

The Rose of Bhagranapur

She moves with grace but no airs,
Her gaze unflinching at the sight
Of the unblinking around her.
An English rose in a foreign soil,
Her delicate scent crossing distant borders
Far from the garden parties
And international movie premières,

Her smile the innocence of the girl within,
Soft as petals, natural as sunlight,
But the gold crown of neatly coiffured hair
An emblem of a different kind
For those wanting to unearth a darker story,
False rose, parasite, the succour
A deception to the world's unceasing eyes.

Study the classic composure, steadfastly
Borne through centuries of weathered storms,
On her spiritual journey beyond the Champs-Élysées
To the place of the living dead who are hereby judged worthy,
A primetime showcase for the outcast poor,
A bitter-sweet victory, the hard-won main prize.