Mirrored in the Waters

The gleaming waters of the river Ponni\(^1\) were no different from the mirror at home. In both she looked remote, twice removed from herself as she gazed at her reflection.

Between her and her self was a life that had cracked like cheap glass. Some of the small cheating splinters even got into her eyes. That had hurt.

The waters gurgled on, a melting quartz as she sat on a familiar rock and watched. The waves lashed about the rock beating the hard stone to a smooth, skin-soft texture. Laved, washed, beaten, caressed licked, beaten, laved, softened . . .

Resting on the rock she looked down at her reflection in the clear waters. The face stared back at her with a transparent insouciance.

LAKSHMI KANNAN

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\(^{1}\) *Ponni*: Ancient Tamil name for the river Cauvery, always perceived as a woman.