

I can feel it in my bones

(Comfort)

Violin is a violent instrument,
It sounds like papercuts
On the edges of your heart,
Hurts like an ice burn
And bleeds like a broken tap
That d
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 s all day long, quietly
And in your ear at night,
For a minute, it's a mysterious delight
But a fight every moment that follows,
The bow scratches along the strings,
Screeches to let slip the shrieks
That settle around your bones,
Like oiling a door,
But it doesn't help, does it,
To oil a door without fixing it?
Your bones smudged with the music
Of discomfort and grief
Fail to hold on
And fall to your feet
Inside your body
Like heavy sand and seashells
In a glass full of water,
Your body is a bag of bleeding bones
That cackle as you walk
And trip as they knock
Against each other
Like bricks of butter
Hitting the ground with a thud,
It's not your weight that you carry
It's the violin on your shoulder
That resembles a polythene bag
Knotted to fix the air in shape,
But it doesn't help, does it,

To try and store some vacuum?
The bow now cuts through your chest
To reveal the best
Of hollow
And the rest of you,
Your heart is still, somewhere there,
Bits embedded in your nails and hair,
Nails that you nibble
And hair that you burn
To stay alive and learn
How to
Play a violin.

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