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Four Seasons

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Four Seasons

Tejika Baweja

A little girl once born
Brings light and warmth home
Her cheeks pink with innocence
Her mind filled with magic
She grows into pigtails
And prances like a fairy
And sings with voice of honey
Like the bird that chirps its melody
She now runs in the street
With the football between her feet
Her uniform soiled with dirt
Her face tainted with dust
Her girlishness hides
Behind the ponytail she strides
Her voice rings with roughness
Her mind runs without sophistication
Her head filled with uncertainty
Her heart with confusion
As she struggles to find what to wear
And constantly fixes her hair
Her skin powdered with blush
Her eyes painted with color
Uncertain is she about giving her heart
Or letting it discover itself
Red bangles on her wrists
Red net against her skin
She traces the designs of her henna
With joy and anxiousness
Marriage on her mind
Love in her heart
Beauty shines on the surface
Like the elegance within