

Grace

I met her on the road in Ullar
coming home from the well.
She walked with such grace,
her sari, the colour of turmeric,
neatly tucked, so the hem
hovered above the dust.
Her bracelets jingled gently;
her sandaled feet
stepped smoothly, silently.

The bus to Tenkasi roared by
in clouds of dirt and noise.
She walked serenely on,
her head regally erect.
A slim hand steadied
her towering crown.
Of gleaming steel.
She walked with such grace.
Not a drop was spilt.

Margaret Hardy, 2021

