

She Arrived by Dawn at My Gate

Bainapalli Vishal¹

She arrived by dawn at my gate,
hoping she could pluck
flowers from my garden.

Clothes tattered, putrid stench,
discoloured skin.

I sit at my stairs,
listening to her
recite stories from past,
incomprehensible.

Poverty
kinship,
divergent roads.

Ties flowers in her dupatta,
crooked smile,
asks if she could come again
tomorrow.

Her silhouette disappears
in the road,
flowers carried away
for her God.

¹ Independent Poet, Palasa, Andhra Pradesh, India