

**BVP LKR**

**CLASS-12, SUBJECT-ENGLISH**

**DATE-15/04 /2021,Tea.--LP.Singh**

**My Mother at Sixty-Six**

**--Kamala Das**

**Central Idea:----**

**Kamala Das is regarded as one of India's original and versatile writers. Her writings reflect exploration of a wide range of relationships from a woman's point of view---- a daughter, a wife and a mother. Her works are filled with a woman's desire for self expression and freedom.**

**“My Mother at Sixty Six is a poem based on the feeling of separation that becomes painful when the poetess thinks of her ageing mother. Though ageing is a natural process yet the fear of separation from the loved and near ones is painful. The poem talks about the feeling of loneliness that aged people experience and the feeling of guilt which their offspring experience for not being able to be with their parents in their old age. The poem also explores the feelings of melancholy and pain that a daughter experiences while leaving her mother, all by herself, at a ripe age. The agony of separation is brought forward in this poem very explicitly.**

**While driving from her parent's home to Cochin, Kamala Das notices her mother, who was sitting beside her in the car, dozing with her mouth open. Her mother's face was pale like a dead body. The expression on her face was clearly one of pain borne out of fear of separation and old age. A sudden fear and pain crops up in the poetess's mind and she realises that her mother has grown old and can pass away leaving her all alone. Thus, the poetess is agonised by her mother's advancing age and fear of her imminent death.**

**In order to drive her thoughts away from the agony and pain on looking at her mother's colourless pale face, Kamala Das looks outside the car. She finds the trees racing past and the joyous children playing outside. The speeding cars, sprinting trees and the merry making children were grim reminders that time has flown away. All this probably reminded of her childhood when her mother was young.**

**After the security check at the airport Kamala Das looks back her mother standing a few yards away. She finds her mother's face looking pale and grey like the winter's moon. The poetess senses a familiar pain and her childhood fear of the thought of losing her mother comes back. Overcome with sorrow and fear, she bids her old mother good bye and keeps smiling to hide her real feelings.**

