

a/n: meh. no thoughts. idk.

something beyond

the man in the shade of the peepal tree runs his machine. pauses. the sun swelters, the cows chew. he presses his fingers along the coarse cloth. this will take longer. he watches the people walk, they have somewhere to be. the cars swish by in a languid dream. his tarpaulin sheet is little comfort.

my father asks.

*do you think the unfortunate know they are misfortunate
or is this their luxury.*

a man spits and snarks in a nasal voice. he is in a hurry, i am not.

the plants sway in the breeze, reaching, arching for something more. the sun shines. does the sun tell them of the universe. whispers. i was born once.

distant laughter echoes, i am an observer of time. a girl giggles over her phone.

children step over the trash. a girl stands over her brother's shoulders as he peddles. there is sludge on the road and it is hard for him to cross. i wish to join them.

a mango rolls off the cart and a kid swipes in. moments later, his tiny brother walks triumphantly, licking his fingers dripping fruits of labour. it is work.

i will rap. says the boy with fire in his eyes. his father uses it to light a cigarette.

kamyaab hoga? he drunkenly trips over the steps. the boy stares off into the distance. he knows something i never will.

miles away, a city cries. embers of a dying explosion. a pink cloth peeks from the rubble, a glimpse of what once was. a soldier contemptuously kicks a burnt wooden sign.

tehran elementary.

he takes his helmet off, wipes the sweat off his forehead. his brown eyes purview the landscape, hair still blonde. manifestos echo in his ears.

a girl sobs into her pillow, biting her fist to keep silent. *why am i never enough.* her score flashes on the screen of her phone, and her mind begins replaying the countless cacophonies.

hopeless.

she turns and turns, she walks away to distant places. they will not find her. someday.

glittering orbs cast light over a hall. the cameras flash, a celebrity has looked too mean at another. a man sifts through his gallery, he is satisfied. the glorious limelight of controversy calls to him. *2 million views.*

they will dance and the ring will continue.

i watch it all, from my tiny cubicle. the walls close, i press my eyes. it is of no concern, i am safe. i am happy.

still, voices echo.

*do you think the unfortunate know they are misfortunate
or is this their luxury.*