

desi woman

by Wadia Mubashira

cherish the day you meet a desi woman
for she is the brightest star on a cold night's sleeve
as she gently rocks her baby forward
and feeds him from her breast
she is the first drop of dew to nourish the plants on the cusp of a new dawn
she is the honey with which you sweeten your tea at the end of a long, tiring workday
she,
is a desi woman
the colour of her skin like molten gold
shiny, with the luminance of a face just cleansed with turmeric
a healthy sheen of sweat highlighting her nose
her hands; slightly yellowed at the nails
her jewellery a reflection of the soul that lay inside

watch your tongue
as it slips carelessly into a
monotony
of hate against the things about her that have brought
a new dimension to your life

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