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Post Colonial Selves: My Country and Me

You can rue death when obsessed with life, you hate more when you love more, you seek death in the corridors of life with an intensity that scares you from within.

My hybrid muse spins over life and death, love and hate, you and me, tries to weave in contradictions with conflict, seeking death in life: Narcissus on the shore longing for his self in the depths.

Dreams once alive are a paleontologist's delight, their antiquity and beauty; they are history now. Love curdles in memory as a tumor ripe for a final meltdown.

My eyes see in Picasa soft-focus, grains and graduated tints, vision cropped and sharpened at will, mind tangling in virtual chats, the rigmaroles of politics, love and recession.

My country claims to be robust, seeks cheap plastic from her neighbors, not just cryogenics alone. Though she stands unfazed in the graphs of a fall, is it not gripping to see the rise of beggars and the ghouls of the
poor in the self-same graph?

My paradoxes are my country’s too,  
lost in dreams we walk round  
an idol that breaks us into  
those curious thin shards  
of negation, we live in our  
pasts and opposing selves.