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The Book Eaters

Our envy of the insects took us by surprise.

Whether they spotted “a spike of wheat” or “the barren soil” in a field of words, there was no difference:

The letter became a crumb.
The sentence became a loaf.
Blank margins metamorphosed into a soil ever fecund, ever teeming with crops

as larval bodies translated pages into food and themselves into their winged stage.

We waited to harvest from ideas our sustenance.

We waited for our new selves to come.