

SO WHO IS THIS GUY?: A Mother's commitment

by Raihanah Mohamad Mydin

so, who is this guy you've found for her? doés he know anything about her? what she look like? how much she make? how hot tempered she can be? how stubborn she is?

does he care?

so, who is this fellow? you've asked her to meet? who thinks he can take up the responsibility of a wife and later a family, just maybe?

so, who is this joker? you want-her to see? whom she's later expected to attend to hand and foot day and night for the rest of her living years?

ah! so this is "he" who i doubt know how to make a decent cup of tea, and household chores never in his vocabulary, and she's to say yes to and let things be?

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Raihanah Mohamad Mydin was born in Penang, Malaysia on 25 June 1970. She has a degree in education and is currently teaching at the National University of Malaysia.

FACING-WATCHING-LEAVING: A Daughter's commitment

by Raihanah Mohamad Mydin

Facing this place Watching all that's familiar pass by The ghost of past haunts her still.

> What has become of that Unreliable kid? She asks. Whatever happened to that Dark, skinny thing? He wanders. She's gotten through university! Really? They exclaim.

Now

The same individuals Are set for her to marry The assortment of jewelries neatly tucked in the cupboard, The potential candidate Nicely groomed for the parade. The sighs of relief Wanting to be set free — All waiting for the simple answer — Yes!

Is she ready to accept the challenge? Has she now become anymore reliable, appealing and intelligent?

Have they Ever mattered?

> Was given a ring Upon turning sixteen By the family. Has had it on these years Even when those knobbly fingers Grew fatter.

Now Her old one's to be replaced By a new...

There was a time when She allowed them To get under her skin. Off late, it's becoming a rarity. She knows it And so does he. They do too. Disappointed, She expects.

But now As the ring doesn't fit the finger And the new one doesn't appeal either, For once She's prepared to Not try to Put it on anymore, But Simply to walk away to Find her own.

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