



Let Us Play Scrabble Again

The scrabble board is a neatly cut cape, we touch the hem of its board and feel a strength return to us like a prodigal child. My mother smiles for the first time this week, my father brings home the sun in his palm, my sister cleaves from the sticky skin of her phone. I find tranquillity thick as a towel cover me.

The scrabble board transforms into whatever is required by the bodies around it. Sometimes the scrabble board is a plate we eat words from, our mouths swallowing conversation peacefully since the breaking news starved us of an appetite. Sometimes the scrabble board is a classroom board, we learn life is a continuous anagram, we learn to form meaning out of nothing. We learn it is a conscious effort to be linked by words, by language, by love.

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