

## **A Hinge**

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Why give it wings?

It's neither moth nor bird.  
The ridge on its back's no backbone.

It glows with a golden sheen reminiscent  
of neither sun nor moon.

Touch it and it catches an instant cold  
due to a chemistry solely its own.

When it flies off the jamb,  
does it blame the door for dragging its feet?

Does it say to the gate,  
'Shame on you for not standing up  
to the gust'?

To the window,  
'So you had me framed'?

It has never accused the shackle of moral bankruptcy  
or scorned the inch-screw for spitting the dummy.

For too long it has swung on the howl of itself.

It will never own up,  
but it wants to spend its last days  
pledging fealty to rust.