

Just below the hazy, gray, Mumbai sky, blending with the sun's hues of orange and yellow
In the place of millions where I was one,
The little bay window sat.

Up on the eleventh floor,
there for who-knows-how-many-years,
Let me sit on the marble top through rain or shine,
The little bay window sat.

It held my heavy grief as the souls of those I love left me
When my tears were heavier than the monsoon rains
Cradling me to sleep on the darkest nights,
The little bay window sat.

It shined the sun on my face when I wore my brightest of smiles
It carried the music of the people of the street below for me to dance to
Let me fill it with my laughter,
The little bay window sat

When my demons came to find me, I hid in its curtain
Day would fall to night yet they could never find me
Let me bathe in its warmth and comfort,
The little bay window sat

The ocean that borders the Mumbai sand is minuscule from where I sit,
The roofs of all the buildings below shining in the reflected light
Let me see the sun, in its beauty, fall asleep,
The little bay window sat

So thank you, my dear, for holding me during my worst of fears
When all I wished to do was disappear

But thank you, love, for holding me through all my joys
From nearly being an adult to when I was a little girl with her toys

All I wish is to go back.

Back to the comfort.
Back to the sun.
To the sounds of the music.
To the worries of none.

Growing up is scary.
And I want to escape all that.
To the piece of my world,
Where the little bay window sat.