

Opening Line

by Juhi Kalra

I cannot read one more award winning novel by a female Asian author about the atrocities committed against their childhood, she thought.

Then she sat down with her trusty yellow pad and Papermate fineline to write the next lyrical story of a female Asian writer and the atrocities committed against her childhood, the irony lost completely on her pain addled brain.

“I don't know if it is the touch of my father or my children's father that my sleeping hands are trying to erase during my sleep, leaving me waking to skin under my nails from scratching and bleeding bikini line creases.”

