

Harlot

On a morning, she woke
Nothing unusual
Dressed herself in Pearls, added
Kajal over her sparkling eyes
Crowned her hair with flowers, marked
A bindhi between her thick brows,
And there she came as a dazzling beauty,
Almost as a bride.

Nothing unusual—she said to herself,
And looked each night upon her new master—
Like an alien she felt, like a caged bird she suffered but
Nothing could she utter before the hungry beast.

The night passed and she woke the next morning,
Numbed and secluded by both heart and society.
The world she was in sprayed scandals on the world outside.

Aloof she remained—and
Only tears had she,
Nothing unusual—heaving a deep sigh
She said—I am human too.

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