

POMEGRANATES



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Today, as I was eating a pomegranate, a thought quietly crossed my mind—how many years has it been since someone peeled a pomegranate for my mother? I have always seen her do it herself, patiently and lovingly, with a care that speaks of a love far sweeter than the fruit itself.

The thought stayed with me, lingering long enough to find its way into these words. I hope you enjoy this little reflection, and perhaps it inspires you to peel a pomegranate for your mother—or simply tell her how grateful you are for her unconditional love.

I always peel the pomegranates for them,
my fingers stained blood-red,
releasing each seed, oh, so sweet.
The bitter rind lingers in my hands.

They never see the ache in my wrist,
the soft sting of giving—
always giving— peeling back the layers
until only the flesh remains, sweet and red,
offered to them, never returned.

I hold the knife like a promise,
cutting away the part I want most—
the seeds that hide within, but always for their taste,
never for mine.

But I never complain, I just wish and hope.
I wonder if the pomegranate knows my pain,
its seeds falling effortlessly into my hands.
Perhaps it's just my romantic mind, confusing skill
with pity.

Sometimes, I think I'll stop, but the thought fades,
like the pomegranate's scent on my hands, which
they'll never notice.
So I keep peeling, silently wishing that one day,
they'll peel it for me.

