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My Onlooker and I with a Plastic Smile

Dr. Rajani Sharma

Assistant Professor in English

Dept. of Humanities and Applied Sciences

THDC Institute of Hydropower Engineering and Technology

New Tehri (Uttarakhand) India.

I am asked to dress up properly
To bring plastic smile on my face
Not for myself but for the onlookers
Who sometimes scan my features, sometimes my assets
But unable to look into me.....

I am programmed to be quite silent not to utter a word
Not to express myself but to give a projected picture
As if a soul from within has been hauled out to dance
With the beats of the music played by the onlooker.

Do you know how to cook, how to soothe, how to be meek, courteous
Without expecting the same for myself.....
I am alien in this foreign land
Owning nothing but resentment and reprimand.....

I am having a plastic smile on my face like a doll kept in shop
Customers come and see its durability and the discounts

And I am left unsold because they find it less glamorous
For the sake of second one.....

The dust is making its space on its body parts
The soul has already been removed

What is left in this structure..... Nothing, nothing, nothing

Except the rubber and spring which can be dismantled easily and kept in a corner.....

I want to be burnt altogether to ashes
So that I may be reborn again
How long I have to lead this life of Sybil of Cumae

In the tower of grain.....

Oh God! Send someone who can look into my soul
To consider me human with a soul not a puppet with the string in his hand.....

Before whom I may pour out my heart
Who can bring a genuine smile on my face like a small child
Playing with its tool and utensils.....?

I want to laugh out my pain and throw it to wind
I have wept a lot and want to smile
I want to fly in the open sky
To view my onlooker that I am at a height
To scan you from every angle

You are decreasing in size and losing your so-called worth

Meant for others as I have grown in size

You are pigmy and I am pyramid

No comparison left between you and I