Cursed Goddess

Daya Bhat
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She waits for eons-
an unfinished verse
against the lemony sky.
Like draught hit the rest of her
spreads thin on the autumn leaves.
She belongs here nor there.
Neither counted among stars
nor seen as dust, she is.
Her face- steals colours from the sky
her braid- the stars.
She waits- a cursed goddess
in pursuit of her blank half.
She rests one foot on the seasoned trunk
her other foot hasn’t found ground yet
on the high peepal branch.
Her sighs moisten the mountains
her tears flood the rivers.
She has changed many faces.
The sky has changed many hues.