

Small Hands/ Narrow Trenches
(Yesterday)

Yesterday
I missed you,
Only as much
As I did the day before,
But yesterday was stretched,
Long-ing forever
Like a rubber band
That a professor once talked about,
A rubber band that you stretch
To the point of breaking
Before which it retains its shape,
No matter how much
You force it to forget
Before your hands hurt and you get
The imprints of your cruel coercion
On your fingers,
Narrow trenches
Dug by your own awful persistence,
Hardened by your violent attempts
At existence;
Narrow trenches
Deepened by deferred disgust,
Narrow trenches
Made of nothing but lust
To know more;
Narrow trenches
Of roughness dampened
And clotted by your blood;
Narrow trenches
Made of the same mud
As your body;
Narrow trenches
That you can't rest in
Before you finally do;
Narrow trenches
Meant for no one else but you
And your inability to sleep,
As you keep
S t r e t c h i n g
The rubber band
Hoping to bend its memory
To fracture your own
Without breaking it,

Without being unknown
To the deposits of time
That make you heavier
And swell your feet,
As you repeat
All your yesterdays
Callously,
In the presence of nothing
But the broken bits
Of rubber bands,
And the dying strength
Of small hands.

Mani Dixit
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