

HENNA ALWAYS LEAVES ITS MARK
Rati Agnihotri

*The lingering smell of the faded henna
fills the haveli.....
dancing through the courtyard..
Piercing through
The nauseating stillness of the sullen chandeliers
The prostitutes and the brides
shared the haveli likewise
The blood of the former
mingling with the sweet smell of henna
that adorned the dainty palms of the brides.
The nawabs but always
sat still.....
crushing to oblivion
both the ghungroos of the prostitutes
and the henna of the brides.*

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