

Chiti is a Bridge, My Love

What is Woman, but a bridge?

Curved expansion, I love U,

She does not sow, She transforms –

Out of raw material

Endless worlds of Beauty

To which He adds His Splendour.

What can One do but love Her?

Through Her, all things come to Be,

Our ways back to Him are found

Through Her gifts bestowed on Us.

On a bridge Who bears no shame;

Through Her, meat is grown on bone.

-Rija Maha