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In The Desert Dry Flats



Written by Avani Chhaya.

Graphic by Quynhmai Tran

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The miles of hurt – s t r e t c h – through the deserted terrain, exposed to the relentless sun

Baked and cracking beneath this oppressive heat bearing down upon us

Accumulated like airline mileage, I stack hurt away in a beaten, worn-down suitcase

The hurt elongates shape-shifting with ambiguous intentions taking the form of believable promises, of naive hope

Hurt fractures the seams, ripping and bursting apart the fabric, puncturing the dilapidated brown leather

Leaping and crouching with long limbs The hurt climbs behind the last piece of greenery, already beginning to wither in the weary sun

Hurt hurries plunging into the tempest waters of the forsaken mirage

Carnivorous vultures flock overhead circling, feeding on carcassed memories resurrecting those remembrances Just like that, hurt feels immortal radiating bigger than itself seeming to extend into the infinite

I ignore the futility, flailing the busted suitcase to detract the vultures throwing handfuls of streaming sand seeking to extinguish hurt

And whoosh... it dissolves like a sand storm

Blinking through the haze of hurt, I crinkle my eyes at the prospect of a new beginning.

Avani Chhaya is an avid reader, writer, traveler, and dreamer. Her work has been featured in the <u>Library Love Story</u> and the <u>Common Ground</u> Series on KUT, <u>ORANGE</u> <u>Magazine</u>, <u>VISIBLE Magazine</u>, <u>Reappropriate</u>, <u>Wilderness House Literary Review</u>, and in Elisabet Ney's Suffrage Now Exhibit.



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