

## Beggar

Across from streets  
    where the world eats  
she unrolls like a coin  
    held too long in the hand  
into the alley's empty orphanage

She remembers nothing  
    that has a mouth to feed  
her own broken, almost closed  
    in the dust of mannekins  
she's grown godly, haunting

She hears mendicants chant  
    giving up flesh  
is the highest ecstasy  
    yet she drags hers each night  
through the corridors of a hunger

Half naked  
    hair like cracks in a mirror  
she moves sideways  
    so the dogs will not tear  
her passing into bits

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