

Calypsos Café – An Open Mic

Oishi Bhattacharya

The chipped wood beneath the heels of my shoes,
the bittersweet aroma in the air,
the intermittent whirring of a blender,
the indistinct chatter dispersed amidst silence,
I breathe in, breathe out.

I open my mouth to speak;
my mind goes blank as the
rapid beating of my heart
drowns out any thoughts I have.

My finger taps play;
I close my eyes as the first note rings clear.
Silence takes the space between my heartbeats.
In the silence I breathe the music filling the room;
the beat of the music now echoes louder
than the beat of my wary heart.

I open my mouth to sing;
Every decibel dances into
the gaps between the metal,
the rustic metal I hold in my steady hand.

I open my eyes;
smiles spread around the room
as every tense muscle in my body
releases itself from the binds
of my once guarded heart.

A colorful magic courses through the room
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through the chipped wood,
through the bittersweet aroma,
through the intermittent whirring,
through the indistinct chatter.

I breathe in;
I breathe out.