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Death of Handwriting

Bhuwan Thapaliya

Then the parade began. She saw many people she knew.

She smiled and waved at them but nobody waved her back.

They were tenacious, ineffaceable.

No one told her that history

was walking the streets that afternoon.

No one told her that they were here to mourn

the slow death of handwriting.

Later that night, she found herself

out in the yard, and there she sat

on a rickety chair

remembering a very special day,

the day she realized her child could write.