

On Sadness

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What does sadness feel like?
I think it feels like this:
Waking up after you went to bed very late
And very overwhelmed, so
You didn't bother to put your laundry
away. And the first thing you see when
You open your eyes the next morning
Is a pair of your leggings
Rolled into a ball
Right next to your head
And for a split second you think
Your little cat is sleeping next to you again –
Like she always used to,
Her body curled in a tight little comma
Using her leg as a pillow,
Her soft breaths stirring pieces of your
hair And for a moment your heart soars –
– *I thought you were gone did you come back to me?* –
but Then you remember and you
flinch
Crumpling like a dead body
Sinking into yourself
Gasping for air like
An animal stunned.
I think grief must be
the animal, stunned,
That wanders around in the empty spaces
Where you used to keep your love for her
I think sadness feels like never leaving
Your laundry on your bed