

Paper

Himanshi Sali

They say you can't crumple a paper the same way twice; the wrinkles won't be the same

I smooth out the wrinkles and bumps
-*No matter how many times* this paper was clumped

I let you beat it down to a pulp -ink from black to blue
Just so I could blend it all up and start anew

a *Fresh* new sheet -coloured just the way you wanted it to be
Clean and organic, untainted -*straight from the tree*

They say you can't crumple a paper, the same way twice -the ridges won't be the same.
You can try to do it slowly, but the fury will always *take hold of the reigns*
You can flatten out the sheet, and still write on it all the same.

They say you can't crumple a paper the same way twice, the wrinkle-
-This time it was my one dimple

They say you can't crumple a paper the same way twice.

But the relentless fury between your fingers, hurts the same every time
i'm left alone.... *again* to the rhythm and rhyme
no longer someone you can call "*mine*"
The paper you had left crumpled on the floor,
can only *wish* but never dare to be *more*.

Fragments by Daniel Cheung

