

7th July, 2025
 OLD STREET CAFE & BAR
 (BANDRA WEST)

Maybe I am noticing her silence because it echoes my own. The bar is half lit, yellow bulbs straining against the dark. The walls are painted a 'faded - blue'. The jukebox is the corner playing something none of us are listening. The couple next to me sits too close, whispering secrets into each other's drinks. Half-expecting the bartender to read us I sit with my under-aged drinking eye. Everyone seems tethered to someone — and then there's me. Aged 19, on a solo trip to Bombay with no responsibilities. High enough to vanish today tomorrow if I want.

And that's when I noticed her. An old woman — probably a mother's age, at the edge of the room. Her eyes fixed in some distant place I cannot see. I wonder what can her leave to this dim corner of the city, what stories she holds, and what silence weighs heavier than words. The same silence she carries keeps me company in a way words never could. Our loneliness is lost separate, just differently aged.

I walk out lighter, though nothing between us was ever spoken.



my mom, teaching her physics class (sometime in 1996)

what i remember about nanu

the way he carried two worlds within him.
 by profession he was an electrical engineer, later working at a call centre in our little town of dehradun, precise, the kind of person who understood how things worked and kept them running.
 father of five children, my mother and her four brothers.
 but alongside that, he had this quiet, beautiful love for cinema.
 his taste in movies was almost poetic, always choosing stories with depth, with characters who stayed with you long after the screen went dark.
 the soulful depth of guide and Anand, the music and romance of Pakeezah, the grace of Abhimaan, the timelessness of Sholay. I have a very faint memory of falling asleep on the floor in his room while Mera Naam Joker played.
 and then there was his spirit. in the last four years, when paralysis tried to hold him down, he showed me what it really means to fight. he never gave up, never let the weight of it make him smaller. even in the quiet, there was this dignity about him, a calm strength that made you believe in resilience.
 i was too young to understand it then, probably still am.

kslar blayst al-walia (1941-2016)



a delhizine joint



more @ delhizine.in



बाबू (chaddmari)

/ chhad.ma:.ci/

1. the state of being left behind or abandoned;
 the condition of no longer
 being accompanied, supported, or cared for.

i am not a violent dog



issue #1

hun chup di ghadi nahi // blood, not water.
 hun chup di ghadi nahi
 now is not the time to
 be different jagah laal ae
 your sword is nothing
 Ithasā, gaza, kashmir ikko pukar
 without a voice
 silence is complicity
 zanjara thale supe vi rohde ne
 āzādi da geet sada goonde ne
 blood spills red from every land the same;
 Ithasā, gaza, kashmir ikko pukar
 from kashmir
 Ithasā, gaza, kashmir ikko pukar
 to Ithasā.
 Je tērā dil na hildā, oh pathar āe
 Je tērā chūmōt fadēdā, oh sirf pānī āe
 freedom isn't given, it's torn from chains.
 Ithasā, gaza, kashmir ikko pukar
 and peace won't come while the earth drinks pain.
 - sikh and - bhak