What Now Old Woman

What now you old woman, flesh like dough, what now? Who do I ask about the constant kneading? The divisions of water and ghee for *rollis* so thin you can look through them like windows to childhood? Who do I ask when I need to know which *shlok* will make my wished for things apparate? Who will tell me how many times I should let the words vibrate small hummingbirds on my lips as I caress *rudraksha* beads, tuck them under my pillow? You see it's been hard times and I need a talisman of your making. So what now old woman? Can you hurry up your limping gait? Can you untuck the handkerchief from your sari, unfold it to reveal turmeric for my wounds? Say you are watching me. Tell me I am doing it all wrong – I have been too liberal with the salt again and this is not what Arjun would have asked Krishna as if you taught me nothing with those stories. Come look at me in disappointment, say I am a sorry excuse for a
Gujarati girl. Speak to me from wherever you are because the nights keep falling and nobody knows how I could be any grand daughter of yours.

Pooja Nansi