Karthika Nair

 $p\lambda$ 

Antigone: remains

Usha Kaman

His gaze unzips me from bus-stop to work and back wreaking possession.

You would slit this tongue, smother voice and bury breath:
but what of my words?
Wes, words. Like blood, they will spill,
stain air, earth — and memory.

Susan Hawthorne

after violence, that old family silence passed on down to him inheritance in blood before violence Nıght-life by Maadhava Anusuyaa

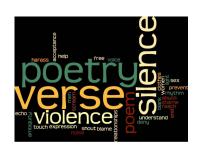
In the dead of night I walk upon the streets: Bravely But, under the peril of watch dogs.

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No Violence, No Silence

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NO VIOLENCE, NO SILENCE

A selection of poetry
(Volume 1)

Fathers, husbands, gods: you will no longer decree whom I wed or bed. That choice is mine. To be free whether woman, river, stone.

Ahalya anew by Karthika Nair I could give a damn about outraged modesty when it is my self the totality of me into which rage has been poured.

Usha Raman