

Sky-Coloured Love

Bhavya Bhagtani

Editor's note: content warning, self-harm

The first time we met, we walked till we ran out of road. You said that is why you liked the sky more—it could fit as much world as you wanted it to, without ever running out. The next time, you told me that in your family there were four people and all of them slept in different beds. We lay flat on the grass for four hours, giving names to clouds. I picked you a sky coloured pebble on our way back. You kept it in your pocket and said—*now, my world will never run out of you.*

Once you woke up mid-sleep from a nightmare, your eyes blazing red like emergency exits in a fire. You said you wished there was an instruction manual for disasters that live in our own bodies. We stayed up till the sun rose, went to the park and fed squirrels till you felt okay. On the way back, you told me about how in seventh grade you walked in on your parents having sex and then stole your father's razor, ran it all over your face till your chin bled. I learnt that day why, your words always looked like apologies.

You broke into songs without realising. And every time you prepared breakfast, you hummed *Banana Pancakes*. I wanted to tell you that if all our hearts were different shapes, yours would have been a rice grain. I don't think you knew how full you became, every time it rained. In my head, I called you my lover made out of porcelain. You were beautiful and breaking.

The last time we saw a morning together, you were getting on a plane and leaving the country. You said how even though your house had tall windows and a rooftop, it was too small to contain your family's wrath. We saw as much morning as the sky could hold, and held as much of us as our lungs could breathe. You said you'd send your love in mail to me. A promise I knew you would not keep.

After you took off, I sat in the shower with my clothes on for four hours straight. A paper boat in pouring rain. I wrote you seven letters with pictures of skies but I never heard from you again. The ceiling in my house now hangs low with grey clouds, in my body lives a hurricane. I wish there was an instruction manual about—how to run to hide, from people made of porcelain.

Bhavya Bhagtani is a 24-year-old poet from Ajmer, a small town in India. Her work has previously appeared in *The Alipore Post*, *The Bombay Review*, and *Airplane Poetry Movement's* anthology "A Letter, A Poem, A Home." Currently, she resides in the high-altitude Himalayan desert of Ladakh. She is on Twitter @spiralslow.