

Kuch Kuch

There they are, the little girls draped in saris
of cotton and blood,
sweating into their pageant figures as they work
endless hours on their Bharatnatyam toes
boiling cocoons and silking them free of charge
for Milan and his admirers,
dying and weaving the thread
with their little roti-folding fingers,
if they are so lucky...

And there they remain, working beside little boys
that learn trespassing stares and old odd grunts,
spawning the life of an artist
slave,
because, they're not on the streets and train stations
stealing tobacco and opium
from wolves and thieves,
nor are they reclined at home
falling victims to the static shooting from the tube.