

Please recycle to a friend.

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Photo: "after winter comes spring"  
By shockwave 128 - the web

Origami Poetry Project™

it's winter after spring

Shobhana Kumar © 2013



*it's winter after spring*

Shobhana Kumar

**birthday wish**

i

three years old is  
old enough to know  
the eagerness of anticipation  
in the smell of fresh cream,  
chocolate twirls  
and candles  
waiting to be blown.

three years young is  
far too young  
to be blown by the wind  
even before  
the candles are lit.

ii

you should be out playing  
with sand in your hand  
and laughing as it slips past.

you should be throwing  
temper tantrums for a toy  
that you and i saw  
the day before.

you should be  
discovering new words  
and the worlds  
within them.

you should be crying  
when i leave you  
even if for just a while.

but here you are,  
teaching me  
to let go.

**funeral note**

!

tomorrow is my funeral  
when you bathe me  
before you let go,  
count my battle scars  
and bruises.  
you won't see them  
of course.  
but you must know  
that i have battled well.  
well enough  
to hide them all.  
before you burn me,  
look into my eyes.  
just once.

!!

i would love to  
give my remains away.  
but of what use  
is an over worn heart  
to anyone  
who wants to  
live?  
my brain is all fuzzy  
with networks, misfired,  
and emotions, overgrown  
like unkempt gardens.  
surely there would be no  
takers for my eyes,  
for they have  
befriended more tears  
than sighs.  
or want my entrails,  
just run over yesterday  
by a six-wheeled tanker.

p.s.

i would love to  
give my remains away  
had i not been dead  
so long ago.  
it will be  
like life unplugged  
with no audience.  
just me  
without my masks.

i've left them in the cupboard  
third shelf,  
beneath my everyday clothes.

i won't be needing them anymore.  
please give them away.

!!!

what wish do i have for you  
my child?  
many moons  
and rainbow filled skies,  
or medal worn walls  
and green stretches of land?  
enough affluence  
to buy you transient joy  
or fairy wishes like  
many tales ago?  
i wish death for you,  
love,  
and wish it quick,  
lest it kills me  
watching you like this.  
lest it kills me  
before it takes you.