

***BLACK WIDOW***

**By Rukhaya MK**

In the cacophony of emptiness  
they called her the white widow:  
not only widowed, but divorced -  
from the seven ensigns of life  
as children whispered about  
her feet turning in at night.

She never took it literally  
when he avowed he would be  
in jural  
her sleeping partner.  
She had asked him only for aid-  
but he gave it to her self-lessly in plural.  
Now she injected the blight  
to anybody who took to  
the thronging blanket of contagion  
adulterating the land at night.  
Now, if you asked for the white widow,  
nobody would know-  
for now,  
she was the Black Widow.

© *Rukhaya MK 2013*

*KITE*

They hang  
----around---  
Hovering over me  
Thinking I'll give up my life  
But I smile at myself  
How can I give up something  
that I already threw away  
eight years back.  
Someone once called me:  
An open book, with pages falling out.  
Today I tear off all the pages  
as they rise  
And form a kite that  
flees, flows, flies  
no strings attached  
loving, living  
its four corners.  
I

© rukhaya mk 2013

(To be printed stylistically in the form of a kite)

**Episteme: an online interdisciplinary, multidisciplinary & multi-cultural journal**

**Bharat College of Commerce, Badlapur, MMR, India**

**Volume 3, Issue 1**

**June 2014**

**Bio:**

*Rukhaya MK, literary critic, poet and academician, has published her works in anthologies and journals. An award-winning writer, she has won accolades in writing at the national level and international level She was chosen by Yahoo as one of the Top 1000 voices on an international level for the years 2011, 2012 and 2013. Most of her online articles have the top three Google world rankings. Rukhaya is also editor of a national collection of poems called **Inklinks**, and on the editorial board of the journals *Discourse* and **Insignia**. She currently works as Asst. Professor of English at Nehru College, Kasaragod, Kerala.*