Lady With Stars For Hair

The lady with stars for hair
Is awaited by an imaginary horse
And a soldier half asleep
They have chosen the surface of a wall
As this one
A brick wall covered with wall paper
Their meeting place

There will be royalty
Arriving from unknown destinations
They will bring a gift
The gift of a purple bird

But first the imaginary horse
Imagines its shadow
Then its gorgeous mane
Mane so gorgeous the wind enters the wall
And carves the rest of its body
Paper flowers bloom as eyes
Roots curl to nostrils
With unimaginable patience

Who knows on some other wall
The meeting has already taken place
The lady has landed
The royal entourage greets her with dainty whispers
The purple bird flutters on her shoulder
The soldier awakes to guide her
Through the bricks

Here in this room
Stars have flung dark hair
On the wall paper
Erasing the private legend
Or the memory of which is which

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