

Exotic Poetry by Richa Daiya

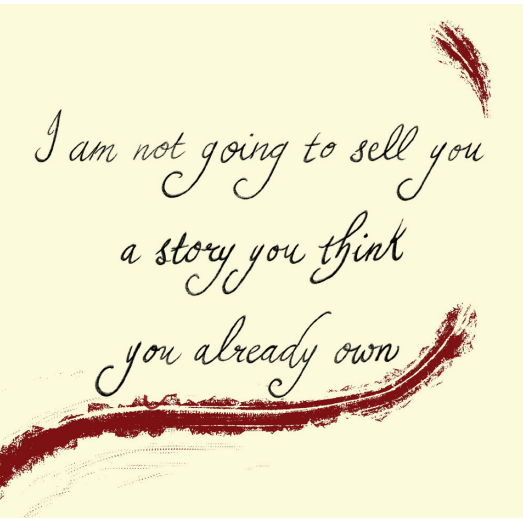
and fiddle with the bead, imagine you're also reaching for yours

until one day sometime- maybe mid-year
i'd let my knife slip- deeper than usual

and i'd decide in the second it takes for the
string to snap
that life was far too long
to stay;

so our birthdays would pass
but by then
i, too, wouldn't know that they did.

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*I am not going to sell you
a story you think
you already own*