

“Unreal city”

—Aniruddha Haldar  
1st Semester (UG)



# to one of the many men i shared the bed with,

i had a home for a second and you took it away. but i still love you for that second.

feel the torture yet? wait there's more.  
this whole letter is meant to burn your skin,  
till you feel breathless.

you'll print.

you'll crawl on the floor,  
on all four

and then put your hands on your chest,  
pray that it starts pumping blood again  
but i would pray you rot.

any other version of me, must rot,  
for i'm only and only your carbon copy.

must, must, must, or i wouldn't be able to ever be the one to let go of this pain  
and what it caused me.

i'd like to sacrifice you to the fires that burn me,  
you're my honey to the pancake afterall;

if i don't compromise on life, all i like and love and lust,  
or else how do i reach idealistic version that only the melancholy romanticist in my brain adores and clutches to  
like its the only way it knows to survive and it needs to,  
my only known sublimity?

i don't know how to not sound melancholic without being the same way you heard me. yes i cried.

i had for a minute, a person i wanted.

the minute was precious.

but the minute is gone now.

so is the person.

so once before you hold someone's hand while shifting gears, i hope you recall my hands and how you wanted to touch them  
how you wanted to have me, to you,

like i'm your newfound midlife possession that reminds you of home,  
because nobody else does.

this is probably reaching you after we end this slow burn  
but don't we deserve a life a bit loving?

don't we deserve the care, the dressing?

the wounds aren't supposed to be sore.

the laundry isn't supposed to pile up,

we all deserve a person who wakes up with you in the middle of the night because you're coughing,

gets you a glass of water and meds

or, just turns the ac off because the other person has cold,

even though heart gives them an ick.

wounds are supposed to be open, open to healing.

so here's to parting ways.

here's to enclosing letters,

the morning alarms,

and the superfluidity of all that we had and will ever have,

here's to my "roasted aubergine",

i am melancholic sad woman and that makes me an artist.

i'll hold on to things dear that costs me life, wounds, misery and heartaches.

you can say that i chase heartaches like its my marathon and i'm an amputated athlete competing against full limbed human shapes,

my rage is against God for not giving me the limbs,

its not against you or anyone else.

but i just have to win. only to lose myself at heartaches later and come back home with a soup bowl filled with exhaustion and burning regrets in dinner table.

i am a controversy myself, the only that gets me, the only material i know of.

and i would like to be still, since that's all i know.

here's to parting ways,

here's to parting ways,

here's to parting ways,

allow me hold you close before we resort to being the story that's unfinished.

allow me.

— Kiki

(Kankana Manna)

5th Semester (UG)