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PREETILATA'S COURAGE AND CYANIDE

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The dark night had no fear for her tread-
It shouldered them,

A hush changed into a blazing storm.

On that black night, she made havoc in the club,
But no red border touched her feet,
And no gold thread adorned her form.

Her footfalls were an oath,
Each gasp was a war cry.

Glass splintered,
Flames soared.
They feared not the fire-
But the lady who braved to ignite it.

She swallowed her doom like a warrior's vow,
In victory,
And not in surrender-

Knowing that awakening blooms
Where fallen soldiers plant their dreams.



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