



KAAGAZ

WRITTEN BY

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BlueRose ONE^{.com} DIY
Stories Matter

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KAAGAZ

Alfaazo ki baarish mein,

Abh bhavnayein bahegi,

Mehsoos karte hai sabhi,

Zariyan meri zubaan banegi.....


Introducing KAAGAZ - a mesmerizing journey through words. This captivating book showcases the beauty of Sketch, weaving an imaginative tale. Get ready to lose yourself in its pages. Grab your copy today and experience the magic for yourself!

If the readers want to become part of the extended community for better mental health, you may scan the bar code behind the book. Looking forward to building a family till eternity.

Har nukad par millengi ek din humari yaadein, par na samajhna kiya hai unnhe nilaam,

Khareedegi jab duniya isse, misaalein dengi pyar ki humari sare-aam.

Satwik Arora





DEDICATION

To my dearest Mom and Dad.


We have always been travelling together in this rollercoaster where ups and down were a daily affair. While on a path towards downfall, you closed my eyes so that I couldn't witness failure and on a path towards growth, you gave me the perspective to witness life at a height with humanity instilled inside.


This ability, to breathe, consume things, see colours, interpret words and most importantly feel emotions is due to my presence on this planet which is a consequence of your creation.

Your investment in me, has been constant irrespective of my volatile returns to your unconditional expectations for a humongous gain.

To my mother (Neeru Arora),

I might not be the best son mumma, but I tried to be one. To kiss you goodnight every day, to walk every single day beneath the attacks of sun, rain and chilliness towards the ladders of achievement with an image of your smile, to gaze you while providing the luxuries of life and you enjoying it, even if for a brief period. But it wasn't enough, it cannot match what you have done for me, for family. You left for heavenly abode, leaving your physical form, merging in the air of this house where we have multiple memories of our laughter and tears and I experienced a real heartbreak for the first time and understood the essence of love. But what can I do? How to bring you back? A question that I might know the answer for, but unwilling to accept the impossibility of it.






I will try to improve every day, travelling towards the destination of your expectations, of what you wanted me to be, probably there I would find you standing, waiting for me, to hug me, tap on my shoulder and call me the names that reflected your love. Till then I will keep you close to me in the form of my memories, by possessing things that still contains your smell in it and by preserving this energy in my body which has significant share of you in it.

To my Father (Sushil Kumar),

You might not express, but you feel everything that happens around you. Especially the loss our family went through. But I got a chance to witness how strong fathers are and you are an epitome of it. You have taken care of me all my life, irrespective of my bad decisions, standing next to me like a pillar of support, communicating that it is okay to fail in life and to inhale these lessons only to exhale the representation of it in actions. Your plethora of knowledge about everything makes me idolize you a lot of times and I genuinely cannot match that ever.

This journey, ours, I hope is a long and healthy one, filled with the “highs of life” and brings justice to the conviction you have had in me since the beginning of my birth.

These pages, filled with emotions are a depiction of the power your love has provided to my soul, surviving extreme phases of life proving the strength passed on by your guidance and efforts. Every time I came out of a situation I felt stronger than before which is all due to your time invested in me.





While respecting our journey, I am glad that this human gained consciousness in this house, around parents like you who played every role flawlessly. I could not ask for more and wish you to be my creators for the following births. You made me who I am, and it is my responsibility to leave this world by becoming who you wanted me to be.

With all my love,

Satwik Arora






PREFACE


Approximately 25 years ago, when I met with the surroundings that introduced maturity to my soul felt like an awakening. Being a single child, we often choose our escape, my being observations of this society which pertained to relationships, their transactions, the psychology behind it. Struggling for the answers behind the Why's and How's, the solutions as a conclusion were asked out of curiosity.

Mental health is a topic which was a taboo, but not anymore and the power of community building with like-minded individuals will bring peace in the future. Such a small community was created by me during my post-graduation where there was freedom to express anonymously, without the fear of being judged, to drain out the incidents as well as emotions which were noise to the soul. Letting go of the pain takes time but it also needs expression.

The expression can be in any form, but should be productive and not harmful to oneself or others. This book is an expression, for the people that find blocks in communicating their feelings on piece of paper, or in front of a human. It talks about different phases of a heartbreak, the process of getting out of a toxic relationship and how to move on from the wounds gifted from the experiences.

I hope to build a community, larger than before, where we can freely talk about mental health issues, as to why we get into such situations (sometimes repeatedly), and how to come out of it. How to control our mind and decisions so that we can conquer it not the other way round.





The author by profession, is a Corporate Banker and believes that this pen becomes a sword that attacks on unspoken and unexplored topics. He is also a certified numerologist from one of the prestigious institutions of occult science. He is inclined towards Relationship counselling, Psychology and Life coaching.

Hope we have a great journey together.

Sincere regards,

Satwik Arora





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INTRODUCTION

Readers. Can I call you a close-knit family? Who would love to join this house filled with roller-coaster of emotions, like any other on the block? This will definitely consume your borrowed time from life and lead to an interaction with Satya's soul.

Well we do not have the bandwidth to witness the pain of other sapiens in this journey. But sometimes, it is important for us to just stop in the middle, and experience life. Relate with people who might speak the language of thoughts that are embedded in our limited space beneath our head. It takes us back to the phase where we once, used to feel strong flow of emotions. The version of our soul that was untouched with the blows of strangers turned family.

Love. We experience in different forms, intensities and people. Do we sacrifice it for practicality? Do we deep down relate with our ethically alive conscience while injecting pain in someone's life? I guess mostly would agree. Some would realize their actions later in the life but time does give you a presentation of your directed movie. Whether you played the role of an antagonist or protagonist, the script, the climax answers the questions in your self-victimized mind.

Satya also lives in our society. He is a depiction of any random guy whom we witness travelling in the metro, working next to our cubicle, consuming delicacies on the roadside or at a fancy outlet and most importantly someone who seems to be the most happening personality in the room, but is it the reality?




To all the Gen Z's, let me provide you with a disclaimer that the author is not a narcissist and a misogynist. He is in sync with the philosophy that the absorption of strong emotions resulting from an attached relationship is experienced by both the genders.

This book of poetry is assembled from a psychological perspective highlighting the process of a heartbreak. Satya, our fictional character, entered a bright atmosphere with abundance of colours on the canvas of his love life. An overthinker, who apparently do not only stress the mind but also overly experiences the stream of emotions that connects the wires of his heart and soul with his partner's, unknowingly.

If you press the button of a switch in anticipation of extracting the utility from any gadget, will it work with the help of hope? Obviously not. It requires transmission of electricity for the fulfilment of your expectations, desires or wants.

Well, Satya did connect the wires, with this misconception that the flow of emotions was getting transferred from the other point as well. Probably because initially, there was this huge surge in supply of feelings coming from the other half but with the practicality hitting in, there was this fluctuation in the flow, later.

What happens to any gadget when such fluctuations in the transmission occurs usually? Malfunctions, in majority of scenarios. Now, don't come up with an argument, that stabilizers do prevent them from getting damaged. But what



about Satya's heart and mind? Is there any stabilizer for humans, which insures their damage? Don't think so.

Well, he is in a dark room now. That is filled with emotions, voices and a screen of memories which is witnessed by his lenses. Because, someone, cut the wire. That was transmitting the connection that he wasn't even seeking in the first place. The dependency, this addiction of a human, is the biggest drug that he innocently consumed. The antidote? Well, this is his journey to find it. These poems are a medium to communicate his expression.

A depiction of what any random person would experience while coming out of a lost relationship. The audience who relates to this, we all know it, right?

The author, takes this initiative to probably pen down thoughts which probably we refrain from saying. Well, we are, now.



Chapter I



Missing Her Presence





Satya, washing off the stains from his soul where betrayal spilled. Her scent, so strong, that it prevailed even after the usage of commercialized aromatic products. Her voice, his favourite playlist, playing on repeat, messing with the clock hands to move faster than ever. The mind organizing the tapes of their memories and displaying them on the curtains which once were in front of his eyes, which when removed couldn't bring in the light inside his room of heart and instead invited darkness to settle.

He would wait, for a knock on the door or on a gadget that communicates the arrival of his "better" half, of hope. Responding to the voice on the streets, similar to her's, due to the misleading thoughts of someone calling him out in the crowd.

Glaring the couples so much in love, and calculating the possibilities of one of them falling out of this so called arrangement. Later, guilty for this sadistic approach towards other's prosperity.



Recalling the incidents associated with the song playing in the background of the conversations happening in a café with friends or any place where mentally being present was a priority.

Skipping the recommendations of OTT platforms which had a slight hint of romance just to avoid the contact with her, not in reality but in the battleground of his thoughts.

This urge to see her progress, a life without an inclusion of his face in it, her smile on the virtual media indicating that there isn't any remorse of losing an individual.

Is it easy for Satya to find an escape? To distant himself from something that he looked forward to?

The clock was ticking and its needles were pinching his emotions while each day, hour, minute, second passing made him miss her even more.

Well, let us witness the journey of this first phase of missing the piece of his puzzle.



BHEED

BHEED





1.

Crowd. On the roads, in the metro, in a social circle of strangers. We choose to be a part of them or detach ourselves like an outlier. Feeling alone within the group is what majorly we all must have felt at some point in life. But identifying similar kind of individuals gives a sense of home.

This poem is an identification of such an individual by Satya's fate. Where the affinity towards the wounds made him believe that he finally met the "soulmate" of his future journey. When the discussions concluded identical philosophies, interests, perspectives and upbringing between them.

The emptiness, the gap, could be filled only with the union of their souls with each other.


But is it reciprocative always?

Can we stop our inclination towards the ones, even after witnessing that the kind of people we usually get attracted to, result into a horried experience?

If yes, and we change our preferences for attraction, will it be organic? Or pretentious?

Is Satya, the usual kind that she chooses? Or is he the kind that is ideal for anyone who would like to minimize their hurt and complications in life?

Will she be able to feel loved by the way Satya expresses or is she just pretending to have found someone since she is disappointed with her usual choices?



Well, after a certain kind of adventure, people tend to opt for a safer, much secured choice in life. But can they stay loyal to them and not deviate?

Will she be reflecting an example of morality by choosing Satya who helped her heal or opt for the usual kind after awakening her old, careless self, with a fading thought about the one who helped her in the crowd?

Satya imagining all this while recalling the events of their initial journey together. Missing her, awaiting the addressal of questions in his mind since she isn't there to respond to the pile ups.

This slow death, an outcome of re-visiting the crowded lane of painful instances, gave him the pleasure of meeting her once again where he could witness the vulnerability to which they both surrendered.

Let us go back in time to witness their story.....

