

they gave free food,
boys wearing white caps
came and recited holy names,
she fixed their faulty Arabic tastes,
the father and mother
became prayer-mates,
in-between came a change
the Punjabi wench
was tamed,
and outcame another name,
they called her *Bibi*
this brought her new fame,
beads and chaplets
from the holy lands
were brought
the tales of marriage
were rolled off
rural wedding couplets
were tempered with devotional songs
the black braid turned into grey mane
the matchmaker disappeared
the acacia looked weird
but to sparrows she threw grains,
prayed for timely rains
and greater holy gains.