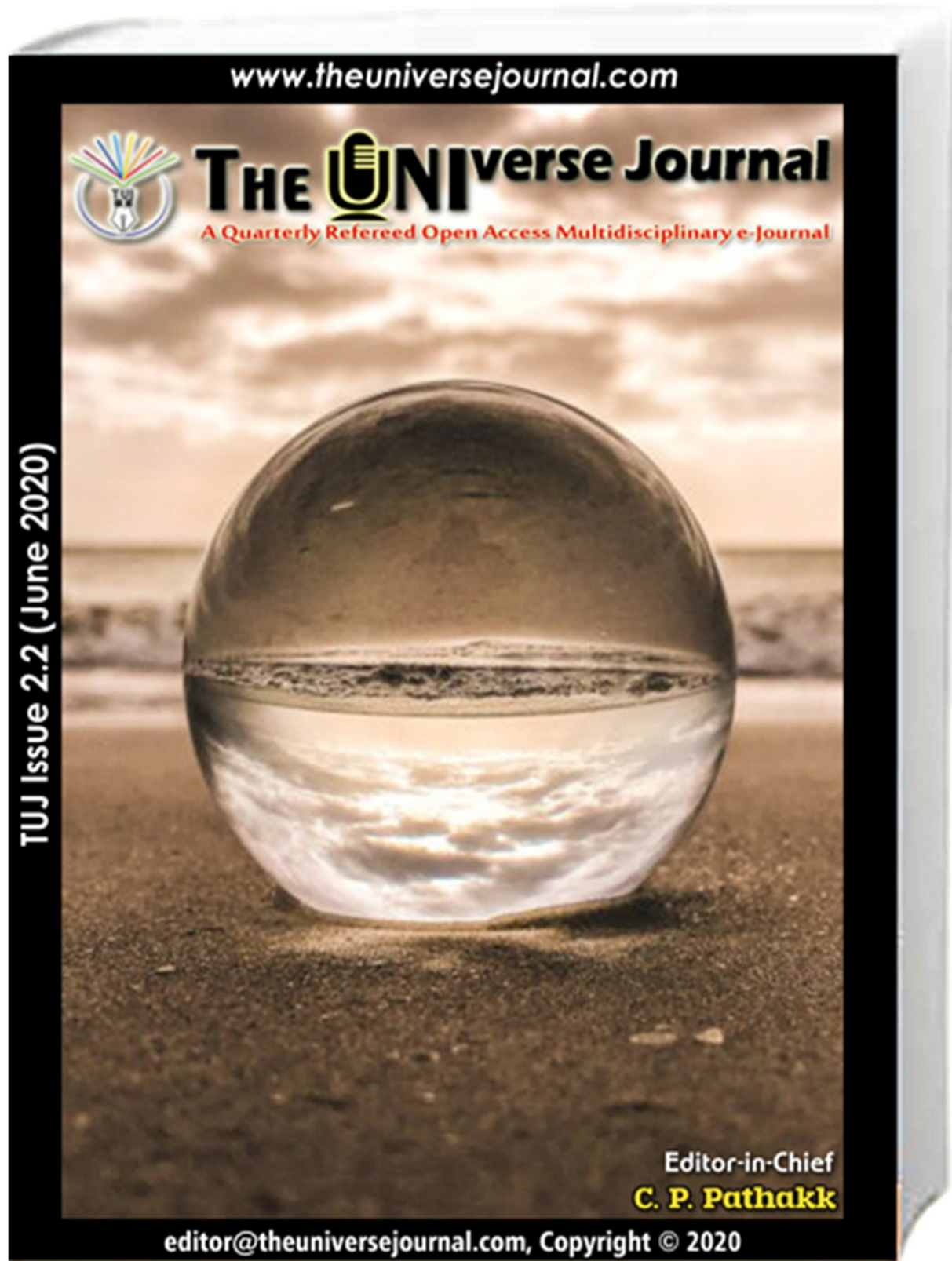


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“Advice”

Jilu Mria David
Banglore

Mother would tell me,
Pick up your bones,
Do something,
You'll get fat and die otherwise.
Father would say,
At least, when he was alive,
Don't go out alone,
Someone will take you away.
I couldn't decide,
What I could eat,
And where I could go.
So I stayed home,
Hungry, eating whatever was in front of me,
Going out to the terrace,
Whenever I wanted to die of satiety.