

The Dream Vulture

*All that one does is meaningless, she claims.
All that one dreams is impossible, he asserts.
There in that distant corner sits their ten-year-old.*

*Pink and chubby, she picks up her Barbie, undresses her,
loosens her hair, makes knots and unties them,
ruffles the folds of its creased dress,
holds it close, very close to her bosom,
catches the mist in its eye.*

*Each time she sees a different light, bright and accusing
or impish, and then she is reminded of Tara's eyes,
swollen and dark, tears hanging
like crystals on her bruised face,
endless beatings and the crawlings of fingers
on her once soft skin,
those many wounds which refused to hide
beneath her grey skirt,
her mother's muffled silence,
and that dirty face of a father.*

*It passes like a nightmare
and hits her eye.
She screams with fear
which turns into anger.
She catches her Barbie
tugs at her hair
pushes her fists in its eyes
smashes it across the table
and says to the couple
A Barbie is not what I want to be*

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