

Poetry and Fiction

Do you hear me, Ma?

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Just a few more hours
My long wait will be over
Though this place feels safe and good and
I hear your heart beat right above my head
along with the constant gush of blood
As I play around here I also feel your loving touch ...
But I can't wait to come out ...
Do you hear me ma?

Are you as beautiful as I imagine you to be?

Does your lap exude the same warmth as this lovely nest inside you?

It is so dark here but I can feel the beautiful world out there through you I hear the birds sing in the morning when I wait for you to wake up And the soft chirp of crickets when you finish your chores and lay awake in the bed Waiting for sleep to embrace you Do you hear me ma?

I want to see my two older sisters
I often hear them laugh and play
Be it night or day
Running around the neem tree in our house
I want to see the stone under that tree where you often sit in the afternoons
Many a times I hear you softly cry
I won't let you cry once I come out
Do you hear me ma?

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I hear the stories you recite when you feed my sisters
I want to go to a school where they teach about the stars and moon
I want to go to the moon too
Should I become a doctor just like the one who you consult at the hospital?
Or a teacher whom you converse with at my sisters' school?
I also want to become a loving mother just like you.
I have big dreams
Do you hear me ma?

I am ready to come out
I won't give you much pain ma
I know my sisters are waiting to welcome their little sister
I hear you cry again
Oh no... I hear you ma.
I hear you and grandma whispering in soft tones
No...
I want to live too...
Just like all of you
Don't...
Don't you hear me, ma?

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