

though the drums become obsolete
in the presence of a hunk of metal
that follows its track,
squealing the rails,
and clacking more
than the drums could.

this industrial beast passes by,
yet Theyyam dances unbothered
Theyyam dances,
yet this industrial beast passes by
unbothered.

two seemingly different worlds
manage to exist
together.

the new and the old,
the invader and the owner,
the metal and the flesh...

Theyyam dances
and the train passes.

the drums thump
and the chicken passes

the metal dances
and the flesh
passes.

away.