

A Story Untold, In Bits and Pieces

By Nandini Sahu

I am holding off words
to say afresh my story untold
to make my small world
open to one and all.

This is the only thing we share
this is why my days are
desolate and nights so barren.

After years of this hide and seek
I discover myself
a willing victim.

This tale has been certain
and unstoppable--
like death, like time.

The mutual agreement to be with
each other through thick and thin
is now seeming pallid
manufacturing
this tale
in bits and pieces.

When I am not with you
it doesn't matter who I am with.
But then, I am always alone, like an abandoned
song or a lyric unfinished.

Slowly I am becoming a myth
a vessel into which even a changeling can
pour his blue-battered soul.
In this tale
with my star antics
I disarm the world
but my dreams collapse like children's toy houses.

Anyway, these daggers piercing
the fallen flowers
and this pain
are my capital investments for future
beyond price.

I wonder, are some stories
better
untold?

