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Sequins

To make flowers,
the sequins were arranged on the thread,
Dipping the needle into the shawl.
It was the first time I witnessed the waves.

My grandma had a treasure of gems,
Big and small. She had magic.
She would make beautiful patterns,
in the shawls and in the void.

“I want to be like you.” I would say.
“I would make the flowers bloom.
I would create the up and down waves,
and make the dolphins dance.
I would leave the sparkles everywhere I sit.”

“Will you give me your sequins?” I would ask.
Her kindest voice would say,
“Yes, I will save plenty for you.”
I was a child when she died.

She had become weak and soft like a flower.
Her wrinkly eyes didn't work well, so
everyone insisted on leaving knitting and weaving.

I was sad, but she managed a smile.

She was also afraid of traffic.
Yet, every day she crossed roads to meet me.
When she died, two boxes of sequins were
Found deep in the trunk and given to me.

She is in them, my treasure of life.
I carry her everywhere.

The Mysterious Mystic

I met a traveller
who is always travelling.
I do not know why
he stayed for a week.

Perhaps he needed rest.
Perhaps he wanted to teach me something.
Perhaps he came to learn.
I can't say.

His honey-brown eyes held
all the sunshine.
He looked into my soul
naked and deep.
I, who is very reserved and protective.
My eyes slowly shone with his light.
I took a leap and let myself be.

What was his mystery?
I asked him many questions
Where did he come from,
and where would he go?
I wanted to make him stay.

And it happened.
He stayed another day,
this time as a sick child,
losing his melodious voice.
His eyes are still bright.

Then I learned-
The place he came from, is love.
The place he is constantly trying to be in, is love.
The place he will go to, is love.

He is as free as love.
Beautiful, gentle and kind.
To hold him would make him sick.
So I loved him,
and let him be free.