

Andleeb Zahra

(Assistant Professor, Department of English. Shri Ramswaroop Memorial University
Barabanki)

Dawn

Dawn in hand, she enters,
a woman.
Not a grand procession,
but the soft unfurling,
like petals of a morning glory.
Daughter, a whispered "good morning,"
sister, a shared laugh over steaming tea,
mother, the gentle nudge,
a mother-in-law, a steady, knowing gaze.
She is the sun,
rising in the kitchen,
in the garden,
in the quiet corners of the heart.
A hum, a devotional melody,
a mantra's gentle rhythm,
the sound of a new day breaking,
not with thunder, but with grace.
Without her,
the house is a shadow,
a waiting room,
a space devoid of light.
But she arrives,
and the world awakens,
color seeps into the corners,
warmth spreads,

a promise of what will be.

I am a woman,
and this dawn,
this light,
is mine.