

my grandmother won't change the colour of her walls
by Yamini Negi

for grandma,
her house standing on the edge of paradise-
where she could taste the crisp
sunrise- has become a distant memory.

now she shuffles her feet awkwardly,
burning it on the asphalt and concrete-
head hazy from all the lies and delusions
she breathes.

like how grey, now, are her technicolour dreams,
or how the bedrock of the brook
near her home overflows and
bleeds, with the secrets it keeps.

with her eyes open she dreams
of finding her bearings,
standing on soil that remembers
the curvature of her feet.

these meadow-coloured walls, brush past her fingertips,
like the warmth, upon waking, of a half-forgotten dream.
she is willing to eternally sleep, only
if she could catch on her lashes, the escaping tendrils
of this dream.

