

Tokens of Transit

by Anisha Kaul

It's time.

Time to leave the airport lounge, to breathe in warm air

“Count the luggage” she uttered over her shoulder

Swift air cried “there were always two bags”.

With each step, a memory takes to flight,

Lighter, the *visitor* toils ahead.

Generations apart have walked through this silent lane

They had slipped into the night

While she with the day emerges.

Picking a handful of dust, she touches her forehead

Calls out to those she has lost meanwhile.

Unknown faces and a familiar tongue crowd nearby

They see her wailing.

Earth rotates, seasons change

As a composed pilgrim she stands tall

Fallen Chinar leaves hustle, a tiny hand points onwards

She nods and whispers “it's time, little ones to return home”

It's time.