Bheed

*Dhoka khaaya ishq mein toh jaa baitha Satya uss **bheed** mein,
Jis bheed mein the ussi ki tarah kuch akele musaafir.*

*Hua batwara Rishto ke sheher mein,
toh aaye uss akelepan ki duniya mein bannke, ek kaafir.*

*Wahi bheed mein milli usse, voh, ek "Akeli",
Jissne ittefaq se thi voh hi saari baatein jhelli.*

*Baantein dono ne apne dukh dard, suljhaaye toote hue rishto
ki pahelli,
Roye saath unn saazisho par jo thi kismat ne unnke saath
khelli.*






*Ek si thi baatein, ek si hi thi dard ki zubaan,
Lagne lagaa fir ek baar, kardu main isski khushiyo ke liye apni
khushiyaan kurbaan.*

*Karne lagaa tha iss mann ko, baarish ki boondo ki awaaz par
naachne sa,
Khayaalo ki baaho mein tum aur main anjaam de naya sa ek
kissa.*

*Akelapan hi ghar tha unnka, aansu the paani aur takleefo ke lafz the
khaane ki thaali,
Uss andhere mein chehre ko chooke bhar jaata tha pet jo kabse
tha khaali.*

*Ek din, aaya ek naya musaafir, sirf ghoomne ka tha usska
iraada,
Padhi usski uss Akeli par nazar, aur jataaya ussne ek puraana
sa waada.*





*Jhoom uthi voh firse, lagne lagaa ke shayad khatkhataya hai pyar ne
usska darwaaza,*

*Bannke umeed aaya usse lene rishto ke sheher se ek naya
shehzaada.*

*Uss shehzaade ne kaha band karke apni aankhein, thaam lo mera
yeh haath,*

*Thakk gayi thi reh reh ke akele, usse bhi chaiye thaa abh kisi
aur kaa saath.*

*Nikli jab voh uss Akelepan ki basti se, jo lagta tha usse ek kaale saaye ka
khandar,*

*Chorr aayi Satya ko jissne kitne mausam, saath diya thaa usska
andheri galiyon ke andar.*

*Kahaaniya bayaan karte karte Satya ne sameth ke de diye the apne
dil ke tukde,*

*Kyuki lagne laga tha apnaapan, ek se lagne lage the dono ke
dukhde.*



*Kya pata tha Satya ko, ke woh Akeli firse paraayo ke saath
jaayegi ghull mill,
Mud ke dekh toh leti, tere jaate kadmo ki aahat ne firse dhadkaa
diya tha usska **Dil**.*





AWAAAZ



2.

Voices. Inside his head that doesn't travel the journey towards the portal of expression. Filled with the thoughts of pain, Satya tend to live it everyday, alone, potraying the smile of happiness in front of the society.

Deep inside, this wish of a presence. Of a person with whom he could probably share the stories that might stay in the locker of her heart. The care, the sensitivity, that would then reflect in her actions towards him and he finally would feel wanted, alive, yet again.

Regretting over the past, that failure of not being able to identify the red flags in a human and further infecting yourself with the poison of betrayal. Seasons passed, hour hand changed positions and the crowd progressed, when finally, one day, he met the person who gave him a treasure lacking in his life. Hope. A second innings, a shot towards love.

Hope is a trap of expectations which if unfulfilled, gives you deeper wounds in life. Especially, when the other person understands your journey and have witnessed the pits you've fallen in the middle but fails to save you from it rather push in a deeper one. This sadistic approach of carelessness in protecting the feelings of Satya and shoving him in the valley of darkness took a toll on his remaining version of innocence.



Does presenting the stories of injustice in your life in front of the person you wish to pursue life with gives them the license to treat you in a similar fashion? Just because of the simple fact that you might be an object immune to the mishandling by a human.

OR


Does strength to face failures delivers this message to the other person that you are immune to bear it all over again?

In the previous piece of poetry, Satya recalled how he identified an equally wounded sapien with the anticipation of relativity to his experiences who probably would keep them protected from future blows fired by life since she was familiar with this pain.

Will Satya be heard and be taken out of the wounded herd?

Let's find out.....





Awaaz

*Umeedin kho gayi andhere mein, dhoondh raha tha maachis
firse ho ujaala,*

*Aaya ek haath uss kaalak mein jisski ungliyo ne pakad ke
mujhe tha sambhaala.*

*“Ghabhraao nahi, main hu, jisski kar rahe the na-jaane kabse,
tum talaash,”*

*“Aayegi tum mein firse jaan, rehne nahi doongi bannke abh, ek
zindaa laash,*

*Kaash mille hote tum pehle, kyuki aaj maanti hu khud ko sabse
zyada khushnaseeb,*

*“Naa karo fikar, ho chuka voh waqt khatam jab samjhte the khud
ko tum badnaseeb”*

*Kholdo dil aur umeedo ke voh darwaaze, pahochne do lavzo ko
meri chaukhat par,*

*Chordena mujhe agar, samet kar unnhe sajaa naa paau mann ki unn
kamzor deewaro ke upar.*

*Lagaa Satya ko sajega ghar, firse, bas ek aur baar, hoga apno
ka saath,*

*Khoon ka beshak naa ho rishta, par anjaana saa nahi lagta tha voh
chehra, usska voh haath.*

*Aaya ek din toofan fir, laaya tez bahaav paani ka uss chaukhat
ke andar,*

*Beh gayi umeedein jo thi rakhi wahi, aayi nahi bachaane, aata dekh rishte
par vishaal sa samandar.*

*Beh gaye sabhi armaan aur saath hi beh gaye usske saare
waade,*

*Kya yahi likha hai kismat mein meri, kya yahi hai sab logo ke
ghinone iraade?*

*Poocha Satya ne apni kismat se, uss khuda se jissne banaayi
hai yeh duniyaa,*

*“Ke he bhagwan kaha gayi voh pari, jisse kehta tha main kabhi
apni duniyaa?”*





*Aayi voh firse uss chaukhat ke andar, tehes nehes ho chuka tha jab
armaano se bhara uska ghar,
Jhoothe waado ne behlaaya dil ko usske, aatma se nikli awaaz- "ke ek
baar firse bharosa toh kar"*

*Shayad tu hi samajh raha tha usse galat, ruk jaa apne rishte ki
badaulat,
Kya pata tha, maangi jaa rahi thi rishte ko chornne ki usski taraf se
thodi aur mauhlat.*

*Voh cheekha chilaaya ke mat todho unn umeedo ki deewaro ko apne
shabdo ke auzaar se,
Koi aur nahi karega pyaar mere se zyada, dhoondh lo koi aur beshak tum,
aashiqo ke bazaar mein.*

*Sunaa toh sahi ussne unn cheekho ko, par shayad khokli thi usski
kaan ki deewaarein,
Nilaam hui khud ki nazro mein Satya ki izzat, aur dikhe usse zindagi ki
kadwi sachayi ke nazaarein.*



*Firse sooni hojayengi deeware, banjar pyar ki zaameen aur gher lega uss
ghar ko kaala akaash,*

*Ghar banaa shamshaan, ghoomo voh haath mein liye armaano ko,
bannke ek zindaa laash.*

*Sach hai ke duniya mein ek insaan hai ghosht aur doosre shikaar
karne waale jaanlewa baaz,*

*Ant mein Noch khaayenge tumhe, chaahe jitni bhi sunayi de unnhe
tumhari dard ki **Awaaz.***



DAULAT





3.

Image. Which is painted in our hypothetical dream with that person who have been there with us throughout the journey of rags to riches. Well, that is the motivation for a few, imagining the smile on their face once they reach that final step of the ladder after a huge pile of patience. Holding hands throughout the hurdles assuring to cross it together becoming an epitome of the concept of forever.

After multiple failures and moments in the middle where the heart wants to give up the idea of changing our fate, they re-fill us with the capacity to take blows on our soul and still push ourselves towards the agenda.


But,

Are they lending us the energy which they possess?

Are they exhausting themselves along with us?

Will they question consistently on the part as to why should they suffer because it wasn't even their dream, their struggle?

Will they be calculative on the options wherein they can eliminate the struggles in their life and hence could start a journey with a random stranger who already possess the access to their materialistic urges?



Satya, resting his body on the street, exhausting his eyes witnessing a girl inside a small car who further was glaring a luxury sedan while his partner was out arranging for their necessities in life. Is the girl content with what they have? On one hand the guy is satisfied with a simple fact that despite the struggles of making our ends meet, the girl is being patient of their current condition. Will she be disappointing him with his imaginary satisfaction? Will the weight of these papers that hold value in our society, outweigh their investment in each other?

What happened to growing organically together with whom each step, each process filled with failures as well as achievement felt satisfactory? This constant fear occurring due to the prediction of a pessimistic future with someone, leads us to put our investment of feelings which received unconditional love and effortless compatibility, at stake. For what? Pieces of paper.

Let's find out. Does these pieces of paper scatter their love into pieces or not!!!!

Daulat


*Hum dono the fakeer bas tha ek doosre ka saath.
Jeet lenge duniyaa kehta tha dil, chalte rahe pakad ke haath.*

*Kahi na kahi lagta tha darr mujhe ke ho na jaaye ek din judaa,
Kyuki paisa cheez hi hai aisi, ache ache ho jaate hai usspe
fidaa.*

*Yaad hai hum khaate the khaana dekh ke unn rotiyo ki
keemat,
Fir bhi pet bharjaata humaara, usski kammi ne di nahi iss
rishte ko, zehmat.*

*Shayad isliye kyuki hum dono ne dekhe the sapne saath, bas paane ke liye
karni thi jee todh mehnat,
Dua thi zubaan par, ke khuda hum par rakhna apni thodi si
rehmat.*





*Jabh bhi dekhte sadak par chalte hue gaadiyaan badi badi,
Hogi humaari bhi ek din aisi gaadi, ek badaa saa makaan, badlegi humaari
bhi waqt ki ghadi.*

*Aaye the aise khandaan se jahaa inn kamiyon ko poora karta tha
parivar ka pyaar,
Ghanto socha karte naukri ke saath saath aur kya kar sakte
hai vyapaar.*

*Par hum the ek maayene mein ek doosre se alag hamesha,
Mujmein tha uss manzil tak pahochne ka sabar par tum mein nahi, aisa
tha mujhe halka sa andesha.*

*Jeevan mein aur takleefein jhelni ki nahi taakat, araam tha shayad
tumhare liye zyada zaroori,
Tumhaari baahon mein araam tha mera, aankhein band karke dikhti thi
humaari zindagi poori.*

*Par shayad har kahaani ki tarah iss kahaani ko bhi rehna tha bannke
kitaabo ke andar adhoori,*

*Kyuki aajaate tum har baar waapas, iss baar jaane pe tumhari
lagi, ek alag si doori.*

*Shayad kaagaz the bhaari, inn rishto ki yaadon se kahi zyaada,
Jinnke wazan ne dafnaa diya humara ek doosre ko kiya hua voh har
ek waadaa,*

*Dikhne laga tha tumhe ek aasaan sa safar, kamiyaan mujhmein, aur
mera pyaar aadha,*

*Yeh toh bas ek khel tha tumhara aur main bann baitha, ek
maamooli sa pyaada.*

*Saath hote ameer, thodi de toh deti humaare rishte ko
mauhlat,*

*Jinn haatho ko pakda tha tune, wahi ek din kamaake deti
tujhe teri **Daulat**.....*



BAARISH





4


Rain. Dancing in sync with the drops splashing on the floor of our terrace. Enjoying the first of everything that season, that year with hidden innocence.

It is funny how the meaning of every single event changes while we grow up and experience life. The rain which used to shower happiness, an escape from all the worries, is now becoming a shield for us to hide our feelings.

Standing beneath the shelter of the clouds covering his tears, from the mortals of the neighbourhood including the feathered acquaintances who flew away from Satya, for the only reason that he couldn't feed them for days.

Is it the case with everyone? Not staying in case you aren't in a position to feed their hunger?

Well, Satya is not feeding his soul with emotions, so will it stay with him or get umbraged, so much that they won't be able meet each other, feel each other?



Hence, standing with his arms open, acting submissive to this day again, where the rain moist his dry soul again with the spirit of euphoria, he welcomed the wind towards himself along with uncountable drops of water, just to feel the intimacy of hugging the one missing in the act.

Numerous things happening in a day, often lead us to the memory which is linked to that particular incident. It can be a word spilled out of a stranger's mouth, a song in our playlist or passing by a familiar place where our uncanny acts are displayed in the past timelines.

Satya's factor of visiting the memory lane with that person was "Rain". Incidents, special to the both of them but cherished by one.

Let us absorb the smell of the first rain together with Satya!

