

## KITES OF STEEL

**Vinita Agarwal\***

*Like an invading torch beam, the glare of the past  
finds the target of my heart;  
that pockmarked moonscape still scarred with memories.  
Bitter words, like bullets, still ricochet off its walls  
and pierce the tender skin grafts of feelings,  
painstakingly sewn together in times when morale was better.  
Time is like a nectar bat;  
feeding on the leftover sweetness in the dark tunnels of the mind.  
So that only emptiness remains.  
If the past were mahogany,  
I could carve something out of it,  
if it were avian, I could shoo it away.  
But the past is a veteran war pilot,  
carpet bombing the field of life,  
I need kites of steel to counter this aerial strike.*

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