

mumbai is not bombay

awful slagscape of rubble and filth and cruelty / joyous bazar of brothers and sisters in alms / god is everywhere and nowhere to be seen / unthinkable inhuman apocalypse / overflowing with hope and energy / and noise and smells / the cows are the size of rhinoceros / everyone is hustling a living almost as soon as they can walk / or hold a hand or hold one out or shine a shoe or shine you on / brother join me for chai lets be buddies / i'll be your mumbai son / bubbling cauldrons of oil and samosas / and sauce and puris and movie stars / and air-conditioned taxicabs / see mumbai from my rooftop brother / you want something to smoke / i gave him 200 rupees and bought us lunch / studying for my guides licence brother / saving for a shoeshine box / they fined him 280 rupees for being on the platform / of bandra station to see me off and touch me for another note / then i lied to him about the money in my pocket / he gave me his address / i'll surprise him (Sunny) with a moneygram when i get home / and money means nothing again / toward his shoeshine box / but i'm already thinking that i can block his number if i need to

Sunny spent the £100 I sent him on his sisters wedding. I have since blocked his number.