Baarish

*Aakash ke aankhon se aaj ho rahi hai baarish,
Khelenge firse mere dil se, racch di hai inn baadlo ne saazish.*

*Kaagaz ki thi kashti jismein hum kar rahe the safar,
Chaahe jitne bhi aaye toofan, wahi kashti lagti thi apna chota
sa ghar.*

*Havaa ke rukh se beshak bhatki voh naav laakho baar,
Chorra nahi beech raste chaahe aaye jahaaz kitne hazaar.*

*Kyuki parindey hai udhte idhar udhar, ek jagah nahi hai
baste,
Satya tha voh insaan jiske liye rishte nahi the kabi bhi saste.*





*Hue judaa deke bahaana, ke alag hai humaari manzilein,
Main khada aaj bhi uss kinaare jaha umeedo se the hum pehli
baar, millein.*

*Jaaau kaha? Peeche samundar aage hai khaayi,
Khadaa beech safar tere intezaar mein par tu laut ke kabhi
naa aayi,*

*Subah sooraj ki kiran aur raat ki kaalak hai meri zindagi mein
chaayi,
Kardiyen andhera, todh di umeedein, jo bhi tu saath thi laayi.*





***Baarish** ki naa sahi, bhaavnao ki boondein bhari thi dil ke
bakse mein,
Siskiyon ki boondon ne bakse ko karliya apne kabse mein.*

*Taaki ho jaaye maatra aansuo ki, meri bhavnaao par bhaari,
Kehte hai pyar ka bahaana deke karti hai fareb duniya saari.*

*Rakhnaa yaad hamesha, bannke rahunga teri main fir bhi ek
parchaayi,
Baarish ke paani mein dekhogi, toh jhalkegi humari sachaiyi.*






CHAPTER II



Attempt to patch up





Surrender. Satya had to. In front of: her thoughts knocking the door of his brain, the eyes that was searching her face in the crowd, the urge to smell her scent once again and to feel her hands on his forehead which would swipe out all the worries of the possibilities where the non-existence of their relationship was a concern.

Well someone had to give up on the suffering and take the initiative to revive the relationship. To keep aside the egoistic approach and highlight the prolonged period of awaiting for the other person. It is like waiting for the train on the platform which would take you further on a journey full of challenges, with some beautiful views in the middle, under the tunnel giving you darkness for a brief period in anticipation of light entering inside the compartment.

The train has reached awaiting its passengers. Satya has packed the luggage of expectations and hope to hop onto their booked cabin. But he couldn't see her. Neither on the platform nor attempting to reach him in order to understand about his departure and whereabouts.

Is she standing on another platform holding hands with another traveller? Probably yes. Then in that case, Satya thought of heading towards that platform, to make her understand that

she has got deviated from the path that unites them. To make her come out of the manipulation of a better journey over there.

Satya, decided to make her go through the memories that were so precious to them. That differentiated them from other relationships. That would bring her back home probably. That would communicate her to respect the struggle they went through in order to keep themselves protected by external forces.

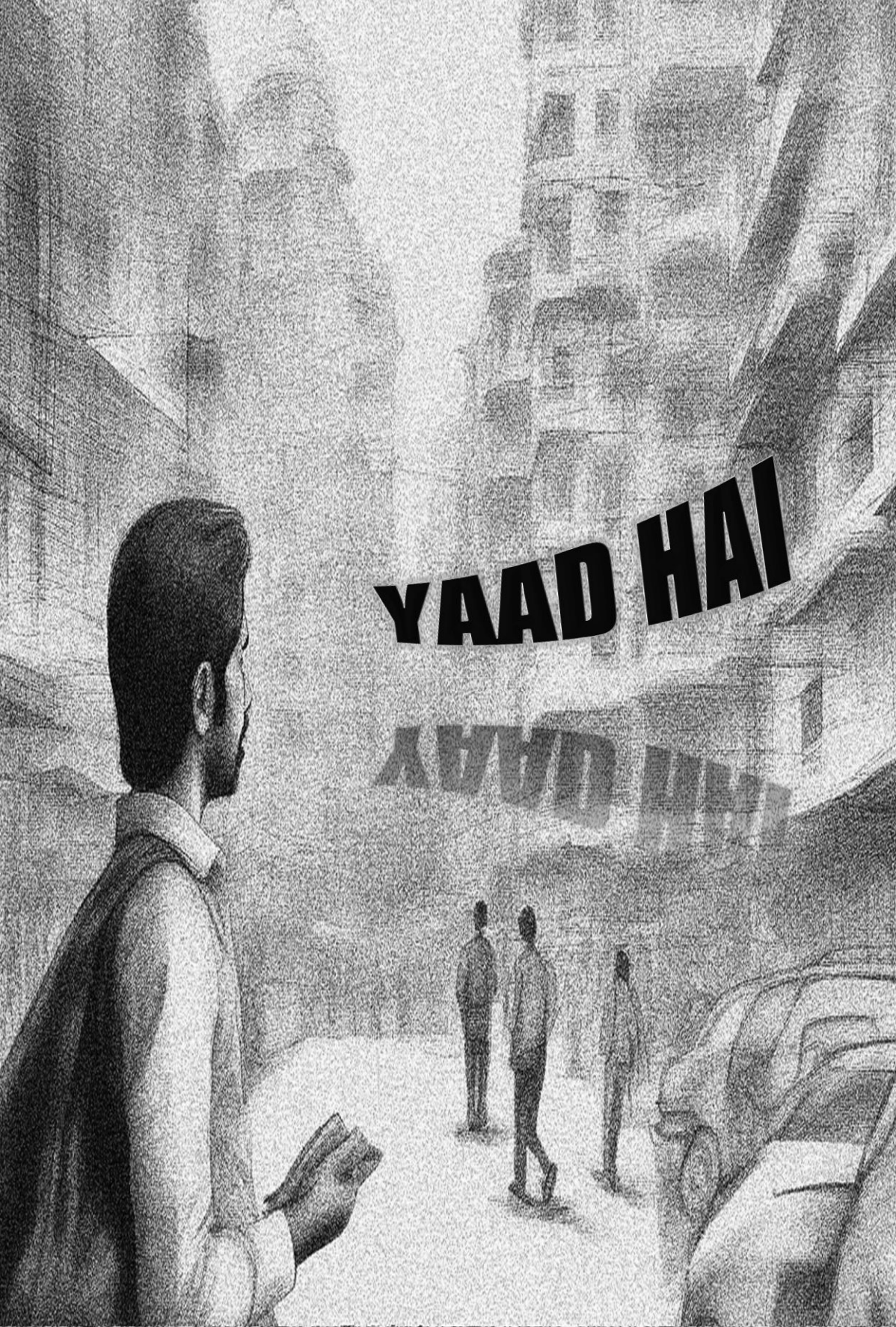
But the words bring you back only and only when there are feelings inside a human who is at the receiving end. When their feelings have been overpowered, covered with the glittery world which awaits their arrival, then it is senseless to come in front of their dreams.

They are hypnotized with their upcoming life which doesn't include you and it is beyond your expertise to break the spell.

Will Satya's love have that magical spell that would bring her back to them? Will they be able to put a patch onto the leak in their relationship?

Let us witness this phase in the current chapter!!!!





YAAD HAI

YAAD HAI



5

Innocence. The age where we are far away from reality to even touch our pure soul. The dirt which is still not infused into our system and the raw thoughts emerge effortlessly even if it is an after effect of capturing the first drop of rain on our face, within our tiny brain.

The age where vulnerability and unconditionality are at its peak. Absorption of everything in the surrounding is on an extremity. The memories last forever in order to re-appear in the future, just to give that nostalgic feeling.

Where we just turn back and witness our growth, astonishing on that fact as to how far we have come, leaving behind the incorrupt version to become part of the common crowd. Given in any relationship, the aroma of materialism wasn't sprayed in the air or on our naked soul but we still believed in chances, in equality.

When money wasn't a block for any relationship and experiences outweighed our urges to be with a person.

When little things gave us happiness and spending emotions were the currency.



When we didn't think about consequences backed up by practicality and were in a bubble of dreams to be fulfilled.

That version was untouched.

This is what Satya is recalling and unlike the majority, he decides to give it a shot again with her. Re-iterating the story and infusing her with the memories that communicates their raw identity within the relationship, as a unit. To make her realize that it would be a waste losing them to a manipulated thought. How external factors brought them in this current situation.

Will Satya be able to hold her in this relationship? Let us see.....



YAAD HAI?

Yaad hai?

*Voh intezaar jo kara karte the. milne ka. maheeno ke baad.
Dost bulaayein bhi toh naa jaaye, aur kyu hi kare, bahar jaane ka
humara bahaana barbaad.*

Par abh

*Saalo ho gaye, naa hi hai intezaar na hi uss rishte ki buniyaad.
Karwahat hai aisi rishte mein, millne ka jee bhi nahi abh, karlo tum
kitni bhi fariyaad.*


Yaad hai?

*Sochte the apne apne aashiyane mein khaate, voh har ek
niwaala,
Millenge jab bhi firse, khilayenge thaali se ek doosre ko, chaahe roti ek bhi
kyu na de uparwala.*

Par abh

*Haath toh bohot hai khilaane ko mujhe, par voh nahi jo bharde bhookh ka
diya hua, ek ek chaala,
Voh haath nahi, jinkke ferne se meri zindagi mein ho jaaya karta tha
andhere mein bhi ujaala.*





Yaad hai?

*Bachaate the paise, jab jeb se the gareeb, aur maanga karte the dukaano
par baithne ki aur mauhlat,
Taaki dekh le aankhon par woh khushi jo bahe hothon tak, wahi toh thi
humari asli daulat.*

Par abh

*Paise hai bohot, jeb se na sahi lekin dil se hu gareeb, teri
judaayi ki badaaulat,
Kyuki tere kadmo ke saath shayad woh bhi chali gayi, dil ko de gayi
zindagi bhar ki saulat.*


Yaad hai?

*Kaanta bhi lage tumhe toh, teri zindagi par aanch aane ka, mann mein aa
jaaya karta tha khayaal,
Kaise karu yeh dard kam tumhara, dil mere dimaag mein kardiya karta
tha bawaal.*

Par abh

*Itne zakhm diye hai ek doosre ko, ke zindagi bhi maut se
poochti ek hi sawaal,
Kya yeh yaadein hai teri jinhone, mujhe banaa rakha hai teri
saanson ka dalaal.*

*Ya zinda hai tu unn yaado ke zariye, jinkaa zaraa saa bhi nahi hai
tujhe malaal.*



Yaad hai?

*Baarish mein tere kadmo ke saath chalne ki voh maasum si
chaahat,*

*Naraazgi hojaati uss mauke par, jab tu naa ho, par baarish ke
aane ki ho aahat.*

Par abh

*Chalta hu kabhi kabhi baarish mein akela, aaj bhi, milti nahi mere mann
ko bheegne se bhi raahat,*

*Kyuki abh bhi hu naraaz, saath nahi tu, kar baith-ta hu baadlo se main
bagaawat.*

Yaad hai?

*Waqt ka lagta nahi tha pata kabhi, aur sochte kaash firse jee sake uss
din ki shuruwaat,*

*Waqt ke aage hai kiski challi, bhaagke badal deta hai logo ke
haalaat.*

Par abh

*Itna waqt hai ke bhaagta nahi, jagaadeta hai yaadon ke zariyen mere
saare jazbaat,*

*Sochta hu, bas yahi, ke kabh ho yeh din khatam aur zehen mein tujhse
hui meri har mulakaat.*

Yaad hai?

*Bacho ki tarah voh bhaagna, paane unn dekhe sapno ko, aur ruk ke
voh hassna,*

*Theher ke aankhon mein dekhta raha tumhari, sochte hue ke iss insaan
ke saath hai mujhe bassna.*

Par abh,

*Ek doosre se hai bhaagte, hassi bhi lagti hai zakham par; aag ke gole sa
barassna,*

*Rihaa kardu apne pyar ke pinjre se usse, bandish nahi hai koi, naahi
bediyon ka galle mein fassna.*

Yaad hai?

