

The Little Girl

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"Why am I dark
When all my friends are fair?"
The little girl asked her mother,
Who was darker.

All of six years,
She could gauge
She was different from her peers,
And it filled her with rage.

How does a mother
Answer such a question
Sans hurting her little one?
Speaking the truth?
That it's because her parents are dark
Or because she did not belong to the west
And came from a place
Where the sun was at its best?

What was the truth anyway?
The mother could not make out
So she thought, and thought, and thought
Amidst her child's incessant questioning
"Why am I dark, mom?"
The little girl had repeated ten times
And would have kept up the count
Had her mother not spoken up.

"You are dark, my dear
For you represent
The darkness of the night
The night that brings
Relief for the running world
Rest for the tired soul."

The little girl looked confused
So her mother thought again
And spoke again.

"You are dark, my child
For you represent
The darkness that inhabits
The depth of the sea
Wherein forms inside the oyster
The precious pearl."

"Oh pearl! So beautiful is a pearl!"
Beamed the little girl
"But I haven't seen one in real"
And she again became dull.

So her mother thought again
And spoke again.

"You are dark, my love
For you represent
The darkness that fills

The earth's mantle
From where comes forth
The priceless diamond."

"Diamond! Just like the one
On your ring, mom?"
Asked the little girl.

"Yeah dear, just like that one
And you too are a diamond
For you have come forth
From the depth of me."

"Well, I did not quite get that
But I liked the diamond thing
Now, I am happy that I am dark,"
Smiled the little girl.
