

## The border

It's Indian morning. The sun hasn't heated up the dust on the roads yet.

A subtle tinkling of silver bracelets on her ankles.

They're almost completely hidden under the edge of her sari.

Narrow feet walk easily and confidently along the dry and dusty path.

The toes are decorated with silver rings.

Both toes and heels are of mouse-velvet color from a dust.

Bright turquoise sari made of precious flowing silk, with the finest purple pattern,

the edge is embroidered with a golden rim. The hem of this magnificence is dragged on the ground on dust, already powdered with the thinnest grey "ashes".

Something on her bronze face blindingly sparkled. It is her smile on me.

The white-toothed smile illuminated her whole face and the golden bead in her nostril trembled. The heavy gold pulling away her earlobes swayed smoothly.

She must be in her 20s.

Cleverly avoiding the dirty impurities at the edge of the walkway, she keeps her smiling look at me.

On her narrow heels, grooves of cracks are already visible. Dust has ingrained them and the heels themselves covered with dust, became one color.

She is as before indifferent to the edge of the gold-fringed silk dragging in dust.

I'm still gazing after her.

Mesmerized by how easily she walks on the thin line of luxury and dust.

Life and ashes, where two extremes meet, emphasizing each other, dependent on each other and absorbing each other.

