

## **Blue & Grey**

Adritanaya Tiwari

Editor's note: content warning for mentions of mental illness

I wake up before dawn, the devil growls in my head, hungry for heartache, so I croak out pain, and pain, and pain, in a language no one else understands or wants to. The birds are still asleep, possibly pretending. They don't like to see my eyes early in the morning. It's a bad omen to see darkness as the world drowns in light.

I see clouds as the sky switches shades. I see them move with a breeze. It must be nice to be that light. I am a darker cloud, blue and grey, among the group but all alone. I wonder if the dark cloud loses control once in a while and lets it rain as I do. A drop of water made its way onto my eye. I blink it away and, it goes skating down my cheek.

It's drizzling. I don't do drizzles but storms or silence. The dark one seems to hear me again. It rains harder. I stand soaked and cold, but the ground lies dry as ever. I didn't know how or when it happened, but I smile. I have a friend in the skies, I tell the devil, who growls again, uninterested in anything he can't consume, but I'm done playing host. I sing him a soft lullaby until I hear silence, then snores. One day it'll wake up, but it won't be today.

I sigh, and sigh, and sigh. The dark one drizzles in reply, then breezes away as the sun rises.

Adritanaya Tiwari is a dental intern from India. Her work has been in/is forthcoming in *The Remnant Archive*, *The Giving Room Review*, *Royal Rose magazine*, *Serotonin*, *The Daily Drunk Magazine*, *Versification Zine*, and others.