

The Bottle
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A bottle waits
upon the table.
The water like glass. Unmoving,
Reflecting faces with artificial curves.
The ground
shakes,
the table
shakes,
a tremor begins.
It runs through the water, brings it to life.
Then glass again.
Distorting the light, same as before
A reality of wide smiles and broad doors,
Different from the outside,
But perhaps,
Somehow,
The same.
The cap opens.
Water
Flows,
Bubbles
Rise,
Tremors
Fade,
Glass again.
Glass inside
A little plastic world.