*Safar mein, neend kardeti tumhare galle ko girne par majboor,
bachaalete the mere yeh haath,*

*Tumhe kuch naa ho, takiya bann saath deta tumhara, pyaare se the
mere voh jazbaat.*

Par abh,

*Sochta hu sojate hoge tum zindagi ke iss akele safar mein, kaun banega
tumhara voh haath,*

*Aur fir sochna bhi lagta hai gunaah, ke tum le bhi sakti ho kisi
aur ka saath.*

Yaad hai? Humaari Yaadein hai....



FIKAR





6

Progress. An important part of a relationship. Individual and professional, especially for an ambition being.


Initially when we fall in love, the only thing that matters are the vibe and frequency. A few are calculative enough to consider other factors as well. But to be honest other factors also come into play with the situations unfolding going forward.

Consider a scenario where the person is understanding, giving, loving, caring, empathetic, in short everything you desire in a partner, but the professional growth isn't happening at a pace you aspired for. Will it be fault of a human or your destiny?

If the situation demands your attention on the relationship but by doing that it would jeopardize your career, what will be the next step of action? You've invested in your relationship as well as career, but which is that one thing, you cannot live without?

People often tend to blame the person for their failures. Probably because of his/her family conditions that demanded your attention but it resulted in their non-productivity at workplace. Ideally, one should see it as life happening but we see it as the limitations of the relationship, which isn't fair.

With anyone, at any given time, the high and the low tides will be experienced. But we as humans sell our every single emotion carelessly just to avoid responsibilities. We feel going far from that life, from a person full of variance, we will seek peace. But on the contrary that was our actual peace, the feeling of unconditionally getting loved. It is just that we felt saturated and wanted freshness in life. Or probably get scared from the height of the rollercoaster and running away is the only option that pops up, switching off the emotional buttons.



Satya, while trying to convince her to stitch the leaks in the relationship, made her understand that the career progression which she could not make, lead to her getting irritated and demotivated in life, which probably reflected in her actions. Sometimes, we know that the other person loves us and would bear any mood swing thrown at them. But that is called being taken for granted which might hit the self-respect of any individual. The other person is to handle you, support you, but is definitely not a bag of sand where your anger should land hard.

Satya motivated her. Tried to convince her on the possibility of coming out of this phase if she holds herself and allow him to help her in that.

This being one of the issues in their relationship, it was important to address it and hope for a change.

Is it too late? Will she let his words slide inside her walls of emotions? Let us witness.....

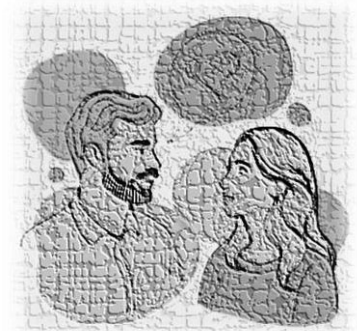
Fikar

*Maana ke hua hai buraa tere saath,
Bachaa naa paaye naukri teri jabki thaam ke rakha tha ek
doosre ka haath.*

*Aayenge sawaal mann mein tere, jo kosenge teri kismat,
Pata hum dono ko hai, ke kismat bhi ussi ki jissne ki hai
mehnat.*

*Chaahe dil naa ho abhi karne ka zara sa bhi parishram,
Fal millta hai tabhi, jab sapno ke liye hote hai humaare acche
karam.*

*Khada hona hai mushkil dubara, gir kar pade rehna hai bohot
zyada asaan,
Agar sab seekhlete hona khada, toh mill nahi jaata sabko iss
samaajh mein sammaan?*





*Yahi hai bas ek waqt bura, filhaal, jo katt jaayega zaroor, ek
din,
Padhna aur badhna zindagi mein aage, mere saath ho yaa ho
mere bin.*

*Paap hoga agar tune tekk diye waqt ke aage apne ghuthne,
Chattaan ho tum, uss naukri ke sapne ko mat do iss bure waqt
ke aage jhukne.*

*Shakk ho kabhi khud par, toh karna apni aatma se maa baap ke
bharose ka zikar,
Aayina bhi bolega jo haath mein hai liya, usse poora karne ki
tu kar **Fikar**.*



DIWALI

DIWALI





7

Festival of lights. Does lightening of the diya itself is, sufficient for the houe to flicker with happiness? Or you need two set of hands, one to stop the air becoming a barrier in letting the brightness coming inside your life and the other one to consistently try directing the flame towards the right direction?

It is an effort from both the ends and the home is empty without the people in it. While Satya, tried to motivate her, all these days and pushing himself to make her recall the value of their base, he decided to go one level further. Beg. For their relationship to stay alive.

You can undo things while alive on this planet, but a basic pre-requisite which is "intent" is hard to ignite in someone. It might not be today that the other person is understanding the essence of this possession but ultimately with the maturity hitting in, and the time rotating the wheel, would definitely ignite the characteristics that one lacked.

Satya, begged for his love, in front of his other half which completed him. On the occasion of this festival, Diwali, he hoped for light entering their relationship as well. He created the base of their relationship with mud (Diya), dipped his heart (cotton wick) inside the emotions (oil) and was awaiting her arrival, just to flame it to light.




Her physical presence wasn't required for acknowledgement; a virtual confirmation would have done the job of assurance.

A day before the festival, he communicated to her that how valuable it is, this relationship. That he will wait beneath the noise of crackers which would result into a peaceful environment with her presence.

Will she finally stop him and tell that "I cannot see you beg for this, because this is your right, your destiny to be rewarded with me in your life". Or this will be something he would crave to listen in the hypothetical interactions that he visualized.

Let us witness whether the Diya would brighten up their relationship or the crackers burn it.....





Diwali

*Aaj jag mein jallenge diye, taaki mitt jaye sabki zindagi se
andhera,
Usske kadam aaye meri taraf, firse milli umeed, firse hua
saverah.*

*Beshak jal gaya ho voh aashiyaana, samajhta hu fir bhi main, ke
tha voh humara,
Firse basaayenge apni duniya, agar rahega humari yaadon ka
sahaara.*

*Gulistan mein tinke chunna, yeh farz hai mera bhi, naa hi sirf
akele ka tumhara,
Dogi na saath mera, likhogi na mere saath panno par ant
dobra?*

*Jaha saath honge tum aur main, chotta sa hoga ghar aur
parivar,
Bachaalenge iss rishte ko, chaahe kathinayio ka toofan kare
kitne bhi vaar.*

*Thukrana mat mere dil se bheji, yeh pyar ki daawat,
Shayad nahi hai yeh hakk mera, aur mere kamaane se isse
millegi tumko raahat,*

*Tum daulat hoti toh beshak chordeta, tum toh ho usse bhi kahi
zyada ki chaahat.*

*Itna hai pyar mere andar, ke kudrat se bhi karlunga tumhare
liye bagaawat.*

*Pataakho ke shor mein aaj raat, rahega intezaar sunne ka
awaaz tumhari,
Kyuki iss **Diwali**, adhoori nahi, poori hogi humaari yeh Prem
Kahaani.*





CHAPTER III



The Lasting Fragrance of Betrayal






Betrayal. The creation of humans which is a wound given by constructing a building that they call their shelter and then blast it to pieces whenever a covetous opportunity demands sacrificing your old self with no remorse.

Who cares about ethics or karma, right? Let us ignore self-introspection, cross the boundaries of right/wrong while claiming ourselves civilized and kind hearted beings. Deep inside, we all know what is the highest degree of inhumanity we have achieved in order to reach where we are currently.

We often betray people because we earn the position to break it. We get betrayed because we give others the position to play with it. People might be having lot of zeroes succeeding a number in their bank accounts, but have near to zero trust in their heart wallet. Why? Simply because this cycle of betrayal is prevalent in our society and we all are the victims of it initially but become criminals committing the same crime going forward blaming it all on life.



We boastfully accept that everyone has to go through the stage of being a naïve person to a disingenuous one. But does it have to be via a route of wrong, sinful experiences?

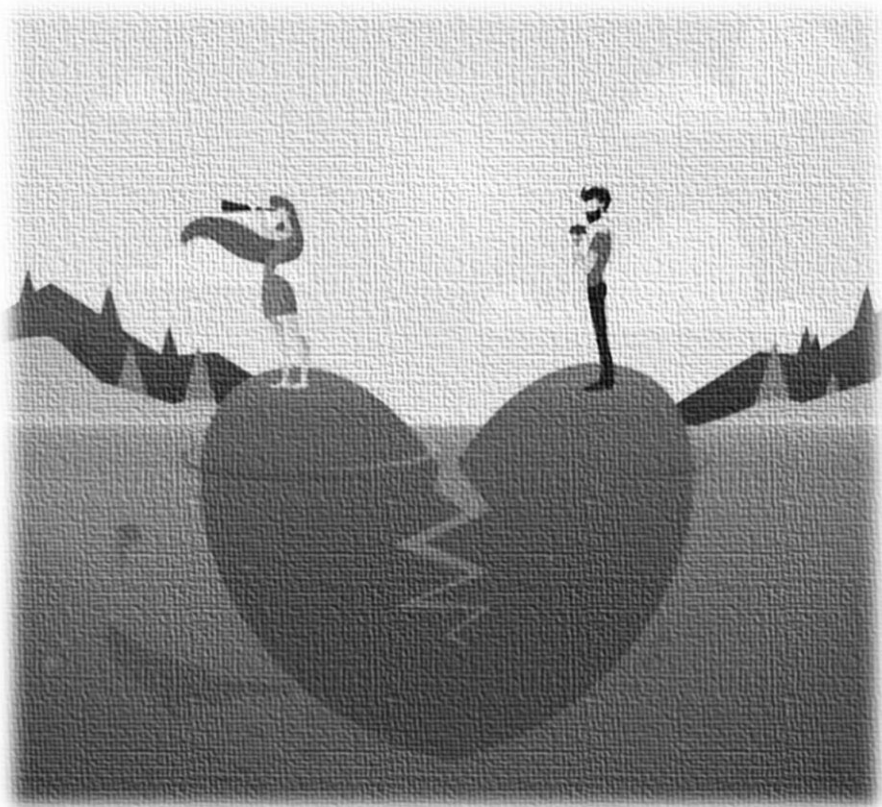
If we have the brain and heart to absorb as well as analyse the feelings, the consequences of a betrayal, then we should stop passing it on. Rather we should save people's soul from it.

What is the point of accepting and realizing one fine day, years after inhaling the comforts of life that "Once upon a time I ditched/ betrayed someone, which wasn't nice"?

The hard fact is we all want to survive and we get scared to live the whole tenure without the fulfilment of our materialistic desires. In the intoxication to grab that life, we hurt everyone deliberately and when the hangover is over after a certain age, we just claim to try then to become a better person. We pretend that we didn't know back then what consequences it would bring in someone's life, when deep inside it is known to our soul.

Readers, be true to yourself. You are wise enough at this age to figure out between the right/ wrongs. So whenever you are choosing your other half, you already know the extent to which you may bear the other person's nature, the extent to which you'll go to in order to stick with them. If you see anything which might not be as per your list to survive with a person, analyse it intially, not when it is too late.

In this chapter, we will get the clarity whether it is meant to be or will it sting like a bee between Satya and her love. Whether he will receive the gift of betrayal or blessing of togetherness.



YAAD





8

Satya, waited the whole festival. While the kids and adults were feeling happy hearing the sounds of burning crackers, he could only smell the smoke of his blazed relationship. When there is no response of commitment from the other side and unavailability to address the questions, humans often have a tendency to develop insecurity. It becomes an obsession to be with them and we adopt measures to ensure that they are with us.

We often choose methods to understand that they are still with us emotionally and physically if there is huge amount of distance between the two, which ofcourse is increasing by every milli second. The ways might seem crazy to the other person, only and only because of there incapability to understand in which position their ignorance have put them under.

