Droplets of Memories

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Droplet 1
It rained last night. It rained and rained. I could hear those tinkling voices. Surrounded by those voices, I missed you. Amid the tinkling of rain and the whiff of cold air, you said you were far away from me. Yet that rain had been the thread between us, keeping us connected. These thoughts made me feel as though some words were coming from some distant planet, as though those words were synonyms of your name. You were melting into the pitter-patter of droplets that were hitting the floor. I kept wondering—if I was there or you were here... then maybe... It was just the way this cloudy, windy night was playing with my imagination. My heart wished that we could enjoy every such rainy night under the various skies above the earth. Meanwhile, a hand drew the curtains to give protection from the water-soaked night that was entering through the window.

Droplet 2
Long ago, she had detached herself from the characters of her story. She did not long to see her reflection in his lines of poetry. They survived face to face at the dinner table. Spoons and forks, a calculator for determining
car payments or laundry bills. They had figured out that understanding each other wasn’t that easy any longer. The day she had tossed the calculator onto the table and rushed to the wash basin to throw up, that day they had realized that their story and poetry, hand in hand, had created an unconventional lullaby.

Droplet 3

She no longer regrets the dangling breasts on her thin frame. Nor does he feel bereaved about the medals that once adorned his narrow chest. Both have different lives, individual dreams. They have not bothered to remember each other’s bedroom address. Yet in those rare moments when they cling to each other through time, they realize that to have a complete story, one doesn’t require a flawless character.

Droplet 4

He helps her tie her backless blouse. He helps her sit in the wheelchair. Before leaving the house, he sprinkles pepper and chili powder in her chicken soup and kisses her forehead while running his fingers through her thick dark hair. For this fleeting beautiful moment, she thanks God for her beauty and accomplishments. And because of this, every day on her way home, she buys half a kilo of chicken.

Droplet 5

She touched his neck with her coloured palm. Her hands held the magic of the potter making a clay pot. She was a deft artist. Her soft touch filled his body with blue colour. And in a soft voice he said, “Let it be! Life isn’t only a love poem.”

Droplet 6

Shoving the toast into her mouth, she walked awkwardly in her six-and-a-half-inch stilettos. She poured all the darkness within her into the coffee mug. The steeliness of the spoon accentuated the bitterness of the coffee. The sky, spread over the balcony like handmade paper, was longing for the stroke of cloud. She told herself that this was the appropriate time to hang a “To let” sign in her heart.