

By Utsav Kaushik

Paper Clip

My destiny?

An open book; my cup of coffee;

Flipping through pages; stirring with table spoon.

Thought 'life is not'.

Clicking; unclicking; an old dictionary;

Knocking half open; a letter;

Mother, turmeric thumb imprint; clicking; unclicking...

Some alien words, English; a broken paper clip

'Here, it's come for you'; pleasure, poking my ear.

Pretentiously pretending; cheap sounds; broken voices;

Repressed laughter; table upside down

'Appointment!'

Coffee pages, cup of dictionary, stirring pen, clicking table spoons, unclicking...