

Sid Nayak

What we leave behind

I still remember the day I met you,
Swathed in a cocoon of blankets,
Your soft and serene expression,
Unnaturally stark in a background of bawling.
As we left the sterile surroundings,
Being cleansed from the stench of disinfectant
I began to wonder—what will you be like?
Only time will tell

You grew stronger as time went on,
With a precious smile plastered on your face
Even through your trips and tumbles,
You marched on.
When your favourite songs came on,
Your eyes would glitter with glee,
And your gentle voice, would echo through the air.
Even when you fell sick, your head was held high,
Covered in tubes back in that sterile setting,
Your warm giggles reverberating through those frigid, white halls

I am now somewhere else,
A different place, in pursuit of the “greater good”
Leaving you to fight the same old battles.
I can still see you beyond the cold, lifeless veil of zoom,
Your gentle voice being mimicked mechanically
Your precious smile pixelated to obscurity
— I wonder to myself
What I wouldn’t give to hear your giggles ringing in the wind.