

A SOLDIER'S SPOUSE

- Ganesan Balakrishnan

Winter morning...
Sunrise...
Pale blue sky...
Smoke from the thatched houses...
The silent river... a solitary figure.

Alone, she stands
a pitcher in hand
facing the temple tower
thinking without words
of the one away on the Line-of-Control.

Tortured by memories
of the sweet nothings
and the midnight wrangles and wrestlings
where each lost but both won
there she is, a moving shadow.

Consumed by emotions innumerable
the newly-wed cries in secret
drying for *her* dawn
while the others are proud of their hero,
waiting for the next money order.