

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!