

Remains of the Voice

— Soyimla Akum*

1942 a year
I was a size where
Keorun could not hold me
With wings spread

Seven decades past
I am let down
To stoop to human desire
Shooing my lovely spirits

The clansmen lid fire
Of envy against
The family who wishes to
Let me stand free.

The rest of only lad
Sprout smoke aching the vision
Of hunger to claim me
There I stood in grief

Men with saw, axe and machetes
Cigars in their mouth
For I am laid to bring peace
With every stroke, envy evaporates from the clan.

*Soyimla Akum is a Research Scholar under the Department of English, Nagaland University, India. The poem “Remains of the Voice” is inspired by a real life situation where a huge tree that stood for many decades belonging to a family had to be cut down. Apart from her research work she spends time writing poems and short stories.