

NONSENSE

None of what I write
Will ever make sense
To you.

And I will let my fingers stick
On the B and P of my keyboard,
bbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbb,
ppppppppppppppppppppppppppp.
And you will write nasty words
About what nonsense this is!
You will take a mic,
And try reading lines
Out of this-
And stop at B and P,
Wondering how
To blurt out this nonsense?

You have to live nonsense
To read nonsense.

I think my mom too
Had nonsense,
But she never used B and P
And we all assumed
She is just a lisp
With her expectancy of nonsense.

And she made sense to me
And I made sense to her.
And we together became
Nonsense to them.

She still does not know
I have discovered her dirty
Little secret.

She still does not know
There are letters on keyboard
bbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbb,
pppppppppppppppppppppppp.

I think your mountains,
Valleys, hymens, and sex
Will never make sense to me.

You have to be nonsense
To make nonsense out of sense.

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is from Calcutta, India. Her poems have been published in a number of e-anthologies and in print, the most recent ones being *Persephone's Daughters* and *Peacocks in a Dream*. If you want to share your views on the poem, you can reach out at her email address: ridhichaturvedi1998@gmail.com