None of what I write
Will ever make sense
To you.

And I will let my fingers stick
On the B and P of my keyboard,
bbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbb,
pppppppppppppppppppppppppp.
And you will write nasty words
About what nonsense this is!
You will take a mic,
And try reading lines
Out of this-
And stop at B and P,
Wondering how
To blurt out this nonsense?

You have to live nonsense
To read nonsense.

I think my mom too
Had nonsense,
But she never used B and P
And we all assumed
She is just a lisp
With her expectancy of nonsense.

And she made sense to me
And I made sense to her.
And we together became
Nonsense to them.
She still does not know
I have discovered her dirty
Little secret.
She still does not know
There are letters on keyboard
bbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbb,
pppppppppppppppppppppppppp.

I think your mountains,
Valleys, hymens, and sex
Will never make sense to me.

You have to be nonsense
To make nonsense out of sense.

Ridhi Chaturvedi

is from Calcutta, India. Her poems have been published in a number of e-anthologies and in print, the most recent ones being *Persephone's Daughters* and *Peacocks in a Dream*. If you want to share your views on the poem, you can reach out at her email address: ridhichaturvedi1998@gmail.com