

# She Hears a Gold Flute

## I

I am walking over snow  
no, not towards you  
but towards that place  
Where the hills are blue.

Under her coat  
The woman wears a sari  
under her boots  
her skin is dark.

Come give me your hand  
I am going over stones  
stumbling to a place  
I never though I'd know.

## II

She hears a tin drum  
she hears a gold flute  
at the door to a house  
a small house of stones.

Come give me your hand  
my skin is so dark  
my heart is so hot  
on this great hill of bones.

MEENA ALEXANDER