

Stay



The sky painted in hues of flaming red and fiery yellow
Gentle breezes playing with my unbound hair
The city beneath stretching out as far as my eyes could see -
The top of the world was indeed a beautiful place to be.

They're called skyscrapers for a reason
Thought I as I peered over the edge of the mighty concrete building.
At least I can count on you, thought I. You will not fail me.
I suddenly found myself on the ledge of the roof.

I was tired.
Tired of the darkness and the dread.
Tired of the heavy cloud that had made my heart its home.
Tired of the emptiness.
Tired of feeling nothing, and yet so much.

It had to stop, I knew.
I'd known for a while now
It had become all too much,
I didn't want to stay.
That's when it hit me:
I didn't *have* to stay.

After that, it all became very easy
I stared up at the dark night sky,
And with one deep sigh of relief,
I stepped off the edge of the building.

But where's the gush of freedom I expected?
I don't feel the chains breaking,
Time seems to move slower,
Maybe I just need some patience.

So I closed my eyes, and let the wind whip through my hair.
Reminding me of the times I went swinging high as a child.

All of a sudden, I remembered.
I remembered the kid at the coffee shop smiling at his muffin
I remembered the happy puppy from the park,
Playing fetch with every stranger.
I remembered the first time I managed to ride a cycle
I remembered the summer I learnt how to swim,
And I remembered all the other little things.

Inexplicably, I wanted to smell my grandma's cooking again.
I wanted to taste a mango again.
I wanted to see the little sparrow,
twittering outside my window every morning.
I wanted to listen to the wind chimes out on my balcony.
And just like that, I changed my mind again -

I wanted to stay.

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References:

- https://in.pinterest.com/nain0175/alone_/