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A Letter to Dilli

Trivarna Hariharan

You

swim in an ocean of all the lives
that have ever breathed in your land

and their voice still lingers in muddled bazaars
housed in your tapered lanes –

their shrills in paths you've forgotten exist.

everything here overlaps:

from the exodus of people looking
for a heart to share their beings with to
negligibly defined geographical boundaries that welcome everyone
alike.

*

You carry the parts of everyone they leave behind
when they go somewhere
else. You clutch them tightly in your palms
even if they hurt you.

*

Sometimes there's a strangeness in the air, a kind of
unease, longing, ache.

Even in times like these,
there is sadness on the face, but only hope in the heart.

It is you, only you, who makes this possible –
so even though everyone leaves you after a time,
you don't seem to leave them,
ever.

*

*You are my tear, Dilli.
You're the tear of joy I would always have in my heart
each time it feels*

***anything,
anything.***