

A Scribe
Is Visited by a Jinn
in a Sugarcane Field

By Shadab Zeest Hashmi

When their eyes locked
she saw paper

acres
of sweet milled paper

The field had melted
from green to copper
pulp to gauze

A hush was falling

She bolted from the gaze
Upset her inkpot

A rich black
soaked
through the chewed up cane
stain of cynosure
on the day's lost wages