Satya wasn't getting any surety of her being in this long term investment and was slowly believing the fact, that her intentions were to liquidate the feelings for investing it further in some other human instrument.

He had to clarify his cooked up thoughts. Hence, he wore the slippers and in his holed pajamas ran towards a nearby kiosk drenched in rain to buy a new way of communication. A different number, but same story. The hunger to contact her, connect with her.



It was 8 at night, when his services were enabled finally and after a wait of several hours, he could finally reach her out. Dropped a message at her virtual doorstep pretending to be a stranger, like their initial interaction years back. A déjà vu but with different set of emotions, in extremely opposite situations.

He badly wanted her to block him for the first time in his life, if a stranger approach her. He badly wanted to hear that she was a committed self and is not interested in interacting with the unknown messenger. Kiddish way to ensure her love for him, but was he left with any other choice?

Let us witness whether it would be a haunting experience or a wonderful one for their relationship.....





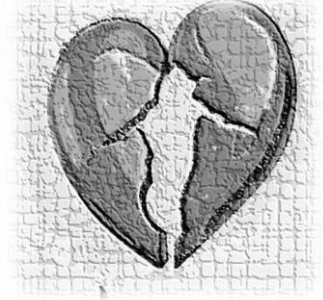
Yaad

*Kiye nahi the bayaan maine kabhi apne andhere ke kisse,
Kyuki itne saste bhi nahi the woh dard ke lamhe, jo batau millu
main jisse.*

*Tujhse bhi chupa kar rakha apna dard, shuru hua tha jab
humara safar,
Saaya bhi naa aaye iss rishte par uss andhere ka kyuki, mill chuka tha
mujhe mera humsafar.*

*Tujhe sikhaya kya hai pyar, yeh ehsaas, deke tujhe tere
padhayi ke liye sahara,
Sajaayi thi apne haatho se duniya, ek baar firse, dena chaaha apna
pyar saara ka saara.*

*Fir aaya ek din, jab tere diye hue zakhm ne, kholdi meri
kamzoriyon ki kitaab,
Samjhata raha mat chirko namak unn zakhmo par, tum hi dedogi
mujhe ek pagal ka khitaab.*



*Nazarandaz kiya tumne mere tareeko ko, bhooli tum har baar
jo tha karna,
Apni koshish lagi thi kaafi tumhe, par meri achaayi ka shuru
hua tha marna.*

*Main bhatakta raha unn galiyon mein jaha chorra tha tumne
mujhe kayi baar,
Rota tha din mein chaahe ho ghar mera ya jaha ho mera
karobaar.*

*Uthata tha telephone apna din mein, ke shayad karoge mujhe
tum yaad,
Rote hue laga har baar, ke shayad samjhana hai tumhe ek
dum barbaad.*

*Roko inn kahaaniyo ko bajne se andar mere, poocho kis andhere
mein hu kho raha,
Tum sunn ke bhi naa sunn paaye, rehne diya padhe mujhe
wahi par adhmarah.*




*Ghayal tha Jaan main, aur iss beech lagta hai pata, chupayi hui
tumhari kuch baatein,
Raaz rakha unnhe, kyuki acche ko anjaam nahi de rahi thi humaari
mulakaatein.*

*Naa mere seene ka dard, na mera maut ka kam faasla, rok paaya
tumhe kabhi bhi,
Ek putla bann gaya jo andar se tha khatam aur bahar se
khush jab dekhte sabhi.*

*Kya poocha tune? Kaha hu main fasaa, laakh zaahir karne ke
bawajood?
Jab tum mere vaasto se bhi naa badal paaye, toh kya hi reh gaya
mere pyar ka wajood?*

*Kya seekha rukna tumne, jab hojati shareer mein kampan, aur sar
hojata tha bhaari?
Har baar waise hi peshaye, jaise pashaati aayi thi mujhse
duniya saari.*





*Kya toh tum rakho mujhe pyar se, theek karte mera maansik
santulan,*

*Khud ke saath hui naa-insaafi ka lagaya aarop, karne lag gaye
unnhi ka andolan.*

*Dekha rishte mein jhooth beech safar, usski nazarandazi se andheri
galiyo mein jaa main fasaa,*


*Wafaa ka imtehaan lene ki thaani, dekhta hu kya abh bhi
mera ghar hai basaa?*

*Banaa ek ajnabee pehen ek makhauta, bheja sandesha tumhe
doosre kisi number se,*

*Ho sakta hai galat ho tareeka, par daraa diya tha tere jaane ke gum
ne mujhe andar se.*

*Shayad na samjho yeh jazbaat, jab dekhi nazro ne, tumhare ek ajnabee
ko jaane ki farmaayish,*

*Mann mein aaya, ke aakhir kyu hi ho rahi hai issko aisi bachkaani si
khwaayish.*



*Bewafaayi nahi thi voh, jaanti hai rooh meri, jaanta hai mera
yeh Dil,*

*Par saamna karna tha zaroori, sawaalo ke jawaab karne the
mujhe haasil,*

*Sach sunne ki tadap mein, hogaya tere chaukhat ke bahar
main shaamil,*

*Kya Ki hai baat kisi ajnabee se tumne? Poocha maine hoke
tang-dil,*

*Zubaan se tere jhooth ne, kardiya mujhe hamesha ke liye
bismil,*

*Kasmein khilaayi fir jaahan bhar ki, iss umeed mein, ke shayad sach
bolne ke hojaye tu kaabil,*

*Manaa kiya firse, khaake kasma meri zindagi par, rishte ki hi
bann gayi kaatil,*

*Jhoothi kasma se marr hi jaaunga jab, toh iss rishte ka marnaa
kya hoga mushkil?*

*Karo zaahir, kya hai yeh insaaf, dil aur dimaag se mere, kyuki
saath ki zaroorat toh mujhe thi tumhari,
Bajaaye farz ko nibhaane ke, pakad li tumne bhagodo ki
sawaari.*

*Roya main uss din, sadak par teri, iss khayaal se, ke ho gaya
sabh barbaad,
Kya dete dhoka mujhe, aayi naa tujhe humaari zaraa bhi
Yaad?*





HAQ



9

Right. To possess the power. For probably getting the things done in a certain manner that nobody has the authority to do. Also, to ask for things which are practically not possible for the other to deliver, but still, that stubbornness addressed, is only because of your influence currently over the heart of the other.


The feeling of you being the only one, that special being, who can regulate things in a relationship. Customize them as per your needs considering nothing will change.

Imagine one day, the power getting snatched and that feeling of helplessness, hopelessness. Suddenly, the army of feelings are killed by the bullets of betrayal. An agent of love, likely the resident of someone else's heart, deceived your trust for a set agenda of travelling together only till the time they don't figure out a better, comfortable ride back home where you don't belong.

A fact, that our pride is the ability of others to make us feel loved, royal and wanted. Others whom we call family and not bunch of strangers we meet everyday in the society professionally or passing by.

And what if one fine day, those so called family members disown you? Where will be your pride? Which place will you be left with to sense that authoritative power on mortals?

Does it mean, become self sufficient and not expect a behaviour which would make you feel like a winner at home, viz a viz a loser in the crowd?



How much time do you think people take to move on from a relationship? If it is too soon, does it mean that the seed of alternatives was being sowed this whole time? Will it be called loyalty? Is this the right strategy for survival? Does safeguarding your emotions in the future just in case your current arrangement doesn't work, is trusting your partner? Or is it just for the ride till the time comes to change vehicles?

Will Satya get her back to exercise that power, again? Not to dominate, but close the doors towards exit for her, whose footsteps gave him the sound of hope, the sound of life. He is knocking the doors of the structure he still considered his home.

Satya isn't the person who let distance come in between the thoughts. He was angry but not insane enough to suppress his emotions by replacing his loved human by another.

In the last poem, post his confrontation, she confessed that it is over for her. Not due to the stunt Satya pulled off, but because there might be someone else who replaced the throne of her kingdom. Probably that someone has won the elections by majority votes by her harmones.

An innocent question by Satya, when we shared all the struggles, all the happiness together, why not tell this pain transparently to him before? Why did he get to know this by stooping down to this level?

Let us witness his expression....



Haq

Bataati thi naa?

*Jab sochti thi mujhe aur naam ko mere kismat samajhlana
lagta tha accha,
Jab meri zabaan se har lavz lagta tha phool, har shabd lagta
tha saccha.*

Bataati thi naa?

*Jab tujhe aata tha sapna judaayi ka aur maasoomiyat se
kardeti thi sawaal,
Ke kahi jaaoge toh nahi naa? Hojaayegi duniya tabah agar aa gaya
aisa koi bhi khayaal.*

Bataati thi naa?

*Jab lag bhi jaata tha kaanta tumhe, nikal jaata tha khoon jismein behta
tha mera naam,
Chotti si chot se hojaati thi fikar, chordiya karta tha main
apna kaam dhaam.*



Bataati thi naa?

*Ke meri awaaz hi hai voh, jo kheech laati hai tumhe kisi bhi
dard se koso door,*

*Jaoge nahi kahi chaahe zindagi ke halaat karde kitna bhi
zyada majboor.*

Bataati thi naa?

*Ke aaj lagi hai naukri, poora ho gaya hai maa baap ka sapna,
Kyuki karwayi thi din raat mehnat paane uss sapne ko, samajhke tu
hi thi meraa apnaa.*

Bataati thi naa?

*Ke naa jataao jaise kiya hai tumne iss sapne ko poora karwake
koi bhi ehsaan,*

*Yeh toh farz hote hai rishte mein, kya zaroorat hai mere
saamne isse karke elaan.*

Bataati Kyu nahi thi fir?

*Choti se choti, badi se badi zindagi ki har baat,
Jab hone lagi kisi aur se dil ki galliyon mein mulakaat?*





Bataya kyu nahi fir?

*Jab aaya ek nayaapan, mauka ek naye rishte ko sajaane ka,
De deti naa, Mujhe, bas ek aakhri mauka tumhe firse paane
ka?*

Bataya kyu nahi fir?

*Ke daaka hai padh raha, lut rahi hai duniya humaari,
Chuka deta voh keemat, chaahе bann jaana padhta mujhe
pyar ka bikhari.*

Batata hu aaj,

*Ke jataane ka apna pyar, nahi tha aisa mera koi bhi iraada,
Sirf dilaaya yaad tumhe, jab lawzo ki talwar se zakhm de diye
tumne thode se zyada.*

Batata hu aaj, bas ek aakhri baar,

*Band kardeta voh darwaaze tumhare jaane ke, mitaa deta
zehen ke saare shaq,
Beshak hai humsafar aaj koi aur tera, yaadon par teri hai sirf
mera haq, sirf mera **HAQ**.*



DAFAN





10

Bury. Making a hole, putting inside something and then cover it up as if it never even existed. We all are passing by such burial grounds everyday, where countless people and possessions must have been buried in a timeline way before us. Do we miss them or just learn to step on it and live our lives?

Similarly, this heart is a burial ground of feelings. Satya, could not believe how he could be a victim of her mass killing of emotions and memories. She had moved on with the next eligible candidate in her list and failed to recall the past.

While holding hands with Satya, she took him to a beautiful scenic place, with a small house having a huge garden filled with the fruits of life, a well equipped with water and chairs in the lawn for them to rest for eternity of witnessing sunrise as well as sunsets. But when the moment came to experience it, she just pushed him inside the well, in darkness with no hope, sinking in questions.

Was she a killer? Did not seemed like one. Not when he first met her. Not when in a lot of instances, she showed sides of her affection. Who could have predicted that? Was he travelling with a family member who was wearing the mask of an outsider? Did she ever feel love with similar intensity?



The questions were killing him. The blackness surrounded him, and were attacking his soul with dark arrows dipped in the venom of hatred towards the idea of love, of a relationship.

