

Beauty is brief and violent

By Snehal Vadher

Beauty is brief and violent  
like the white thunderbolt  
of Nilgiri slow and sudden  
braided like her hair  
one morning was a cluster  
of grapes hung beside each  
ear maybe it comes from where  
hunger the voices of children  
come breaking their way  
to my heart the stones  
my feet which are light  
and heavy from walking  
that path full and swift  
the river flows eroding  
the banks with its sinuous  
desire gentle and unkind  
the days the years boulders  
tossed by a giant down the hill  
we must climb to the sudden  
sinuous blue

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