
A WALK THROUGH FIRE

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When I had a glimpse of it,
from far,
the fire
attracted me.

I wanted to
reach out,
touch it,
feel the colors
run those through
my fingers.

The glow gave
warmth to my skin
and I was drawn
nearer
and closer.

O! What a
spectacle of colors
– red, yellow
and blue.

O! Such
dance of flames was
never seen
before.

I ran and
 reached out to the
 red ribbons
 with my
 infant fingers.

Conversely,
 the slithering
 serpent
 bit me.

Instantly
The liaison was established.

Fire and me in
 an eternal bond of
 love-hate.

I longed for it
 but it frightened me.

It tempted me
 and hurt me.

The crackle of fire
 caught my ear.
 Twigs, leaves,
 buds and pebbles.

None was spared.

None survived.

What next?

A bright fiery tunnel,
No U-turn,
no window,
no vent.

One must walk
through it.
Across the
supine flames
to reach the other side.

The compulsory walk
gave me strength,
singed my flesh
and scorched my ego.

Lines became deeper,
the wrinkles more visible.
White became black.
Black turned white
and the red enveloped me.

As the exit came
closer,
became bigger and brighter;

I never wanted
the Red
to end.

So, I embraced it.

The desire ended

as I lost myself
in the million
arms of fire.