

Her

Rha Hira Arayal

It is said that
Death excused her,
artists clamoured
to paint her,
men fought to
win her.

It is said that
girls hoped to
replicate her,
women lived to
spite her,
wives lived to
envy her.

But below her
billowing skirt
the earth lay
limply like an
impoverished thing.

Underneath her
silk shirt,
a heart thrummed
with a thousand
strings.