

## **storm in a teacup**

It's no worry if you live in a place  
where there is *so* much bitterness around  
desalination. Where Hindu priests get  
a piece of the beach to build non-veg snacks.  
Where the word clothes doesn't rhyme with the word loathes.  
It's no worry if you live in a place  
where people promised to live to be a  
hundred are diagnosed with fake cancer.

It's no worry if you live in a place  
where children kick a football and have to  
look for it in the grass. Where the police  
*cannot* act due to gross lack of paper.  
Where people drive to go and walk in gyms.  
It's no worry if you live in a place  
where politicians stand on your shoulders,  
and pee on your head, with your permission.

It's no worry if you live in a place  
where universities are less equipped  
than kindergartens. Where fat lightning strikes  
when gay sunrays are predicted to shine.  
Where heroes and villains sell heroin.  
It's no worry if you live in a place  
where mighty Apollo and immortal  
Phoenix are the two most consumed legends.

It's no worry if you live in a place  
where there is water everywhere, except  
in your tap. Where (macho) drivers have crushed  
courtesy dead on roads full of stitches.  
Where leaders lead, and err, like all humans.  
It's no worry if you live in a place  
where people have egos healthier than  
their health. Where women deliver babies

in public hospitals with one leg in  
their coffin, each. Where two persons notice  
they have the same identity card and  
one suddenly ceases to exist. Where  
everyone wants a job but few do the  
job. Where a storm in a teacup or a  
teacup in a storm makes no difference.  
It's no worry—it's no worry *at all*.



***Amit Parmessur** is a teacher from Mauritius. His writing has appeared in namely WINK, The Rye Whiskey Review, Night Garden Journal, Ann Arbor Review and Ethos Literary Journal. He loves to pick off past experiences and turn them over in the light.*

***The Pangolin Review, Issue 11, 8 July 2019***