The water of betrayal was deep enough to pull him down and forced his humanity to sink in. He tried to beg and plead from inside the well, the voice directed towards her face which was visible from a far away distance.

Will she acknowledge her sin and pull Satya out of it? Let us witness his expression.....





Dafan

*Raaste kuch karte hai kam faasle, kuch dete hai unnhe badaa,
Toote kadam se bhaagta raha, paane apni manzil rahega yaad
mujhe sadaa.*

*Tu thi itni door ke chilaa kar bhi samjha na sakaa apna dukh,
Kooyen ke andar se ki fariyad nikalne ki bahar, taaki dekh
saku roshni ka sukh.*

*Andhera hai bohot iss kooyen mein hi nahi, failaa hai meri
aankhon ke aage,
Andhere se darrte hai sabhi, tabhi shayad meri zindagi se hai
sabh bhaage.*

*Tujhe diya humaara vaasta, maangi rukne ki maine aakhri
bheek,
Khoon ke aansu dhakel rahe ek doosre ko, deke gaye zindagi ki
ek aur seekh.*

*Kaata tha apna pet, apna dil, dene ke liye tujhe khaana, toh kabhi
hassne ki khushi,*

*Tu usse yaad karke bhi ruk naa paayi, jabki kaha maine
karlunga khudkushi.*

*Marrta toh jeeke bhi hu kyuki ghera hua hai, inn halaato ne
mujhe,*

*Inn halaato ne hi cheena hai yeh pyar mera, aur mere hi dil se
tujhe.*

*Leke aaya hu teri gaadi se aakhri nishani jissmein baste hai mere
ansu aur khushbu teri,*

*Baitha hu ussi sadak par iss raat mein, jaha **Dafan** hui hai
kahaani meri.*





SHAADI

SHAADI

Marriage. A sacred relationship which knots the subconscious mind and commitment irrespective of any external factor not in our favour. In our generation of modernization and adoption of liberal mindset, the value of relationships has degraded but the sacred institution still gives an additional push, fuel to our falling intention.


People doesn't understand the value of words, the promises and can break the glass of trust due to their survivalistic nature.

Any romantic relationship is a verbal arrangement of belief on the other person to fulfill the contract of infinity and beyond. But the mortal beings, fail to acknowledge the feelings while breaching it and understand it as an easy escape. The relationships before the involvement of society are unknown to many, and since there is no threat to the image of their respective families, it is comparatively effortless to destroy the bond.

We tend to walk away from the relationships where marriage is not involved because of the interpretation that we still have "Options" that can be considered for a better life.

Are the families involved yet?

Am I bound or obligated to fulfill this non-documented relationship in my life?



Will it hamper my family's standing in the society if I chose to walk away to a better alternative?

The answer is, we fear the judgements of the society OR probably choose an easier life with some complete stranger rather with a known soul.

The relationships which are unknown to them, seems to be an easy escape because- "Who would come to know? Right?" Everybody can face the court of their own conscience and still do injustice feeling like a criminal.

Satya comes to know that she not only decided to move on from the relationship but also settle down with a different permanent roommate. A push on the chest, slap on the soul, burnt pieces of memories, a faster heartbeat, wetness on the forehead and eyes all at once. His dreams were crushed and for what? His incapability to probably provide for her? Fights happened, gaps happened earlier but how was it different this time? Why did he wait and the other one boarded another flight to travel some other paradise?

What happened to those words of "not been able to live without each other"? How will you live now? Asked Satya in the air, because she wasn't there to respond. Are you not feeling empty just because there is someone else to fill that void? Or our love was too cheap for you to avoid?



How can you act all happy, laugh in the photographs and pretend that made for each other hoax? Is it really how you are feeling? Isn't your heart communicating that it is wrong?

Today there are celebrations, the wedding hall is decorated, the pre-wedding shoots are happening, the social media pages are announcing the arrival of someone's new chapter, but Satya wasn't a part of this. He just visualized it with her once. But the frame was prepared without his inclusion.

Marriage, a union of two souls, still a belief in reality or a myth? Let us witness his expression....





Shaadi

*Shaadi. Ek naam hi toh hai.
Sabki hai hoti, baat aam hi toh hai.*

*Pata nahi kyu, Lagne laga mujhe voh bandhan aaj khaas,
Kyuki shayad tu nahi hai mere aas paas.*

*Sajaaye the maine kuch anokhe se sapne,
Kyuki millte hi lagne lage the tum mujhe kayi janmo ke khoye
hue apne.*

*Dekha karta tha jab bhi main humari kheechi hui tasveere,
Hogi shaadi humaari ek din, kheech di hai humare haath par
khuda ne voh lakeere.*



*Lakeere jo mill jaati, jab bhi milaate hum dono ek doosre se
haath,*

*Shaadi voh anjaam hai samaaj ke aage, jhalkaata hai humara
lambe safar ka saath.*

*Par shayad nahi tha mera tumhari zindagi par zaraa sa bhi
hakk,*

Judaa hue hum, kyuki saath jeene ka tha ek doosre ko shakk.


*Koshish ki maine, samjhaane ki wajaayein humaari jo banaa
chuki thi doori,*

*Kardo theek apni galtiyen, taaki ho jaaye humari kahaani bhi
poori.*

*Par shayad manzoor nahi tha tumhe bhari hui kitaab ko
humaari, aage likhna,*

*Khaamiya dikhi tumhe iss rishte mein, aur bandh ho gaye
mere darwaaze par tum dikhna.*





*Bikna shuru hua main tumhari soch ki adaalat mein har din,
Daleele di maine apne pyar ki, jataaya ke hai yeh zindagi
adhoori, tumhare bin.*

*Shayad jab koshish kar raha tha main, laane ki tumhe apne
aur humare kareeb,
Uss dauraan mill gaya tumhe koi behtar mujhse, mumkin hai
main lagne laga tha tumhe gareeb.*

*Kyuki pata tha tumhe ke hone nahi waala asaan yeh
kathinayio se bhara safar,
Toh kyu naa dhoondh liya jaaye koi apne se darje mein upar ka
humsafar.*

*Aaj uss ungli par hai kisi aur ke waade ki chamakti angoothi,
Jo bayaan karti hai ke humaari saari kahin baatein thi kitni
sasti, kitni jhoothi.*



*Chaahe kisi aur ki hi sahi, fir bhi lag rahi ho uss shaadi ki tasveer
mein tum sundar,
Shagun ka meetha jaaye bhi toh karwaahat rahegi mere mann
ke andar.*

*Bandar lag raha hai saath mein tumhare khada hua woh jaana
pehchana sa ladka,
Shayad hota main waha, agar naa hota humare rishte par main kisi
waqt bhadka.*

*Kadka, hu main kyuki tu hi toh thi meri daulat,
Bata toh deti kya keemat thi chukaani, sochne ki mill jaati
mujhe thodi si moholat.*

***Shaadi.** Ek naam hi toh hai.
Pyar ki hui hai haar, yeh baat aam hi toh hai.*





ПАКСИ

БВК




12

Protection. From the sapiens who are competing on everything which result into giving blows to each other just to survive in the society. So, let me ask you this one thing. Will you let your family, get into a situation wherein the consequences are known and the outcome will be them getting wounded?

Well, a lot of people have this philosophy to let your dear ones learn from their mistakes to get a deep insight on life. But why to contribute in the creation of a wounded personality when you can prevent them with such blows? I understand, for instance, if someone is explaining about a particular subject, to the other person, then an indepth knowledge cannot be attained, hence one can opt for self research and analysis to seek perfection. But there are teachers who give their time and dedication for ensuring your mastery over it. Of course not to forget, practicing and implementation of those concepts will distinguish you from the crowd.

Similarly, our parents spent their entire life in guiding us, teaching life lessons and it is on us to implement them.

Satya reached the venue of her wedding, a huge banquet decorated for the celebration of her new beginnings, unaware about her old ending. Did anyone know his existence? No point in overstressing on this fact, since she herself has erased him from her memory. He identified a small shack opposite the venue, crossed the road, grabbed a seat in the corner and ordered the first meal of his day, probably the last in her presence even if it was distant.




It wasn't the first time that Satya crossed paths with heartbreak. By now, such situations were home to him. It was just that this time, it broke him to the highest order. He recalled the time when there were doubts in himself to even have the ability to love someone, again.

But that's when he met her. She was the one who had no knowledge about how relationships work, how to hold conversations which directed humans to the feeling of that sensation which we often term as "Love", a lot of "firsts" in her relationship that she experienced with Satya and lastly a support who would let her harness the skills she was meant for.

Satya gave her the exposure on the aspects of life that were way beyond her academic one. He tried to protect her from the mistakes he had done in life. While he revealed his vulnerable side explaining the darkness he had met with, probably it gave her that space to judge him, the space to create a perception and pass the verdict of his fate.

He was no teacher to him, but partners should have the quality of a guide. But why does it happen that we do not feel suffocated of our parent's protection, but often term our partner's concern as claustrophobic? Probably partners are not our creators but they can be the ones who nurture us. It is highly possible that someone else has experienced life deeply and cannot see you meet with such an unpleasant experience/ pain like they did at one point of time.


Anyway, while the bucket of exposure was filling, she did not complain about anything but the moment she had the final reports of judgement on Satya, published by her heart and mind,



she decided to move on to a fresh case (a new person) to implement the learnings of life and have a blissful relationship. People understand that it would be a perfect journey with next one, but is it so?

Satya just saw a person with a cage full of birds and was charging money to free them. Few people did pay in order to show them a path of freedom, but those trained feathered creatures returned back to the constructed metal home, once freed by them. Not because they liked to be caged. But probably due to the unawareness of the feeling to fly high in the sky with no limitations.

Was this the reason why she left? Her awareness of the limitations that she would experience if the journey was to be resumed and completed with Satya? Shouldn't she be grateful to him who made her capable in order to handle uncountable complex situations in a relationship like it was a cake walk? Shouldn't she be grateful to him for guiding her energies towards a productive professional career? And how to be grateful? By staying. By reciprocating the similar support which probably Satya desires too.



People forget the times, the version which was so under confident in life, with doubts on their capabilities. When they deeply want someone to love them and support their dreams. But once that is attained and they are in the best version of their life, the confidence is on an all time high which overpowers their journey with the other person and manipulates them. It communicates to them that they have a lot of better options out there and you are just wasting the time investing in the low potential ones. But who made you capable? The answer is “The relationship” which you are putting at stake for your materialistic pleasures.

Satya just finished his food and glaring those birds which came back to their master. He just wished his love bird to come back just this one time, that a magical air knocks her head and heart to make her realize of this blunder.

He saw the doors closing of the banquet and it was too late for his bird to come back, not in a caged place, but the home as they called it, his arms.....



