

What They Held

The joy akin to how
old miners felt when
they found pyrite,
yet mistook it for gold,

transfixed
by glittering in
their open palms,
not realizing

what they held
was as valuable
as the dirt
glazing their boots.

- Megha Pai

Shards

Phone calls in a cold car
so you won't overhear
these sobs; shards
of an old mirror
next to the trash.

- Megha Pai