

Feneena S Mohamed**It is just our daughter's marriage**

It is just our daughter's marriage-
coming Sunday,
the boy is in the Gulf.

The groom, the father
and the mullah-
they join hands,
and seal the fate.

The mullah's words
on matrimony,
drizzle on chicken fry
washed by mutton curry.

Dark chocolate and milky white

paired with just two
sovereigns of gold-
they flash through cracks of light;
you know
the oil fields have dried up.
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The bride enters wide-eyed,
her brocade saree
splashed with hibiscus;
her rolls of jasmine white, visible
under the gaudy golden net;
the scent of her sister's wedding.

She was paraded,
a gleam of gold
bought with mortgaged land-
an elephant decked for *Pooram*.
The hall booked with a relative's money,
even the hall was decorated
with the best of flowers.

The boy is in the Gulf,
So, no problem.
It is just our daughter's marriage.

Feneena S Mohamed works in the Department of English, Union Christian College, Alwaye. The poem is her attempt to convey the horror of the floods that rocked her small town, Aluva , on the banks of the river Periyar. Caught in an ugly political struggle, the old dam of Mullaperiyar raises issues of safety and security.

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