

## **Options\_Poetry**

I like options.

It is cold, my fingers.

Brink of cold.

But.

Linda tells me, kiddo, learn to take the

shortcut.

Love Yourself.

Don't be so mean.

No one will ever know.

All of a sudden:

In the airport, Bangalore to SFO. I drink the pineapple juice not because I am thirsty but bc Ajji made it for me. With love. I love and drink. It suffocates me a little. What does it all mean?

Still in the airport, then on the airplane, I try to hold on, everything is there, but undertermined.

I am here for the present.