

Namaste Sanjay, his sweet mother coos, smoothing his mob of black hair. Bright morning sun peeking through the windows. Bells ringing below signaling morning prayers.

Namaste Sanjay, his father mumbles awaiting a cup of hot tea. Milk streaming on the old wood stove. The kitchen air swirling with sweet smell of cloves.

Namaste Sanjay, the old man mutters. Grumbling and digging in the flower beds. Exotic plants lining the brick garden walls beautifully.

Namaste Sanjay, the handyman shouts. Delicately balancing on the tall rickety ladder, slowly hanging strings of lights, preparing for the special day.

Namaste Sanjay, the dressmaker whispers, straight pins dangling from her shiny lips. Hemming the red and gold sari, reflections shimmering magically.

Namaste Sanjay, the peddler yells from the street. His vegetable cart overflowing with color. Neighborhood dogs watching and waiting.

Namaste Sanjay, his grandfather whistles. Exotic caged birds bobbing and repeating his tune. Feathers fluttering merrily.

Namaste Sanjay, his cousins screech running towards the pitch. The soccer game in full swing.

Namaste Sanjay, his grandmother sings cheerily. Loudly discussing the week's festivities.

Exchanging tall tales of the groom's family.

Namaste Sanjay....

Namaste Sanjay....

Namaste Sanjay, giggle his aunties. Pinching and squeezing his cherub cheeks.

Namaste Sanjay, his little brother cries. Splashing water all about. Nanny chiding the bath time revelry.

Namaste Sanjay, his uncles lazily say, enjoying the day's activities.

Namaste Sanjay, his mother sighs. Yawning and rubbing her tired eyes.

Party planning finishing. The wedding is near. His sister and new brother, a match made for years.

Come here Sanjay. He closes his eyes snuggling into his mother's sari folds. *Rest my sweet little Sanjay*. Softly breathing in his ear.