

His gaze unzips me  
from bus-stop to work and  
back  
wreaking possession.  
Usha Raman

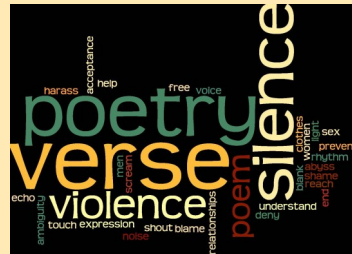
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All poems included in this chapbook were submitted by poets in response to a call for poetry announced by Prajnaya in October 2012. To find out more about Prajnaya, please visit [www.prajnya.in](http://www.prajnya.in)

**No Violence, No Silence**

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## NO VIOLENCE, NO SILENCE

*A selection  
of poetry  
(Volume 1)*

You would slit this tongue,  
smother voice and bury  
breath:  
but what of my words?  
Yes, words. Like blood, they  
will spill,  
stain air, earth — and  
memory.

Antigone: remains  
by  
Karthika Nair

after violence,  
that old family silence  
passed on down to him  
inheritance in blood  
before violence  
Susan Hawthorne

Fathers, husbands, gods:  
you will no longer decree  
whom I wed or bed.  
That choice is mine. To be free -  
whether woman, river, stone.

Ahalya anew  
by  
Karthika Nair

In the dead of night  
I walk upon the streets: Bravely  
But, under the peril of watch dogs.  
Night-life  
by  
Maadhava Anusuyaa

I could give a damn  
about outraged modesty  
when it is my self  
the totality of me  
into which rage has been poured.

Usha Raman