



HOME SWEET HOME

KAUSIK KSK

The crashing vessels jolt me out of sleep yet again, to the dingy glow of a yellow bulb on the pale blue wall who knows all of my secrets. If you look hard enough at the wall by my bed, a door appears, like the one from Narnia. I close it shut behind me and voila! Tthe screams, the screeches, and the sobs from the kitchen are magically muffled.

This blanket is a cryo-sleep chamber in which I lock myself till dawn, when the capsule reaches a new planet and the air is fresh and pink without any notes of whiskey in it. I wish to stay on this new planet for a time longer than I usually do. I call it Krypton, although the name's unoriginal, because the planet makes me feel strong— like Superman. But grandma tells me I don't get to live on this planet, at least not yet, and that a lot of it depends on what Mama chooses to do with Papa. Until then, I am just Clark Kent.

after-school

walking me back home

a shadow

Kausik KSK is a writer based in Hyderabad, India. He takes a keen interest in all things literature and cinema. He's had his work published in journals and magazines including *Modern Haiku*, *Frogpond* (Haiku Society of America), *The Asahi Shimbun*, *Under the Basho*, *Acorn*, *Failed Haiku*, and *Maudlin House*.

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