

# Kotkapura

KIRTBIR CHAHAL

Winter break, Papaji came  
to fetch me for the holidays  
we walked together to the bus

*bus in the dusk*

*dirty bus dusk*

*dusty dirty bus in the dusk*

*busy dusky bus*

his hands were bigger than my face  
big hands for a big man  
comical without the big body,  
mine were as small as the fly swatter  
behind the school books cupboard

in that cupboard a love note  
for Attri, the one I beat up  
everyday after school

sometime after sleep,  
we were off the bus  
on a rickshaw  
the driver's pinky nail long and colored maroon.

We took a detour through the field with a stream  
towards the biggest house in the village.  
Papaji and I, the little one.  
Big house for a big man with big hands.

**KIRTBIR CHAHAL** is currently studying English and Law & Society at the University of Calgary. *Kotkapura* is part of a series of poems written about her childhood memories in India.

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