

# UNTITLED

*BHANU KAPIL*

This is totally ridiculous. For some years, I lived one street over from the River Pinn. When we returned home, our trousers ragged from the water, our mothers fed us walnut cakes. This is a pristine fragment, deep in the rigid night-time. I like it like this. It keeps everything at bay, including Jane Eyre, an influence. Why keep reading the same book when you could write a new one?