I am a part of the flow....

When I try to fit myself into the bucket of humanity, I always spill. Like an unsettled definition, I shape myself watery. Forget what the experts say about Autism; their knowledge is anything but solid. Autism flows: it doesn't settle; it doesn't shape.

Sometimes I see the reflections of a shape called “window” and a line called “wall,” but my watery spread doesn't define anything. I wait to evaporate. The elusive air sweeps over me, and I continue to disappear in a molecular wind. Yet I return back to the flow. I return to spill once more.

When was it? It could have been last year, or the year before, or the 1990s. A bleached Indian summer sky waited for the monsoons. “Rice costs more when the monsoons are late.” That was what the shopkeeper had told mother in Bangalore.

I saw myself as a molecule of water licked up by a cloud. I floated around, becoming the atmosphere. Who knows how.... I would drop back to the earth in a bucket. With great effort, I remembered my liquid looks that resembled humankind. I saw myself in a vapory presence floating like steam above the smell of hot rice.

The dead will forget those whom they loved. But water remembers the years of waiting. So I spill with my watery memories.