

Keshab Sigdel

## Colour of the Sun

She is busy colouring her thoughts  
The fingers restlessly  
Move across the drawings  
On the card board paper.

"What is the colour of the sun?" she fumbles-  
Yellow, orange, or crimson  
red-

Who knows it? The colour of  
the sun?

She takes a colouring pencil,  
and before she fills in the  
colour,

She tries to sharpen the tip  
of the pencil;

The tip breaks again and  
again...

And it only sharpens her  
nerves.

Irritated, confused, she  
raises her head,  
Slowly, turns it a little right,  
And gives a puzzled look at  
me,  
Her eyes are enough to tell  
what she feels about me;

But I have never coloured a  
sun, you know!

I have never felt it closely to  
know its colours.

At times, I have hated the  
irresistible heat,

Or, its absence too.

But colours? Does the sun  
have a colour at all?

With my little daughter, the  
sun smiles,

And how do I tell what colour  
is the smile?

It's raining heavily outside,  
and inside

My conscience erodes to  
create a grim, bleak lake  
That receives the reflection  
of the sun.

What colour is the sun in the  
lake?

The colour of my mind,  
probably.

To my daughter, I could just  
say-

Paint your own sun, dear!