Pakshi

*Aasmaan mein udhne ka tha tajoorba kyuki girke uthne ka tha
saleeqa,*

*Dhoka khaake bhi bharosa karna, yahi tha zindagi ko jeene ka
tareeka.*

*Kyuki sabh panchi ek se nahi, jo bhoor jaaye usse, jo sikhaaye
unnhe udhna,*


*Yakeen hi naa baccha iss duniya mein toh kaise hoga mumkin
sabka judhna.*

*Pyar bhi ek hissa hai zindagi ka, jo chin-jaata hai ek nahi,
kaafi dafaa,*

*Par sikha deta hai uss parinde ko, kaise ki jaati hai kisi bhi
rishte mein wafaa.*

*Ek din, subah subah kirano ki nok ne usski aankho ko jab tha
khola,*

*Dikha usse ek chehra naye panchi ka maasoom, jo tha thoda sa
bhola.*



*Zameen par the kadam aur aati nahi thi usse bharrni udaan,
Kyuki sansaar mein choo sakte ho uchaayi tabhi, jab samajh
mein aajaye duniyadaari ki dukaan.*

*Pareshaani mein dekh parindey ne panchi ko apne paas
bulaaya,
Jaanne ki jigyasa se dono ne ek doosre ko apna safar tha
batlaaya.*

*Parinde ko thi samajh, tabhi duniya ko dekh sakta voh upar aakaash
mein rehkar,
Panchi hua prabhavit unn cheezo se, jo thi saamne waale mein usske
mukable mein behtar.*

*Har roz pyaar kaa daana laata tha voh parinda, chug kar bharne
panchi ka mann,
Voh daane the usske dil ke tukde, jinko aaj fir jodhne ki thi
lagan.*



*Kuch daane khilaaye sooj samajh ke panchi ko, jo parinde ne apne
nuksaan se the kabhi jhele,*

*Kyuki tha nahi koi usse samjhaane waala, mehsoos na kare
panchi mera, ke hai woh iss safar mein akele.*

*Mele mein aati toh hai bheed par kho jaate hai aksar humaare
apne,*

*Shayad bachaane ke chakkar mein, zyada kass ke pakad liye the parinde
ne panchi ke sapne.*

*Haath pakad ek din bhari, panchi aur parinde ne udaan, toh sooraj
chaand se hui mulaakat,*

*Tum mujhe mehsoos karaadete ho pari jaisa, parindey ne sunne
panchi ke jazbaat.*

*Kuch din chalte rahe hassi ke, par kuch din barasste bhi the
gusse ke angaare,*

*Parindey ki khaamiya dekh, panchi pooche khud se, Kya aise
hi honge aasmaan ke parinde saare?*




*Rahun ghosle mein hamesha, kya udh nahi sakti khud se
kabhi? Sawaal Panchi ka parinde se ek din,
Kya hua aaj ek dum se tumhe panchi? Pehle toh nahi tha
udhna kabhi, tumhe mere bin.*

*Hai akal mere mein bhi, samajhti hu duniyadaari main kabse,
Parinde ko laga dhakka, dekha naa thaa voh roop usska, mille
the voh jabbse.*

*Kya abh seekh liya jab tumne, ek rishte ki kya hoti hai kahaani aur
galtiyo ka asar udaan par,
Toh bhool jaaogi keemat mere dil ke tukdo ki, jisse banaaya hai maine
ghosle ko ghar sawaar kar?*

*Shukriya hai tumhara jo kiya hai tumne yeh sabh, mere liye,
Ehsaan nahi kiya hai kyuki pyaar mein karte hai sabh hi, jitne
bhi sansaar mein parinde hai jeeye.*





*Jaana hai toh jao panchi, lag raha hai shayad tumhe yeh rishta ek
Pinjraa, ek jaal,
Par wakif ho naa tum, ke bina tumhare lage hai, ek minute bhi kayi
hazaar saal?*

*Panchi ko tha nasha abh, ek udaan ka, aur the nahi paav
zameen par usske,
Uchaayi ki hawaa bahaa lejaati hai apnaapan aksar aur
tasveere zehen se, jaha gaye the kabhi basske*

*Parindey ko thi umeed, laut aate hai wapas udhne waale, kabhi na
kabhi apne ghar,
Par uss panchi ne dhoondh liya ek nayaa thikaana aur bass gaya
wahi zindagi bhar.*

*Ghaayal kar doosro ko, khaaye bhaavnaaye unnki, kehlata hai
voh narbhakshi,
Fitrat mein ho jisski apno ke ghosle se udh jaana, kehlata hai
voh aaj ke zamaane ka **Pakshi**.*



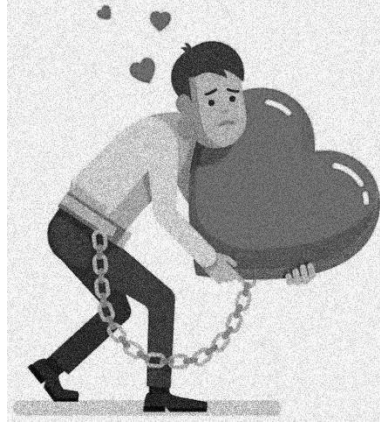


CHAPTER IV




DIFFICULTY TO MOVE ON






Imagine a bus full of people, unknown to each other but the goal is to travel together in order to witness the beauty that lies at the destination, while creating memories during the transit period. Having conversations, consuming the food as well as diversity in an unprejudiced manner and probably complete the journey as a single unit.

Once the people starts dropping by, at their respective hauls, there is a minor time bracket that emits emotions popping up due to the thought of separation after this short expedition. With this temporary sadness in us, we just pick our luggage and choose different paths to resume our lives, which further fades their faces, reduce the urge of recalling the feeling of separation from them, as we proceed ahead in the timeline. It takes very little amount of time for us to forget such a short trip. The struggles or opportunities brought by our lives helps us to move on from the people we met probably on a short vacation. We move on. Our feelings change. Change, the only constant.



Now, visualize, a long tenured relationship with a person, filled with uncountable memories, laughs, routines, schedules, promises and the hope to reach the end point as a team. Is it impossible to move on from the partner? Well there are 2 perspectives here.

One, it will take considerable time to move ahead in life, to let passing years fade the memories or have a comparatively lesser impact on our organs considering the huge vintage of the relationship. The moment you hop out of that ride that you started together and choose a different journey all together, the distance increases which expands the thread of your attachments until it breaks one-day post losing the resistance. And majorly, everybody moves ahead in life, from such sorrows when they are distanced by destiny. We forget the reasons that pinched our soul and that very pain is replaced by accumulation of infinite incidents which doesn't allow us to miss the passed bodies of affection. Under this perspective, another viewpoint is that the person who chooses a support system in the form of a human, distances himself/herself at a record pace. They have a toy probably to suppress the effects of the previous one.



In the Second perspective, picture a person on the bus out of probably 15-20 people. For him/her, that journey itself is the biggest achievement/ memory in life and can be an outlier who would cherish this for life because there will be nothing outside that bubble of voyage. The impact of this particular memory is intense for that person and will be always hold a place or the only place while narrating his/her adventures of life. What does it signify? That sometimes, there are people who do not forget and face difficulty in moving on with probably some other person or memory. Many would disagree but I assure you even if it is a very minute number, they do exist. We fail to accept this fact, because we have defeated and conquered that phase in our lives. But strength is subjective. That is what diversity is.

Satya, is clueless on the future since it was ruined now. His world was looted with manipulating outsiders and was disappointed by the family member who believed in a different surviving strategy. “Moving On” a word, which he had to include in the dictionary of love. Will he be able to survive this phase and figure out his escape? Let us witness in this chapter!!!!

HAAR






13

Have you ever witnessed the celebration of your destruction? Satya asked a homeless person who was sitting right next to him on a pavement. The shops were closed that were opposite to the banquet and it was time for the migrants to reach their home. The homeless person was way too intoxicated to respond and offered a replacement to his sorrows that he could afford.

It was midnight when the families started walking out of the venue along with the newly formed couple. She was crying before the farewell to her creators, probably less intense, Satya felt while he referred to the visualization of their separation. Her tears were falling on the ground while the sweat was dripping from Satya's drenched shirt. They couldn't but the sweat and her tears met, a relief to him that he could touch her, again, one last time, just before her departure to a new life.

She sat in the car, accelerated towards her progress and Satya tried to catch up but failed to gain that pace of the increasing distance between them. She successfully passed the railway crossing but Satya couldn't and had to accept the defeat in this chase. Which he should have accepted way back but it was a magnetic emotion that was infused in his bloodstream.

Decided to sit on the platform and see the sun rise, shedding light on the dark aspects of his story. Multiple boxes on wheels passed by, but not a single one could drop him to the destination point that he desired, deeply. When something is wrong and the reflection is visible on your facial expressions, people pull the reins of their legs while crossing your way, to analyse the story behind your situation.



Satya, was just absorbing the scenes in his cinematic life filled with drama, while the mortals were hopping in and out, a few occupied with their journey while others noticing his scars till their ride doesn't arrive. He felt naked, out in the open and this vulnerability was killing him from the inside.

Instances of pleading her were on repeat in his conscience, and the laughter on the platform felt like an insult to his efforts.

Did she once remember me while moving in circles holding hands with her current companion? Or she burnt the memories in that very fire that was in the middle of their promises?

How will I live? How will I pursue this chapter without you in it? Why didn't you have the capability to write the remaining pages of our life? Why did the ink of your love emptied on us?

All the "Why's" were crushed on the railway lines that changed whenever the train wanted to take a different route.

Will Satya be able to move out of the cluttered zone and explore the ones filled hope again? Let us witness his expression!!!!



Haar

*Jisse karte ho samajhne ki mannat,
Wahi ehssaas karaaye ke nahi millti iss dharti par jannat.*

*Chilaata raha har baar par diya nahi sunaayi,
Samajh ke bhi banni naa samajh aur taufe mein de gayi
judaayi.*

*Baitha iss rail ki patri par dekh raha aate jaate musaafir,
Voh bhi jurh gayi musaafiro ki toli mein, jab kari apni
khamoshi zaahir.*

*Aaj karta hu mehsoos dukh unn logo ke, jaha na ghar hai na
khaana,
Fir bhi jee rahe hai khushi se, bas unnke jaisa ek parivaar hai
paana.*



*Railgaadi ki tezi ko bhi mere dhukh ne kardiya hai kam,
Baithe log uss dabbe ke andar, manaate shukar ke isse behtar halaat
mein hai hum*

*Taras thi aakhon mein unn bezubaan janwaro ki, jo manaane
aaye mera shok,
Patte bhi aas paas murjhaaye, band hui hawaa ke saath unki
nok jhok.*

*Naa kar sakta hu pyar abh kisi insaan se, naa jeene dega yeh
samaaj akela,
Koshish ki bhi agar, kisi ko jagah dene ki tumhari iss zehen
mein, toh dil ne usse bhi bahar dhakela.*

*Khush hai mere gum mein toh ae akaash, barsaade mujhpe apna
thoda sa pyaar,
Aankhein dekhein aasmaan ki taraf, karne bayaan, "Aaj tu hai
jeeta khuda, le gaya main apni hi kismet se **"Haar"***



AANE LAGI HAI

AANE LAGI HAI





14

Plan. Do things get accomplished as per them? Not really. It isn't always the case to achieve perfection or to attain the desires. Even if it involves ending up with the person you are travelling the journey of life with.


What happens when the glass of dreams gets shattered into little pieces and you are forced to resume the remaining expedition with someone else. A complete stranger right next to you who wasn't even casted in your so called "Plot of the story".

The protagonist becomes the antagonist leading to an introduction of a new character due to the twists and turns of fate. It is like a forced selling of some product which you never had the necessity for. Someone you never knew existed till the time you met them, but you wish deep inside to not even had known the fact of their existence.

The heart is somewhere else with a story in the script but not on display in front of the society.

It is similar to pushing someone to live life with a stranger at gunpoint.

Is it Fair? We all know, Life isn't but still, are we ready to sustain this fact?



Is it Fair to the person who had nothing to do with our past and is trying to sweep away the dirt spilled by someone who isn't even bothered about our condition?

Is it Fair pretending to be in love with the next as a survival strategy when deep inside we feel the incompatibility at regular intervals that are then evaporated with the drying thoughts of practicality?

Well it is a regular affair, the affairs.

The functioning of the machine never stops, it is just that the defected components are replaced and thrown in the black hole.

Will Satya be able to experience love once again? Does he have the courage to move on? Satya's poker face but the body language of a corpse, asked for an intervention from his friends, a handful of them. They knew about the recent developments in his love life and pushed him to find peace in someone else's presence. Start off the process of exploring someone and inviting them to your vulnerable space where they can reside for don't know how long. The wound was fresh and he found this escape to be a sinful one which would neglect the scars, deep cuts on his soul crafted by her lovely hands. But the updates of eternity and forever as expressed by her now "ex" on social media forced him to at least try to travel from the room of darkness towards the lights scattered in a small café, that threw the vibes of a new beginning.



