

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 undetermined.

I am here for the present.

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