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## **She and Her Little Old Car**

**Ujala Bhatti**

Closing the brown rusty doors of emotions  
On her dust laden memories  
And unhinging the windows of desires  
She trampled past  
Over the yellowed leaves of conscientiousness  
Scattered all over the roads ahead

She switched on the ignition  
Her little old car started  
With a gurgling sound of procrastination  
And together they came out  
On the black metal topped road  
She and her little old car

She drove through the multitudes of vehicles  
And masses of people overtaking each other  
With eyes cast down  
She drove past the familiar dog  
Splattered dead on the highway  
With its dark viscous blood  
And cold purple intestines mashed out

There was mist in her eyes and fog in the air  
She groped at her destiny

Through the windscreen  
And together they drove on and on  
Across the red signals,  
She and her little old car...