

A Scribe  
Is Visited by a Jinn  
in a Sugarcane Field

By Shadab Zeest Hashmi

When their eyes locked  
she saw paper

acres  
of sweet milled paper

The field had melted  
from green to copper  
pulp to gauze

A hush was falling

She bolted from the gaze  
Upset her inkpot

A rich black  
soaked  
through the chewed up cane  
stain of cynosure  
on the day's lost wages