

## **Touch-Me-Not- Plant**

~~~*M. Elangovan*

She violently turns herself  
into a touch-me-not-plant.

Growing steadily in a far off place  
away from me a thousand miles apart  
within this small 10×10 sq. feet room—  
a place yearning for something.

The bed becomes a burning furnace,  
and she grows like a tiny  
touch-me-not-plant.  
The more I move towards her,  
the more she grows like it.

Too sensitive, too fearful and too much of coyness.  
Aloofs and aloofs—  
she becomes a touch-me-not-plant.  
The bed becomes a barren one.  
Infertile. Impotent. Unproductive.

Love and lust are lovely lusts  
but here they are lost.  
She has awesomely turned herself  
into a touch-me-not-plant.

I laydown besides her,  
deeply mourning the deaths  
of so many undelivered still- born  
births of my discontinued lineage.

My grandfathers and forefathers mock at me  
for keeping a touch-me-not- plant at home.

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