

Mirrored in the Waters

The gleaming waters of the river Ponni¹
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.

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¹ *Ponni*: Ancient Tamil name for the river Cauvery, always perceived as a woman.