

Touch

By Abhinav Kumar

A plastic screen, plastic keys, a plastic world.

A stream of water, the shaving lather, a brush of soap.

The moisture of balm, a sprinkle of scent, the rustle of the day's dress.

More clicks of plastic: a car comes rolling by.

The leather of the seat, the steel of the Metro pole.

A worried glance, a bit of rush, the punch of a button.

The glass of the table-top, the rubber-sheathed snake of current.

The silent companion: black, square keys, a white world of words.

A knife and fork, hurried mouthfuls, the plastic beckons again.

A sheaf of paper, bleeding ink, an inconvenient relic.

The pen balances awkwardly now,

The slender tip unfamiliar.

The other day, on my walk home,

I paused by a tree, reached out, caressed its leaves

And shivered

As my fingers recoiled.