



FRACTURES & FRAGMENTS

I was brought into this world two and a half decades ago. I was given a name. I was loved. I was taught many things, until I got to know what being human is. I was taught to distinguish colours – which ones to hate and which ones to love. I was equally blessed and cursed. So many fractures in a single brain; time passed and I realised that I had forgotten to ask -

“Who am I? Who is this man in the mirror?”

PHOTOS & TEXT: PAHN CHAKMA

