

## *Lata Mangeshkar*

*One day, when I am older, I will write  
a poem for you, recount your praises  
in expensive ink and globed letters as luminescent  
delicate, as your voice, for you have sung*

*every throb and sigh of my heart, every  
inflection that my tongue could never bear  
emerging like golden soap eggs from your  
larynx, so rounded, fragile and pure. And*

*when I am done, I will fold the paper in-  
to an origami rose, and never send it;  
what need do you have for me to strain  
my mute throat who first sang to me myself?*

**Mina Kumar**