

Infinite Floor

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I

Sprinting through the dark alleys was an old man, where he was going, no one knows. Dusk was written all over the sky, but it was just 12 p.m. and yet, the streets were deserted. Some leaflets were falling from the clouds, and paper and paper covered the city plains. All the leaflets had only one word, "Run", written on them. And so, the old man was running.

*Dusk has its footprint on both the land and
the sky,*

*You may not realize it yet, but the night is
nigh.*

A little boy was lying on his bed, full of flowers from the spring gardens. He was sinking inside it. Falling deep, deep into sleep, although it was just 12 p.m. and yet, from the window, one could see it was midnight. And other than the old man, everyone was indoors anyway. His older brother in the next room was lying on his bed too, but not in sleep, in *thought*. He was staring deep into the night sky,

which had no stars, no moon and no clouds. Of course, *through* the glass of his window. But he was staring anyway, as he had nothing better to do. The television was blank like the sky. The music system was torn between noise and melody. There was nothing that could *fill* him. And so, he was staring. His black eyes reflected his room, with its bleak walls and scanty furniture. His face was as average and as expressionless as his younger brother. Nothing, but the occasional blinking of the eyelids, expressed life. Nothing, but the occasional flicker of the iris, expressed *thought*.

*Downstairs sits mom and dad like corpses,
In front of them, writhes the wall, helpless.*

Unknown person was sitting at the Anonymous office reception desk. No one came, no one went, and so, the register remained *full*. There was a paperback beside the register, with a noticeable cringe in between the middle pages, but there was no attempt to attack the book. The person had his eyes open, so much so that he didn't even blink, but open to nothing. His stare was as blank as a workingman's diary. And nothing much moved: torso, limbs or head. Nothing to express life or thought, except the cringe and the fact that this was the only place which maintained the time and sky equally. 12 p.m. noon.

II

"I have to go," said the girl. "I'll talk to you later."

“Is there even a place left for you to go?” asked her sister. She heard a loud, cracking sound on the other side, so she pulled the touchscreen phone from her ears and clicked the red button.

She put the phone on her study-table and moved across to her bed, where lied her laptop. She sat down and opened the lid. The creature suddenly came to life with a sweet sound. She typed in her password and saw the Facebook window fading in. She posted an update:

Exile to a known reality.

She checked the time. 13:00. She checked the sky. Horrified, she saw red. *Dawn*. How could it be? Was her laptop wrong? But the internet is never *wrong*. Was the sky wrong? Or her *window*?

It's India. Strange things happen, she thought.

After all, some pens absorb, some blot.

She shut down the notebook computer. And shut down herself. Her inside was not in resonance with her outside.

III

The park. The next day.

Two butterflies circled each other creating a *non-paradoxical* loop.

IV

"I was worried you wouldn't come around. Weren't you?"

I asked my beloved.

She said, "I was merry."

"Oh! Were you?"

"Weren't you?"

"I guess not."

"Why not?"

"Because it was Sunday."

"Oh!"

V

The earth got soaked. And later, the sun *caught* it.