

Curry

by stephen hastings-king

I looked around in my pantry but there were no sentences I felt like cooking.

I went to buy some at a storefront takeaway place.

They came in newspaper like fish and chips.

I wanted curry sauce.

They put it right on top of the sentences.

Soon it had soaked the paper.

On the way back, the sentences fell out.

There was only soggy curried newsprint left when I got home.

And they had looked like good ones too.

So I went outside and retraced my steps.

I stopped to search in picturesque locations.

I looked wistfully at signage and graffiti.

I tried to act as though the camera and crew weren't there.

But I knew they were.

