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Withered Scar

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That 'withered scar' on her delicate face,
Proved the sign of past acid days!
Memories of that dreadful day
Is holding her still with that scary scar.
On a mid-day when the hot sun
Had burnt the poor Earth!
People who are in their daily rush,
She stood with them in a cornered place.
Alas! There came a devil with a bottle-
A bottle! so small and so black.
That masked devil with an envious gaze,
Opened the bottle and thrown to that 'cornered place'.
To that corner...where She stood in Silence.
[That moment was blank]
At first she sensed a chill and then,
She doubted her as a fallen angel,
Who slipped into a burning lake.
Unlike God - here it is a devil behind!
One among the crowd wept and said,
'Her paradise lost!'

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Years passed....

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God intervened !

‘Her paradise regained’, Heaven’s Bliss!

Yesterday, She opened her window and saw
Nature shining adorably in the midst of hot sun.

Now, when She looks at her bedroom mirror,
She never knew that a harsh and hard ‘NO’
Will plunder so much of her smiles away!

She never read such a version,

In any of those fairy tales’ narration.

But a smile was there on her rosy lips,

Its reason was there on the open sky,

And it’s a trick that Earth has taught.

(Footnote : Allusion to John Milton’s *Paradise Lost* can be traced in the poem. But it is employed in a different sense. Here the lady is presented in a positive light unlike the fallen angels of devil’s party.)