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Cursed Goddess

Daya Bhat Bengaluru, India.

She waits for eonsan 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.