

Dunzo* to heaven

Vasanthi Vasudev

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I survived the ages..

Dodged gas chambers

Withstood Auschwitz's torture

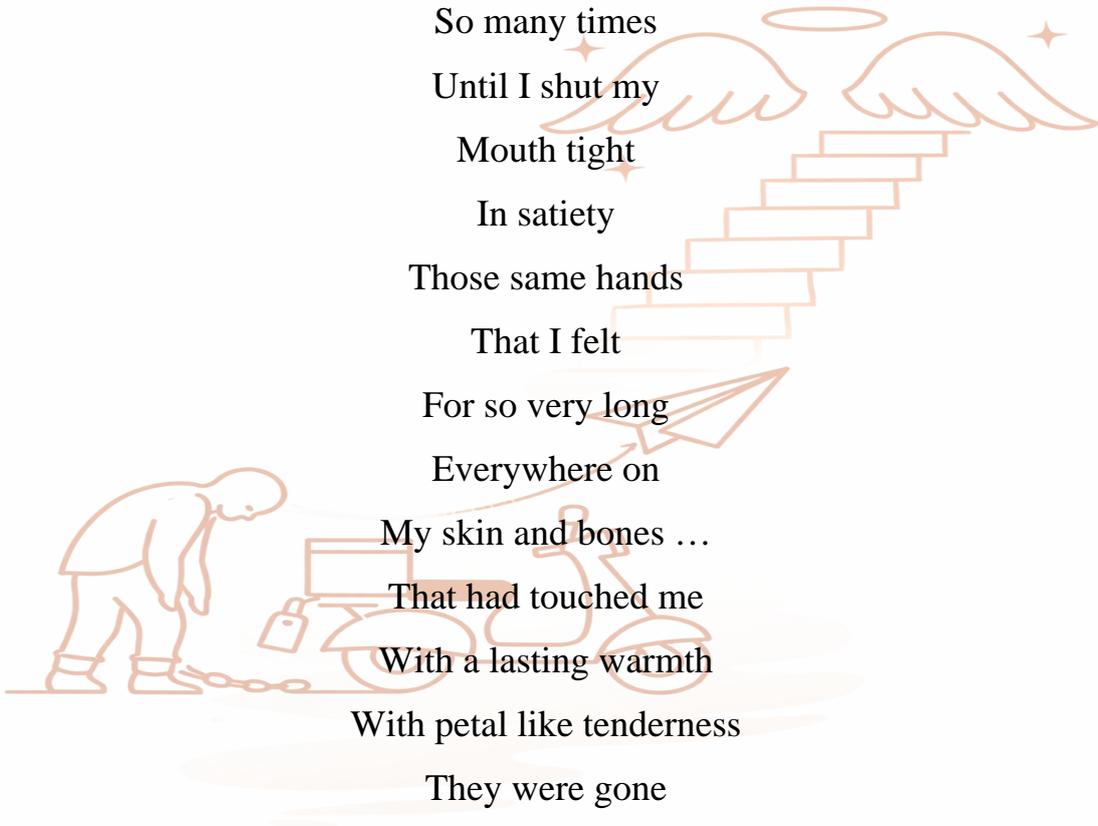
Escaped Khmer killing fields

And even Assad's graves
Was saved from all cruelty
Until ... until the two gentle hands
Withdrew, cold and numb
Rigid in mortis
The same hands
That had moved between
My mouth and elsewhere

So many times
Until I shut my
Mouth tight
In satiety
Those same hands
That I felt
For so very long
Everywhere on
My skin and bones ...
That had touched me
With a lasting warmth
With petal like tenderness

They were gone
They were nowhere.

And then, suddenly
I hear strange sounds
The clang of metal:
Something heavy
That hurt so badly
As I drag my feet
Painfully

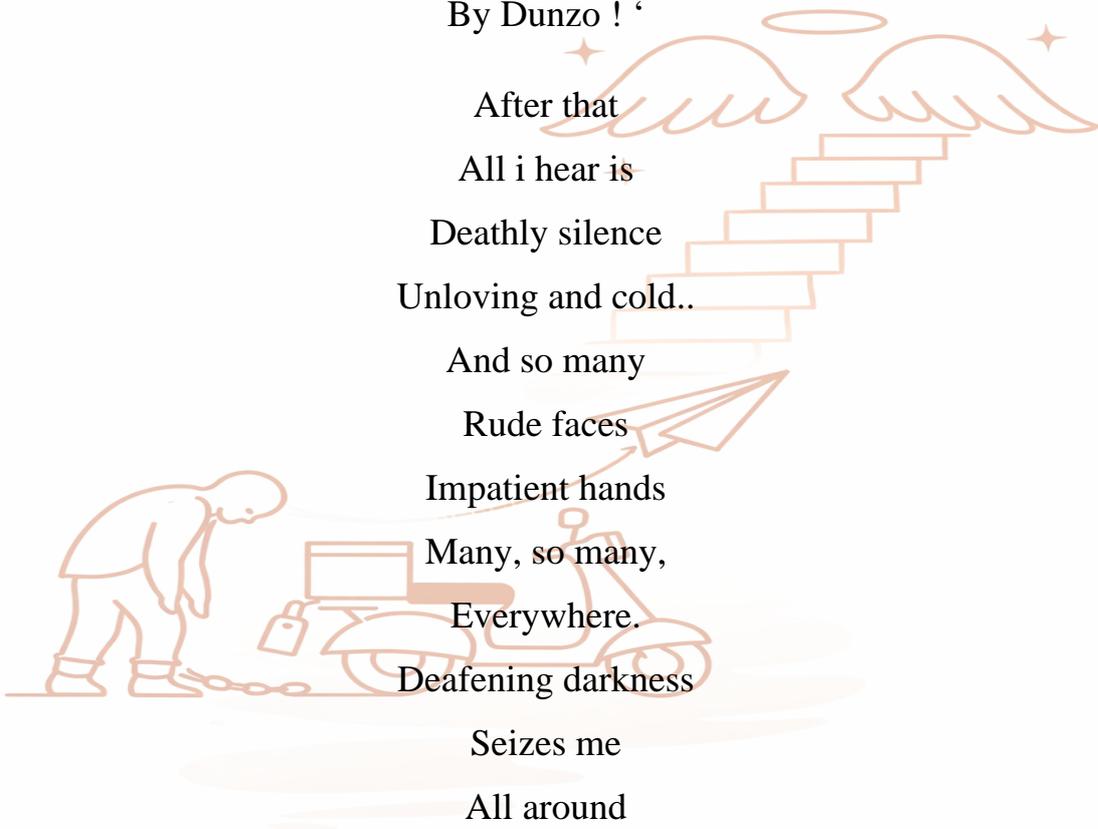


And then,
A slap of something
Awful into my mouth
Then,
A holler
'They despatched you
But your clothes have
Yet to come
By Dunzo ! '

After that
All i hear is
Deathly silence
Unloving and cold..
And so many
Rude faces
Impatient hands
Many, so many,
Everywhere.
Deafening darkness

Seizes me
All around
In my head
And outside!

Abandoned and helpless
I can only whimper in pain
And wonder in innocence
Oh! Will they find a way?
To 'dunzo' me
To heaven?



To feel those
Loving hands
Just once more,
Just once, please !

Dunzo is a popular delivery service that is used to send stuff from one address to another .

