

Bloody Mary**Srilekha Mitra**

Wayward Streets,
Only a streak of light,
Embracing the sick child
Who stinks of last night's lust.
She resides in a home,
Of blinding darkness
Where loud wails reside in silence,
It's a war between society and desires.

Desires burning her
Society infusing insanity in her
“Bloody Mary”, they call her,
Who loiters amidst dwindling lights,
And fades into a maze.

Her reflections slit open,
The Id who befriended her mind,
Red glaring eyes haunt her,
Whenever she adorns herself in the mirror.
Memory and Blues is like a shadow,
That gives her ecstasies of pain and pleasure,
Yet there's an innocence that lurks,
In those blemishes who whispers to her
To sleep like a lullaby.

Bloody Mary, she is,
But then "Are all women
Torn by wars of society
Bloody Marys like she is?!"