

To a Girl Child

*Joy blooms
In the tendrils of your hair
Deepens the dimples
In your petal cheeks.
Eager you burst forth
Riding the tides of pain.
Unbidden, unsought
Your coming a song
Enchantment.
I have given such,
Felt the dagger of love
Twist, sear
Felt the heat of the star
That draws you
Out of these labyrinths
Where darkness compresses.
Straight be your flight
Cleave the sky
Arrow-sharp
Arrow-swift.
Buoyant the winds
That bear you
Where you wish to go.*

Deepa Agarwal