

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/2

Priyanka Dey
That Girl

I met a girl, she was tucking her hair
into the hood of the jacket she wore,
It was summer, and I thought she was mad
Still, I stood by and watched instead.

After a while I asked,
Ay! It ain't winter yet,
She looked at me, and turned back to her work
"Go on, after you've enjoyed my madness"
She said. You shouldn't be this rude, you know
I wanted to help, after that I can always go, I said.
And then shall return winter, hounding upon me

this warmth shall be missed, the windows closed yet open
The sill would break, the winds would blow the curtains away
My home would drown into mud and clay.
Then would come ice, and shudder my fright
into me, like this warmth of yours you show
Drill into my strength and take it out
force the cold, to end the much-ignored fight.

Ay! You must leave soon,
for I can see winter coming
What if he sees you here,
he might run away, she said.
That would be a good thing, right?
I replied. It would save you from hell.
And after that I can trod along my path,
I'll feel good I helped someone, mate!

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She smiled to me, a sad smile
that almost broke my heart apart,
Why o Why, would you not let him come,
the one that is horrid, but is sure to come.
That who is my true friend,
he comes and goes, to come back again.

You must go, go now girl,
Spring awaits you somewhere in your way!
She wouldn't budge. So I gave up.
I looked at her one last time and stepped ahead. In front
of the road, I saw a veil, removing it
was a mirror instead.
I saw that little girl, standing midst of the winter hail
We looked, just the same.