

## A Distinct Memory of Colours

*Sanket Mhatre*

Memories are colours stretching into time  
This memory of yours: Yellow  
Of a succulent mango dripping on a hot afternoon

Swathes of blue spread across your shorelines  
Sea blue fused into sky blue fused into deep blue where  
the utterance of your name sends a ripple through the syllables of space

The maroon of your courtyard marrying the red earth of my childhood  
Sand particles losing their way in the hour glass  
While growing up turns into a textbook dream

Crimson mosaic of the clouds  
Borrowed from your pink skirt  
Dripping of rose scented longing and silence

You grew up into a green colour  
A single palm tree in a desert  
Like a song on an empty road

Colours are pearl shaped moments  
on the abacus of the mind  
The first lesson of count  
is a prayer for your arrival  
counted backwards