

The Desert

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I am sitting in the desert. In fact I have been sitting here for a long time. The houses around are a little hazy the way old photographs are – bleached, greenish with a very distant sky. The leaves of the coconut trees are painted, the clouds white smears not very skilfully done. In fact, they have been this way for a very long time. Only I had not noticed.

He came to me or rather I went to him and we said “hello.” We nodded and looked at each other and tried to smile.

“What are you doing?” I asked.
“Solving a problem.”

I looked at him carefully and in fact he was holding a bunch of papers in his hand.
“Everytime a value x has to be added to the outcome whatever it be”

He looked tired. “But why?”

He looked annoyed, “otherwise how can you go on!”

And then when I tried to touch him he became a mirror.

There is a desert sitting among the houses and the coconut trees a little faded against a very distant sky.