

07

THE GLASS

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He kept a glass
On the cupboard,
His eyes got stuck
To its content and form.
Looking like a rococo art
It gives a feeling of monsoon,
As he peeped into it
But he found himself
Floating in a pond.

Water or air
What is in the glass?
Sometimes half, sometimes full
But it is our perspective
That colours its selfhood.
If I close my eyes
I feel air

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Between my fingers,
When I open my eyes
I touch water
As
All the senses make me realize
About my own existence-
The materiality of bodies
Like this glass-
Existing to the eyes of some
Like water,
Volatile to some
Like air.



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