



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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