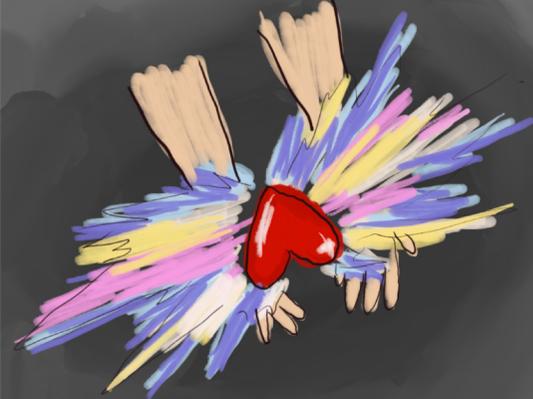


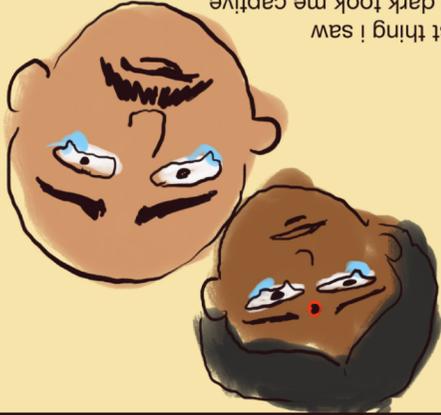
you and bhैया were not there when it happened. but i saw you both. bhैया held on his palms and then his chest. he was breaking but he still was your older brother. he couldn't break and shrink in front of you. you are to him what i was to you. we were all so different, yet our hearts shattered in synchronised sorrow. we were one.



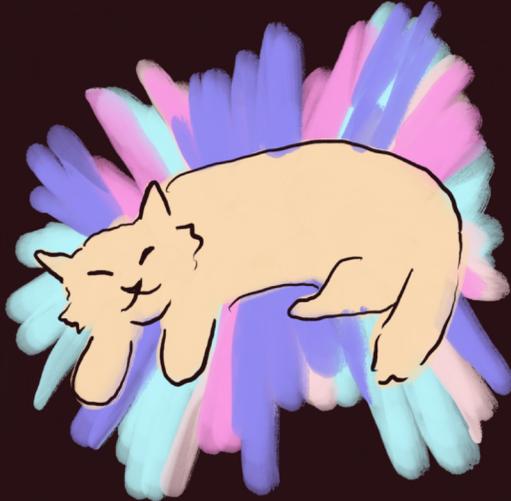
the news reached you last. you didn't know what to make of it. papa told you that i have gone to krishna. you are not religious but now i see you telling yourself that if i chose krishna then god must be good. all this love, you held in your palms, confused where to put it. so it turned stale and begun rotting until you could name it grief. grief is now a parole officer, she visits our home unexpectedly. grief is the knot in your throat which splits your hope into shreds of melancholy. months later, i hear your voice crack and hands shivering, you haven't forgotten me. you tell your friends that your love for me is tattooed on your flesh and bones and that if death comes to you today, you would embrace her and crumble like a cookie in front of her. you don't wish to be an inconvenience to death, she will walk you to me. death which scared you will bring love to you now.



the last thing i saw before dark took me captive was the melting faces of mumma and papa. somehow they were equally scared. death came to me but they were paying the price of this flood. mumma held me in hopes that her prayers might grant me my third life in this same form. she kept holding, her eyes barely visible through the layers of lament and love. papa looked weak in the heart, i never saw him like that, i was the one dying but it looked like his heart might collapse with mine.



the darkness is still the same, so is the ache. but i am no longer scared. the love which once wandered astray has now become the light. it navigates me through pillars of perilous terror.



when my last breath escaped through my lungs, i trembled and my paws reached out to hold on to the little life i had; i tried to hold on to it just for a little longer. i was so scared, so clueless. dark until now meant annoying and you when you slept, it meant comfort and rest. this time when darkness came, i didn't know what to make of it. i didn't know where to go. i had nowhere to go. all infinity swept over me, it engulfed me. i was drowning into an endless sea of nothingness.

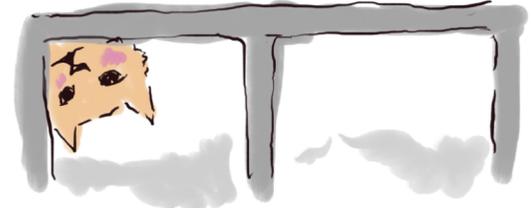


i see you; i see you all from here. i feel you and you feel me. i show you that i am still here in whatever way i can and i think it works because you tell your friends that everything, everywhere, all at once reminds you of me. but why do you cry, sweet girl? i only want you happy. even death couldn't separate us, sweet girl, why must you cry when we are one.



Thor, once here; here forever.

find this zine and more on delhizine.in



i hear your whispers everyday but at nights only incoherent sobs reach my ears. i watch you from your window as you write how there's a knot in your throat which only untangles into streams of intangible sorrows.

WHY DO YOU CRY, SWEET GIRL?



by dawgstix