

ARTIVISM: ISSUE 03

SELECTED SUBMISSIONS

ALL IS A NUMBER - KALANAVI PERERA

Numerous days went by-
Making them into weeks,

"War will be over"
My mother uttered, almost in every occasion,
Like a Manthra-
"Soon"
"Very soon"

But her mathras were answered-
Only with sky-rocketing oil prices-
Leading to vegetables- to numerous number of goods-
What else? What else is left?

ou never know-
My father no longer cares for petrol queues,

For our car has begun to stuck in the garage-
Travelling by bus seemed more satisfying-
Thus, no fancy shopping dayouts-
No holiday explorations-
Yet, I did not complain-
Our numerous silences spoke the unspoken truth.

In numerous mornings,
I've begun to check my phone,

For They make their decisions at night-
It's their day-light,

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Just like in fairy tales-
The evil happens at night-
But this is no fairy tale-
There is no happy ending-
I sometimes ask-
Why hasn't day-light brought them enough light?

The numerous late-night discussions-
Of my parents- turned into a new topic-
The refugees.

I didn't comment on their discussions-
What can I say?

Will that change anything?
Aren't we all refugees?
"What needs to be done, has to be done",

I texted my friend-
We no longer meet often-
For we both detest taking the bus under the burning sun,

My lips curved a small smile,
When my friend texted-
"Bunk if a missile comes"
Instead of saying: take care,
And I replied back-
"Won't have time to bunk"

I dissolved the seriousness my brain tried to undertake by thinking-
A quick death would be better, after all.

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I had numerous track records,

Of this attack and that-
About this hospital and that-
And numerous casualties-

Till I got overwhelmed-
Or maybe-
Attacks became normalised-
Bitter yes, but that's the truth-
It has only become a number-
Isn't it scary?

Human lives-becoming numbers-
Just numbers-
As if- life is a mathematic calculation-
A life-is a life-
Someone's mother-father-sister-brother-child-friend-
The crickets weep at night

'O dear humanity
What has become of you?'

Numerous ceasefire negotiations-
Changing their skins like snakes-
What is to become of this?-

By the end-
All becomes a Number-
And then-