

Snoot & Snout

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About the Work:

This prose poem ponders upon the delicate relationships in personal and professional spaces that could be impacted by a plethora of common sense maxims if people so chose. Mostly one finds people laying a lot of value on degrees, money, and jobs rather than on treating people with dignity and respect. The poem provides food for thought about snootiness.

About the Author:

Anita Nahal, Ph.D., CDP is a poet, professor, short story writer, flash fictionist, & children's books writer. Currently she teaches at the University of the District of Columbia, Washington D.C. Besides academic publications, her creative books include, two volumes of poetry, a collection of flash fictions, three children's books and an edited anthology of poetry. Her poems and stories can be found in national and international journals in the US, UK, Asia and Australia. Nahal's poems are also housed at Stanford University's Digital Humanities initiative. She is also a columnist and guest contributing editor for New York based *aaduna* journal and is co-host of the monthly online creative series, *Tan Doori Gup Shup*. Nahal is the daughter of Indian novelist and professor, Late Dr. Chaman Nahal, and her mother, Late Dr. Sudarshna Nahal was also an educationist. Originally from New Delhi, India, Anita Nahal resides in the US. Her family include her son, daughter-in-law and their golden doodle. For more on, Anita: <https://anitanahal.wixsite.com/anitanahal>

Snoot & Snout

Snoot. Snout. More snoot. More snout. Where's the kerchief!

Snobbishness of towering buildings claiming touching the skies. For whom? Mighty organizations claiming reaching the clouds. For whom? Silk suited and booted with bison hide briefcases claiming being rushed. For whom? Immaculate manicured hands flashing plastic money claiming business. For whom? Snoot and snout. Snout or snoot. What difference does it make? It's a lot of snoot and snout darting about, rubbing noses at each other as well. No one's safe in the snoot and snout space.

Multi-nationals, medium, small, nonprofits, halls of great learning, the snoot and snout are not just of the richy-richly rich. Coveted degrees, flashing diplomas. For whom? Spitting jargons, euphemisms, parables and riddles. For whom? Pretentious noses uppity dropping ivy league names. For whom? Snoot and snout. Snout or snoot. What difference does it make? It's a lot of snoot and snout darting about, rubbing noses at each other as well. No one's safe in the snoot and snout space.

In my frustrated daydreams now, I speak often with my mother. Sitting in the open

courtyard of our ancestral home, she'd be wiping her sweat off by the *pallu* of her sari. Wisely surveying a veranda large enough to hug the rooms and makeshift kitchen gardens sprouting edibles, she'll call out. "Her, Priya, come here *na*. The coconut oil will harden." Barefoot I'd run, my teenage years sparkling with diamond studded moonshine daydreams tugging at my sighs and I'd plump down on the ground, my frock flying. She'd oil and comb my hair every weekend. Her modesty encased in her quiet smiles. Her humility brightening even the fiercest winter sun. She'd speak ever so softly so as not to disturb my moon flirting.

"Remember my child, one can have many degrees and no enlightenment. And someone from a tiny village with no degrees can be the most enlightened."

My mom's combing, oiling my hair and her wise aphorisms, tip toe into the rooms of my consciousness when the snoot and snout attempt to invade my peaceful reflections. Snoot and snout. Snout or snoot. What difference does it make? It's a lot of snoot and snout darting about, rubbing noses at each other as well. No one's safe in the snoot and snout space.

Pallu: Corner/end of a sari

Na: A colloquial word mostly used to stress upon something