The Never Ending Sari

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India.
The wedding night
of Ravi and Jyoti.
Her sari is as red
as her sweet cherry
mouth. Her little toes peep out
from underneath
like delicate pink
tiny succulent
shrimp.

She whets
Ravi’s appetite – it’s time!
Jyoti’s golden bangles
whisper yes yes
sliding off each smooth arm.
She smiles a musing smile
and then begins
to unwind
her silky rosy sari.
As she does, she sings:

Why can’t you be taller?
Why can’t you be younger?
Why can’t you be smarter?
Why can’t you be handsomer?
Why can’t you be rupee-richer?
Why can’t you be like Rupesh, my ex?

Time passes.
Ravi bows his luckless head,
apologizing profusely
sorry sorry sorry!
His new wife nods,
happily singing
why why why.
The sari unwinds on and on
and on,
like an endless, hopeless dream.

They’ve only just begun.