

Poetry Series

**Shraddha. Gulur  
Sudheendra  
- poems -**

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# Shraddha. Guler Sudheendra()

# Female Infanticide

I came to this world with my closed eyes,  
For the dazzling light was too bright for my little eyes.  
I felt sad to bid bye to my cozy dark room,  
But was glad to enter my new home where my future would bloom.  
I was laid on the soft crib in that cold weather,  
Beside my mother who was fast asleep.  
It was heaven to watch my tranquil mother,  
Who would breathe deeply in her sleep.  
As i waited for long yearning to be wrapped  
in the warmth of my mother's sweet love,  
Hunger invaded me making me feel trapped  
And there were none around to care or love.  
As I consoled myself and kept quiet like a good girl,  
I saw a pair of white hands towards me swirl.  
All I remember is the thirsty look of the sharp knife,  
Eagerly waiting to end my dear life.

21st August 1995

Shraddha. Gulur Sudheendra

# The Girl In The Mirror

That moment in front of the mirror,  
When the pair of eyes stare back at me,  
A voice inside my head begin to wonder,  
the whereabouts of the person I see.

Thousands of thoughts of similar kind,  
strike together like a stream of arrows,  
In a bid to awaken the slumbering mind,  
To face the question that follows.

As I break open the enclosing cyst,  
Whose protection had made me blind,  
The world around me ceases to exist,  
The mind remains no longer confined.

Travelling the space with unmatched speed,  
Faster than the speed of light,  
In seek of answers that I need,  
It enters the realm beyond my sight.

'Who am I? ' - The question still remain,  
unanswered till today,  
For the rest of my life will be my aim,  
To realize the answers on my way.

Shraddha. Gulur Sudheendra