**Cupboards of Urban Houses**

Barun Saha

In one corner, the bruised body

of a tin can oozing out its last

bit of juice. To the left, a crumbled

polythene pack: BEST

TISSUE PAPERS!

The cold smirk of a steel knife and the

rusted teeth of a peeler, just by the unbroken

seal of a bone china set.

The bottom shelf greeted with a pine

scent. In floor cleaners we trust, until

they leak and make things murky.

At the farthest end, a virgin roll

of nylon rope. Beside the cupboard,

smelly souls trying to escape the trash can

prison.

The view moves to the bland walls

of the living room: not a hole, not a

frame. A hardcover book on cryptography

placed on a black laptop. So many lives are

spent on quests, for a key that decrypts

all secrets.

In the shoe rack, dust accrues on the pairs.

For some, the victim maybe the

ceiling fan; too fragile to carry the burden.

The window slides open; swirling patches

of reds & blues pour in; gawking eyes

sniff stories. A gust of wind animates the

loose end of a yellow tape. And the white

sheet.

Click!