

HOW CAN I FORGET?

By Pramila Khadun

How can I forget the rustic scent
Of the village where I was born?
Having known suffering of epic proportions,
How can I forget the trenchant images
Of resistance, revolt, poverty and defeat.

Epicist of the female experience,
I still remember the musical flow
Of voices and counter voices
Echoing across the long corridors
While my mother's scourging authority
Would uphold the dignity of our downtrodden fate.

With fearless love for truth,
Which still exerts a far-reaching influence
On my life and especially my writing,
I walk the path alone with no sense
Of fear, insecurity, fear of old age and death.

How can I forget the pangs of hunger,
The dry throat, the family tragedies,
The mind's clamor that could not be stilled,
Worrying about anything and everything
At one and the same time.

I never knew how strong I was
Until being strong was the only choice I had.
The child that I was, I became strong.
I learned that if life is amazing,
She won't be easy
And if she is easy,
She won't be amazing.

Bio

Pramila Khadun is a poetess from the island of Mauritius. She holds a degree in Food Science from S.N.D.T Women's University, Pune, India and a Post Graduate Certificate in Education(P.G.C.E) from the Mauritius Institute of Education. She had been Head of Department of Food Studies Department at Modern College and part time lecturer at the Mauritius Institute of Education. Her first poem, 'Open me the gates of a world different' appeared in S.N.D.T University magazine which won the best article prize.