

# Subhash Jaireth

## CHEKHOV — THE PLAYWRIGHT

While writing a play  
to become a face like other faces;  
to be dragged, pushed and to forget  
in the rational and irrational flow of words  
whether you are a writer or written.

It is true —  
not only of plays, but every character of your stories  
which, defined and sculpted  
by the expert, dispassionate hands of your consciousness  
licked your fingers, like pets: three dogs and  
two asian mongoose.

But now  
after crossing a certain threshold of time  
and becoming a part of history  
the same characters jump from the stage and the pages of books  
and define the limits of your authorial consciousness.

You know it very well —  
every word written by you  
for which Suvorin paid a fixed rate  
gave you only an illusion of freedom —  
a piece of red carrot hung in front of a stupid mule.

Is it not true  
that writing is nothing  
but crossing from one prison to another?