

A Little Doll

As I walked down the streets
I came across an old shop.
It had a little doll on display
Looking at which I came to a stop.

She had a tattered pink dress
With a faded and dull glow.
Her eyes had some kind of a void
Not a shine as she kept her eyelids low.

She wore mismatched shoes
Had a few scratches here and there.
She held a graceful poise inspite of all
Maybe she believed that all she deserved was a stare.

So I went in and asked the price
"Oh that shaggy thing? You can take it for a dime."
Somehow those words made me ache
Maybe that is your only worth with time.

I took her home and cleaned her up
Stitched up a little frock from an old piece of silk.
Found a pair of boots from one of my old dolls
After setting her down, I sat down to think.

"I gave her a fit and some matching shoes
I cleaned her up and brushed her hair
but I couldn't change her scratches to something brand new
I couldn't bring back the sparkle in her eyes which was once there."

"She just smiled and held a pose
without any hope to be understood.
As if that was all she was meant to do
Look pretty and petite like a doll should."

"What if I am just a doll in this world
Meant to be tossed around from one to another
Meant to smile through the stitches and the scars
Till the time I cannot stand further?"

"I could be given new silky fits
With comfortable shoes to walk around with

but my eyes would no longer have that shine
and that 'wounds heal' will actually be a myth"

I blinked back the tears that were threatening to fall
Looked up to find nothing but a mirror in front
I had bought a small piece of glass from that shop
There was never a doll there, I shouldn't be stunned.