

Lata Mangeshkar

*One day, when I am older, I will write
a poem for you, recount your praises
in expensive ink and globed letters as luminescent
delicate, as your voice, for you have sung*

*every throb and sigh of my heart, every
inflection that my tongue could never bear
emerging like golden soap eggs from your
larynx, so rounded, fragile and pure. And*

*when I am done, I will fold the paper in-
to an origami rose, and never send it;
what need do you have for me to strain
my mute throat who first sang to me myself?*

Mina Kumar