Only the broken can reside in vacancies

By Likhitha M

breaking is an art-
if you do not break even,
a splinter of you would outstretch
like a protracted struggle, they said

but I knew how to shroud monsoon on the tips of my fingertips
without ever blinking back its shadows
and how to convert tremors traversing my bent spine
into calligraphed curves

the world is voluble with tiny omissions
and the air is rich with your hubris

but you reside in these burned lungs
just to see if breathing is like breaking,
if fallacies fester in untouched vacancies of my silences

and an apostrophe is all that I am today,
suffixed to the night
as if this body is too abrasive for the day

sometimes, I am the spurious lie and the sunken fall,
the spice in our wounds, the gulps you take,

and sometimes, you are the perforation

I had mistaken to be a room
occupied by a litany of meaningless annotations

occupied by you and me and a world which never stays.