

“According to my bond: no more nor less”

The universe is intentionless.
The wind blows, stars collapse.
Day becomes night and night
Becomes day. Flowers in the garden
Bloom and fruit rots despite me.
I worry why the scarlet rose
Fades, why the calendula does not
Grow a bigger head. I am no more
Than a head full of random thoughts.
The brain is intentionless. The synapse
Receives and transmits a command.
A limb moves regardless of whether
It is raised for good or bad.

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