

Sonder

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Received: March 05, 2026

Accepted: March 09, 2026

Published Online: March 30, 2026

ABSTRACT

The quick gander through the car's window

when speeding through the highways

envelopes me in the mystery of

incomplete moments for a heartbeat,

That I can live and mourn after.

What's the story of that uniform clad girl

In a crowded bus stop

...

The quick gander through the car's window
when speeding through the highways
envelopes me in the mystery of
incomplete moments for a heartbeat,
That I can live and mourn after.

What's the story of that uniform clad girl
In a crowded bus stop
With a leaden bag, and a colorless smile?

The sprinting young boy, shirtless
But carefree, at the speed of a car
Is he safe home?

A small rickety home amidst
a thicket of coconut trees
widened by a smile of wheat farms ;
Who lives there?

The dried remains of animal souls

disregarded by the speed of soulless animals

Do their packs know of their fate?

I am reaffirmed by the splash of colors

A blended mix of bougainvillea -

pink, white, and orange

A tinge of yellow too

Dancing to the tunes of the wind

on the dividers; the only mystery I solve

this bloom is the only eulogy

for both the highways and I, mourn

the death of embracing the infinite trice.