleys of tectonic plates,

Asia kisses Europe

or American subcontinent imitating the

creation of Adam

Our costumes may vary

but our breasts and chests

carry the same heart

We have same hands

soaked in blood or painted in palm lines

from wombs to tombs

is the water mass of culture

Some of them drowning,

Some of them floating

Others in between,

Half decayed and half deserted.

How do you identify,

Your own legs

In this clutter of culture?