

The Idol

Her clothes showed skin
they masked her skin with contempt

In poor taste
Provocative, they said.

Her clothes showed no skin
they laughed at her with scorn

Out of fashion
Outdated, they said.

They hummed and sang judgements all year round.

When it was time to celebrate festivals,
They lit lamps and candles
(Like the ones they so oft do, on marches and vigils)

The idol needs a fresh look this year, they said.

“Preserving Greens’ is the theme.
Why are her robes blue?” they said.

They perused, and made decisions
while devotees waited in queues;

They drew the curtains
and waited for the lamps to fizzle out.

The omnipotent idol silently watched
and they changed her garments too.