

Another Peacock Haiku

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On the first rainy weekend after I came to Paris, I was revisiting a copy of *Gitanjali* I had bought at the Delhi airport on the porch of Maison Hermel, and poem number 8 particularly caught my eye:

The child who is decked with prince's robes and who has jewelled chains round his neck loses all pleasure in his play; his dress hampers him at every step.

In fear that it may be frayed, or stained with dust he keeps himself from the world, and is afraid even to move.

Mother, it is no gain, thy bondage of finery, if it keep one shut off from the healthful dust of the earth, if it rob one of the right of entrance to the great fair of common human life.

Inspired from the fresh showers, the following Haiku was revealed in my mind:

પચ્છિત્ત ત્યજતી, પંખ ફેલાવ્યાં, નભ પામ્યું મયૂરે.