

THE POTENTIAL OF A POCKET TREASURUS

By:- Debaleena Mukherjee

She laid her measurements on the table at the Fates' tailoring altar,
Clotho stopped spinning, Lachesis measuring, Atropos dropped the scissors.
No libation, no chant, no sacrifice did she offer or genuflect,
She pointed at the cloth with her name and declared: put pockets.

The fearsome Fates were befuddled at this whimsy of a woman,
She read their faces and smile— are you Fates not also women!
The cloth the thread and where you cut that is your duty and choice.
But the shape and texture of my life I as a woman will now decide.

Place pockets in the coarse cloth; pockets capacious, endlessly deep.
I will fill my pockets with overflowing days, and moments I wish to keep,
In my pockets there will be dreams made of cracked tinsel and twinkling stars,
I'll keep pebbles shiny and grimy some pure as a smile or streaked with tears.

In these pockets life will surprise me in ways that can pierce with pain or soothe
In my pockets there are shards of painful memories and some old bandaids too.
I hear a jangle in the pocket—a bunch of rusty old keys that wouldn't open a lock
But oh wonder they slid into the keyhole of my imagination in a parallel world.

There are chipped marbles of childhood glee and adult regrets for faded colours,
I found a broken star, a satin gift wrap from an old Christmas tree a broken souvenir,
There are coins that clink just for fun, they are not the currency of feelings,
There's a blue gel pen that has leaked red ink on the pocket daisy lace trim.

In these pockets, whether in my summer dress or my workaday well worn jeans,
I'll stick a little notepad to leave a note “let's catch up for coffee this evening”.
I thrust my hands into the pockets that are a dream merchant's fathomless sack,
My fingers touched fairy dust, secret tears, laughter and a smile from long long back.

If the pockets are small I'll add a clumsy patch of cloth in a crookedly embroidered pattern,
In the pockets I'll stuff scrunched dreams, careless hurts, chocolates, love and close the buttons.