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Lost in Daksin Kali Temple

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Lost in Daksin Kali Temple

By: Sauharda Bikram Sedhain

The festival of Dashain
Draws flocks of *religious* Hindus
To the Daksin Kali Temple.
The temple is home to the Goddess of Destruction.
The Goddess of Brutality.

During the early morning of the day,
We leave the inhospitable dusty Kathmandu air
And breathe the foggy incense of Daksin Kali.

The herd of people kneel and pray,
Beheaded thousand bleating goats
And some oblivious chickens.
The blood that flows from their severed heads
waters the carnivorous grass beneath.

The pagan mob, worse than those on New York subways,
Pushed my parents further towards the dark idol of clay,
Separating my tiny hands from my mother's.

So, I stay there waiting, under the labyrinth crowd,
Looking to the heavens,
Hoping to recognize a familiar face.
But all I see, a frenzied horde,
waiting to be baptized by the blood of a thousand bleating goats
And those oblivious chickens.