

The girl on the threshold

Sunil Sharma

A girl-child, Tiny, Unsure, Afraid, Standing Near The open safety- door Of a neighbour's silent house, In a suburban Mumbai high-rise, Tentative, Quiet, Searching for a friend With her round brown eyes, In that dusty narrow marble Corridor with locked doors, Whipped by the whistling wind; Her solitary Childhood As lonely as A bright fire Burning in a Deserted Street corner, On this late February evening Hugging a locality Where adults do not talk But fight violently Over car-parking rights.