

## Poems

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### The Only Expertise

I married a man, but  
he turned out a mask  
many-layered.

I tore the pink part  
within was the black one  
then the pale...and then,  
chameleon like, changing colours  
to suit any occasion; and  
finally the white one  
all dead and lifeless.

Should I blame  
his family which formed him  
or my family which zeroed on him  
or me who dittoed their choice  
or this age, expert only in masking?

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### **From the Top**

View from the top  
is always beautiful  
but the reality can be found  
only on the ground.

What is the essence  
of beauty without truth?  
A glare without light ?  
A noise without meaning?  
A word sans emotion?

Yet you love only the top  
only the dazzle of glare,  
and never the troublesome  
search for pearls in the depth  
of the stormy ocean  
and diamond in the deep  
dark caves of mines.