

‘Play’ by Vedansh G. (Divisions)

A hand hovers above the keys of a piano,
not to conquer the silence
but to wander through it,
each note a question left unfinished.

Children chase shadows across the grass,
their movements untidy,
their voices breaking the air
into fragments of joy.

On a blank page, words tilt and tumble,
letters stretch beyond their edges,
meanings slip from one hand to another,
never fixed, always shifting.

Play is not a task but a current,
drawing us into moments
where time forgets itself
and everything feels possible.