

## **The Stolen Kiss**

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When I was born fair and gracious  
the whole mansion was thrown in celebration  
Queens and Kings from faraway palaces  
came down to shower blessings  
my parents beamed and smiled  
for I, was their long-wished child  
several godmothers hovered around my cradle  
adorned with jewels and golden finery  
whistling away on their tea tables  
Then I saw one old fairy conspicuous  
with her odd use of crystal ware  
and wondered if others were  
about her presence aware  
She nudged and frowned and  
constantly expressed her displeasure  
her evil eyes penetrated scorn  
anguish and cruelty beyond measure  
and when it was her turn for benediction  
she instead let out a curse that I'd be killed  
with a prick from a spinning needle  
the seventh fairy was kind enough  
to change this spell and a hope rekindled  
that not death but sleep shall befall me  
for a period of one hundred years  
I was dressed in golden clothes



and placed on the most delicate bed  
my father, the king, was grieved and commanded  
the entire palace to fall asleep with me  
the entire plant world of brambles and shambles  
was also summoned to blanket the castle  
lest anyone or anything disturb my sleep  
Innocent was I, without an inkling of the world  
But was forced to lock myself and curl  
I wanted to see the flowers,  
I wanted to dance in the rain  
I wanted to dress up my dolls  
and I wanted to ride in the train  
but alas I slept... and slept until one fine day  
from a hunting expedition came a prince so fine  
who rubbished all stories related to the castle  
and came straight into the chamber that was mine  
To what extent he was bewitched, I know not  
what he saw in me, what his eyes caught  
but he braved the tall trees and the thorns for my sake  
and kissed me, thus breaking the curse  
his countenance was the first thing I saw  
Was that the feeling of love?  
Was he here for my riches or my  
beauty or some other princely duty?  
He uttered something which  
clearly sounded like an order  
Immediately, it made clear  
this surely cannot be love  
because love empowers and awakens  
I was forced but learnt the truth

I thanked him for waking me up though  
Kissing a stranger? That's uncouth  
Didn't believe in his fanciful stories  
and questioned his intentions  
Finally, I set to experience life for myself  
in all its wonders and glories.

