

DEATH OF A POLITICIAN

What about the small man/woman?
What about me?

Will anyone say she met with a tragic
death if a bullet goes through me?

I see myself standing beside a pool
but not with narcissistic thoughts,
or standing behind a glass window-
pane, my body imaged in that mirror
smashed to smithereens.

What will the populace say?
“She was a writer.”
“What did she write about?”
“Oh, ethnicity, identity, inheritance,
gender, politics, journeys, of reaching
destinations, often, not.
She wrote on everything under the sun.

We won't miss her really
There'll be a million others
to take her place.
She's as dispensable as a paper napkin.

“Well, I know she used to write on
them sometimes.”

“And make origamis of them?”
“Perhaps.”
Her life, fragile as tissue,
Expendable.

Jean Arasanayagam