



THE COLONIZER

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How did he leap in, bringing
pockets brimming with metaphors?
The poetic ones whose analogy
matched with a pen, paper, and a study desk.

Strange! Very strange! How grave
it felt when it fell ere her eyes,
while praying to Goddess Savitri Devi,
after a six-hour-long, weary bus journey.
The sculpture, carved in marvellous dimensions,
stood gigantic, calm, transfixed.
Her colossal form was ensconced on a lotus,
in surreal black, vastly sprung open.

“Yes, Savitri, from the myth of Mahabharata,
Satyavan’s Savitri sole—his bosom-lover,
Savitri: the animated reality
of Sri Aurobindo’s epic poem!”

On neither could she promise an affixed concentration;
she strayed, wandered, and rambled betwixt
two forms: the real Goddess and the reel man,
in whom she saw no God, yet professed godliness to him in her
mind—
that she still chants his name over God a million times a day!
Preaching maniacally, knotting her heart to his;



a disorder, an obsession it is to keep him thus...
O God forbid! What persisting devotion it is!

When he trespassed the other afternoon, the coloniser,
challenging the Goddess in the temple—the Word,
he dictated over her shoulder to write forthwith
verses of memory, trauma, and torture,
to break the norm and scratch a few stanzas,
obliging to his impetuous command.

When she refused to act prompt,
the image of her former lover flashed,
towering over the Supreme Goddess,
slighting, slurping, diminishing Her aureole layer,
subtly from penetrating her reality.
He guffawed diabolical-strong, uttering egotistical:

“On the paper sitting on your study desk,
I have my agency sole, blending you and I.
When you attempt to race your pen against time,
I thrive, erasing *you* in whatever I make you write.
I chose to move your pen the way I wanted to,
channelled your sensual desires as I delighted in,
and remained odd and apart,
stone-like, passive, from the effusive range
of expressions that escaped your pen.

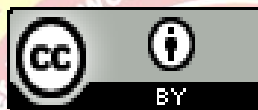
Being the chair, my thronelet, I reigned—
something you neither owned nor ever had known.
Haha! No lasting bond with the paper you bore;
its yearning eyes oft spoke of your parboiled passion,
your relentless stretches of fantasies



that strove to claim *me* whole for yourself,
to be etched on the powerless matrix.

But I did not let you triumph in the end, mortal worm!
Who would mingle from dust to dust..."

She flung her hand close-fisted in the air
to shoo away this phantom nuisance,
for another shady plot was thrust on her paper:
the woman wailing for her demon lover,
wailed in the alien tongue,
falling prey, enslaved—
and the coloniser won again.



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