

“Too Human: A Response to Dylan’s The Hunchback in the Park”

Mother, they call me “mister”,
Or an “ugly hunchback”.
William, such a glorious name
You had given me.

It’s been seven years.
No one has called me by that name.
Mother, if only you were here,
I wouldn’t crave to hear my name.

No friends, no family, no relatives left.
Stones, benches, trees, dogs,
Water, bread, screams, fear,
Are my only companions.

Mother, if only you were here,
You could tell them sharply,
“No sympathy, my kid wants.”
But respect, love and some space
Are everyone’s right.

Why am I denied that, Mother?
I am treated worse than animals.
Rays of the sun and moonlight,
Raindrops, snowstorms, earthquakes,
Falling fruits, dogs on the road,
Steaming Coffee, burning heat,
Chilling winter, a summer hat,
A torn blanket or a breeze.
Mother, none of them differentiates
Between me and others.

I am too human perhaps.
Or are they inhuman?

But, Mother! How can kids be inhuman?
Didn’t you always say, as kids we are little Gods and Goddesses?
Can Gods and Goddesses be inhuman then?
For them to be inhuman, shouldn’t they be human?
So, are Gods and Goddesses humans?
If they are like humans, how are they different from earthlings?
If they are all-forgiving, dearest mother,
Why do they stone me everyday?
What is truth? What is lie? Who are they? Who am I?