Dear Chandu,

Gandhi
He had left behind
his round spectacles
and bald head
on our currency notes
like Lord Ram
did with his wooden chappals
on his abdicated throne
to rule his Kingdom
through his sleeping brother.

The nation
mints his toothless face
in zillions
with heavy thuds
of the machine's vengeance
for his experiments with truth.

He stands still
at every crossroads
with a cane in hand
guarding our prison-house
of a nation without a blink
in the post-truth era.

15 August 2017
Chandu, this letter I had sent earlier. But here
I made two changes: one word is changed. Find out
which word is this. The second change is 'crossroad'
to 'crossroads' - simply 's' added.

Please write to me as your exams are over
by now.

yours, with love,
Prerna
Shrabani
of celebration in the day's newspapers
lying down quietly
in my diseased cell
infested with hopes of tomorrow.
This day too will pass...

Dizziness, nausea, breathlessness...

- 15 August 2018.