

Hope Is An Inanimate Object

by Seetha Nambiar Dodd

The buses are full of people gazing at their mobile devices, as if awaiting instruction for their next move. Forget Infinity, this is Necessity in the palm of your hand. The morning sun kisses the bridge, then winks at a bus. The bus slows down, and in a daring display of flirtation, flashes its headlights three times. A woman pouts into her phone and captures her reflection. With three, mechanical taps of a manicured finger, she sends her best self into the world with a caption about red lips and seizing the day. Her screen reloads to highlight a new photograph – a stunning sunrise with a bridge in the foreground which has, in just three minutes, received a staggering amount of admiration. So she too, hits *Like*. The morning sun screams, “Like me!” but no one notices. The clouds chuckle. The bus shrugs, undefeated.



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