



Meena Priyadharsini B

A Petal from the Heart

One day, the Goddess felt lonely
It's so empty here, it'd be nice to have someone around
The creation took only a nanosecond
Little hands and legs, some with tails, some could swim, while
others would climb
Some were slithering, with life but no limb

'My children, you are all same, be well, be unbroken', She
beamed with pride

'Oh, this one is human and is nigh from flawless, as She heard
him cry

'Need another to provide solace', the Goddess' thoughts were
clear

She plucked a Petal from her Heart, whispered 'go, my dear,
you are special,

Be the companion, be the caretaker, and be the protector,
give *him* peace

I cannot be always around one mortal, so you can see
She blessed *her*, scented *her* with sacrifice, gave *her* the
garland of labor and acumen

And sent the Angel, to be with the human

Thousands of years passed, and the Mother woke up from Her
slumber,

She came down to see Her children to marvel at their wonder
Some good, some bad, but yin and yang have always
wandered

She searched for her Angel, Her special creation, the piece of
Her Soul

She looked at the palaces which are called Houses, She
peeped at the Boardrooms

She traveled various timelines, to get a glimpse of her at least
in someone's dreams

At last, She found *her*, inside the kitchen, with *her* garlands
now crumbled, wings broken,
Crease at *her* forehead, back bent, singing for a toddler,
sighing at a teenager, handling a token
She was cleaning and cooking as if *she* were a robot, *her* mind
numb, but *her* face calm

Searing pain shot through the Mother, She could feel her leg
weak,
No longer able to hold Herself afloat, the Mother sat down, in
an impeccably clean teak
The Goddess called out to her, 'My Heart, what have I done, I
have ripped you apart,
This is not what I yearned for, I should have left them drowned
For they don't deserve you, look how they have made you'

'Come with me, Her rage made the roof glow
Let them eat what they sow, let them make their own dough
I will give you warmth; soothe your back; mend your wings
Come with me, my dear, I have made a terrible thing'

The Angel looked up with her moist eyes, 'Thank you Mother,
but you forgot,
I still have your Petal, which soothes my heart
You have made me to be the companion, to provide comfort,
and to make their life ease
I cannot break your word, this is now my world

I just wish you had also given *him* a Petal, so I could have
been heard

But it is all right now, I have learned to be well,
I cannot come back, without me, they all will fail

Worry not, for they now know, so maybe when you visit next,
my wings will glow

The Goddess nodded, I prided to be flawless, for which the
price is ruthless

Her eyes wet, She gave one last kiss on the wrinkled cheek
You are indeed my Petal, my Heart, Stay Strong and come to
Me when you are done

I will be waiting for you with a soft bed and a cup of golden
wine.

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Meena is a Benaglure based poet.

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