

Love Letter to Bandra (and leisure)

the way S.V. Road splits into a 'V' shape,
my legs part for the lady
who lasers my bikini area, I am freshly-eighteen
and I think her name is Geeta (I remember
because she asked me to leave
a good review on Google Maps), I forget
to and leave after putting clothes
on my sticky skin, I unsuccessfully try
to hail a rickshaw, all the *bhaiyas* say no
they don't want to go the other way so I walk
to Café Andora because I decide I've earned it on the way
there is an unassuming oval-shaped park, I've never seen it before
amidst a thousand beige-colored residential buildings with
Christian names like Joanna Apartments or something vague like Florette
the afternoon is sweltering and sweaty and wet with humid air
the afternoon is blaring at me with possibility
the afternoon begs me to keep walking, so I do
toward the florist at the corner of St. Andrew's Turf
where hormonal boys play football rowdily
you can never miss him with his gigantic sunflowers,
rows of tiger lilies, gerberas, carnations and orchids
Andora has a light Tuesday shuffle with people hovering and pointing
over the glass behind which the delicacies rest, behind them
a middle-aged Christian man greets me, obviously
he wears no name tag (the shop is his father's and has been

around for years and years and years)
he rushes me out of habit even though there is no one
else in line, so I order my two lemon tarts and an iced tea, a handful
of mutton samosas for mom and two chicken puffs
for dad, I hand him the cash in coins
take my order encased in a brown paper bag and paper cup
with no lid and now it is 5:35, I must get home, I make
my way to the traffic-heavy Hill Road to hail an auto rickshaw (successfully this
time) in which I will listen to Mohammed Rafi and Asha Bhosle
with my wired earphones and smile thinking,
it is going to rain this evening, isn't it?