

Flower Market

It is early in Mattuthavani.
Stall holders are ready
to ply their floral trade.
Before me is the exotic in full bloom.
A bombardment of colour.

Rivers of red roses spill
into rose hills of scarlet.
Bags of frosted pink and white lotus heads
sit beside tumbling heaps
of scorched orange marigolds.

Garlands of jewelled flowers dangle
bright as the sellers' saris.
Baskets of white jasmine pearls
intoxicate with their sweet perfume
soon to grace wrists and adorn hair.

Flowers are scooped on scales
make their way to temples
integral to the fanfare
of the funeral procession
the visual feast of the wedding party.

Flowers festoon and decorate.
In Mattuthavani flowers are life.