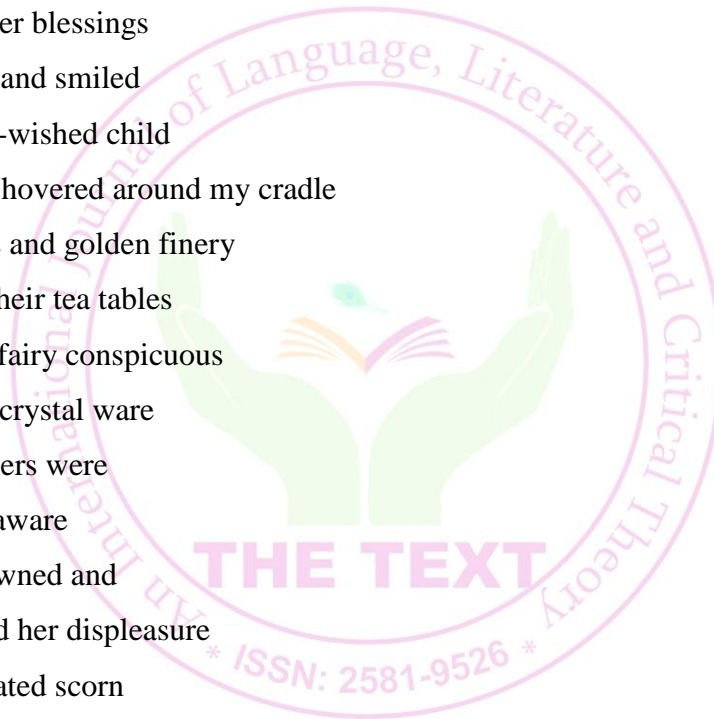


The Stolen Kiss

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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.