As he stepped inside the space of conversations with a stranger, he didn't intend to stretch it for hours.

He didn't intend to continue it the next day, or the day after, but still had a conversation. But he was uncertain on the intensity of the "noise" that would be a hinderance to the peace that he seeked in a human. The blows make you question your destiny, instances take you back from where you started your little progress from and morals push you in a state of thought to analyse whether it is justified to dump your anger to hurt the next, to punish them for the sins committed by the previous prisoner of love. How will Satya handle this? Let us witness.....






Aane Lagi Hai

*Mujhe tumme kisi ki parchayi nazar **aane lagi hai**
Jitni bhi achaayi ho chaahe, fir bhi buraayi usse dabaane lagi
hai.*

*Mujhe tumse jaani pechani si mehak **aane lagi hai**,
Tum ho bhi nahi voh shaks fir bhi, yeh mehak mujhe rijhaane
lagi hai.*

*Mujhe ek awaaz jaani pehchani si, kaano mein **aane lagi hai**,
Tumhari nahi yeh, fir bhi, mere naam aur dil ko apne paas
bulaane lagi hai.*

*Mujhe tumhare kadmo ki aahat se, ek umeed **aane lagi hai**,
Usski jhankaar nahi par, usske lautne ki leher dil mein **aane
lagi hai.***



*Galti nahi tumhari, par unn galtiyon ki yaad **aane lagi hai**,
Mujrim toh tha koi aur, par bandish ki bediya meri ungli tumhe
pehnane lagi hai.*

*Sawaal tumse nahi, hai usski parchayi se, jo mere kamre mein
aane lagi hai,
Itna kiya pyar jisse, uss hi ki bewafayi har waqt sataane lagi
hai.*

*Jeena lage saath jung tumhare, isse haarne ki khushi, mann mein
aane lagi hai,
Kyuki voh insaan nahi tum, jiske peeche aankhein aasun
barsaane lagi hai.*

*Pyar karne ki kaabiliyat meri aatma se jaane lagi hai,
Kyuki firse usski yaad **aane lagi hai, aane lagi hai.....***



AKSAR?





15

Attempt. To move on from the haunting stories of the past. Like other chapters of life, this one will be another voyage filled with hurdles.

A rollercoaster of emotions inside, this pulling back of your heart with a belief that, endangering your life with another stint at love, will be a destructive decision.


In a room with a limited capacity, that feeling of suffocation if, it is congested with mortals blocking the air to pass, is similar to letting the entry of multiple people for the sake of an attempt to a forever companion.

What if the sapiens outnumber your capacity to record the memories of multiple personalities?

Still, by communicating to your soul, you enhance the storage, create the room for hit and trials to capture the good as well as bad ones in life.

Satya, gave such an attempt in the previous incident but failed to fight with the vulnerability of his inner self which is still feeded with her memories.

Failed but sitting with his solitude, he is in the process of regaining that confidence, once again.



He feels like her shadow still remains part of his journey and is chasing him probably not to unite with him again. But to mock his love for her which even if conjoins with him, would give him darkness and nothing else.

He questioned her existence, her involvement in their arrangement where probably he was proud of her inclusion in the hypothetical situations, a figment of his imagination where they would just glare at each other under a sunny day while their kids were playing in the park, the surface of which was filled with the seeds they sowed in the initial phases of their relationship.

Satya, just avoided to walk on the streets at night, in darkness. There was enough served to him by life. Will he get the response to his unanswered queries by his soul?

Let us witness his brief conversation with himself, before moving to the next phase of his journey!!!!



Aksar

Aksar main poochta hu khud se ke tum thi bhi ke nahi,
Awaaz nahi tumhari iss zindagi mein abh toh maan leta hu ke
tum meri parchayi hi sahi.

*Kyuki parchayi ki naa hoti hai zabaan naa hi koi bhi soorat,
Par fir bhi iss raat ke safar mein, chalte hue, hoti hai humein
uss parchayi ki zaroorat.*

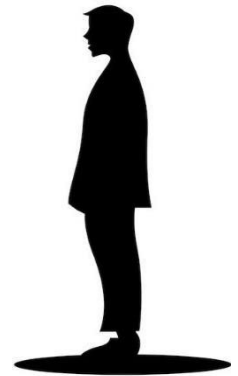
*Kya yeh tum ho, jo chal raha hai saath bannke parchayi mere,
Yaa hai yeh khauf mera, jo saath liye chal raha hai gum ko
tere.*

***Aksar** poochta hu khud se, kya banaayi hui thi mere zehen ki
yeh, kahaani?*

*Jisse likha tha tumne, par kehta gaya main isse apni hi
zubaani.*

*Par abh **aksar** poochta hu khud se, ke kya thi tum meri
kalpana ya bas ek chalaava,
Jo paas aake bann gaye hawaa, aur sunaayi na diya mera
bulaava.*

***Aksar** yeh sochta hu.....*



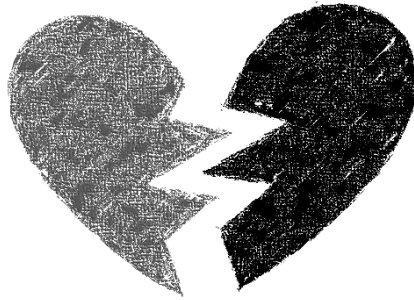


CHAPTER V



THE ENTANGLING SEASON OF DEPRESSION AND SELF-HARM





Wounds. Fair to give it to your body, just to escape from the pain derived by the one on your soul? One is visible and the other isn't but both have been invited by your actions. It is an injustice to your creators or to the lives which will get affected if you let their red syrum flow on a surface where they wished for your arrival.

Satya tried but failed in his initial attempt to move on. While he was trying to get out of the web of her memories, he entangled himself even deeper which resulted in mental and physical changes. Just like any other automobile on the road, our body needs fuel to function which in our respect is food, water and sleep. But before all this the noise should be shut which is coming from the thoughts or the cinematic shows played by your mind for you to witness. If the mind is not at peace how do you expect it to drive you towards the basic necessities of life, nomatter how much in abundance one poses.

Satya's stages that pushed him towards depression leading to drastic steps to shut the voices in his head were-

- a. Shedding tears while hearing her voice that assured togetherness, that announced her love for him and the eyes which had his face in it while moving her lips just to pronounce his name in an adorable manner, reminiscing instances where her ears were open to listen to his side of the story.*

- b. Post spending the entire bucket of water from the eyes, he also disburshed sleep out of them. The numbeness surrounded his lenses which were too busy screening the clips of their relationship and forgot to feel the tiredness for closure, temporarily. The sun and moon managed to continue their cycle on repeat and so did this habit of insomnia in Satya's life.*
- c. The third stage involved hearing voices in each and every 10X12 feet box where the enactment of their disagreements were picturized. Him pleading for a chance to survive with her was the highlight of every evening. The walls at night used to throw back the commotion that their ears were gifted for a prolonged period and they felt it was time for a payback.*
- d. Lastly, the only solution he could think off, to close the doors of unwanted babel, he inserted the pill of silence in the system which is the biggest crime one can ever do.*

Will Satya be able to come out of the closet of depression? Let us witness his journey in detail....





AANSU

15/11/13



16

Tears. A representation of our flowing thoughts that couldn't be retained in our mind or heart. They hold value which cannot be quantified but is probably an indication of purity and intensity with which one feels the incident. Without a doubt, some of the beings are really good at faking this expression too but majorly, we would like to believe that there can be a tinge of truth in it.

This first phase of entering into depression for Satya started off with damping the earth's dry surface by showering his emotions wherever his footsteps guided him during day and night. In many instances, he wouldn't even realize that the water has reached the top of the bucket and is about to spill out with the help of that upsetting memory.

One of the favourite days were the monsoons, where he could hide under the curtains of shower and express publicly without the fear of being judged as a weak man alive in the society. The rain droplets avoided mixing with such a toxic outflow of reminiscence from Satya's lenses since they didn't want to tag along at the time of evaporation and go back home with a bunch of migrants.



An intense session of weeping, used to lead him towards numbness for a considerable number of hours putting a halt to his torture. But since every road and day had a nostalgic element attached to it, the activity used to break barriers of appropriate environment which resulted with the flooding of feelings.

There wasn't a place left in his hometown which did not witness his vulnerability and Satya's inability to control this fact was pushing him towards darkness, even more.

He was in his room the other day, and while having a cinematic experience, the place became heavy and a little sprinkle of sadness forced the tear to have a conversation with Satya.

Let us witness the conversation and his tear's expression.....






Aansu

*Rehta hu basske main aankhon ki chaaon mein tumhari,
Baith ke dekhta rehta hu bahar ki duniya saari.*

*Aata hu nazar kabhi kabhi, jab hoti hai khushiya aur nikal jaata hu
hassi ke saath,
Shayad naa bhi aau nazar, kyunki dikhne se pehle mitaadete
hai mujhe tumhare yeh haath.*

*Kabhi kabhi kar dete ho tum mujhe, bahar dhakel kar mere
swarg se be-ghar,
Fisal kar beh jata hu tapti twacha par tumhari, jo andar ki
chot se aksar hoti hai bekhobar.*



*Kabhi sookh jaata hu padhe padhe bahar zameen par, ya padh jaate hai
paav mere sar ke upar,
Zinda tha kabhi jab bhaavnaaye gayi thi tere mann ko
gehraayi se choo kar.*

*Kabhi kabhi pee bhi jaayo mujhe dubara taaki aa saku main
wapas apne hi thikaane par,
Rookhi nahi acchi lagti hai aankhein tumhari naa rookhi lagti
hai rooh ki deeware andar.*

*Kuch log dabaake rakhte hai barso apni aankhon mein
banaake mujhe ek apnaa,
Voh bhi dhakel dete hai bahar jab toot jaata hai unka bharose
se bharaa sapnaa.*



*Logo ko nahi hota pata, par mujhe hai khabar nikalne ke peeche wajah
thi sacchi ya jhoothi,*

*Naatak karta hai insaan toh nikalte hue aansuo ki bhi rooh
rehti hai roothi.*

*Din ki dhoop mein nahi, raat ki thandak mein nikalna fir bhi hai
mujhe gawaara,*

*Jo kuch naa kare tarakki aur rahe iss **Aansu** ke saath, samaaj
bolta hai usse na-samajh, awaara.*




A black and white illustration of a man with a beard and long hair, sitting cross-legged on a bed in a meditative pose. He is wearing a long-sleeved shirt and pants. The room is dimly lit, with a bedside table to the left holding a lamp and a cup. Another bedside table to the right holds a clock and other items. The word "NEED" is written in large, bold, black letters across the middle of the image, partially overlapping the man and the background. The overall style is a detailed, textured drawing.

NEED

Sleep. Essential for our functioning. We used to doze off like a baby while the worries of the game were inhaled by our creators, the adults. When we were dependents and could afford our mind to pause overnight, hoping for a new day of fun as well as games. But then we grow up and understand that we have to wear the big shoes in order to enter a marathon. The moment we try to run, time tells us to slow down a bit, warn us for a big fall ahead.

Do we sleep like we used to? Do we possess the power to ignore things and drug ourselves with a deep slumber? The situation with us is, that we need mental peace now, to fight for our winning streak with “sleep”. Any smog inside the brain that reduces the visibility of the ticking clock, results into insomnia.

Satya, had a polluted mind that jammed his nerves which could get relaxed once and give him a state of escape for 7-8 hours. But lately with the extensive showering of his tear, guess the sleep drowned into the gutter. It seemed that he was hypnotized, freezed in a state of shock, knocking off his sense to analyse the time passing by and was guided by the voices inside his soul towards destruction. The watery eyes went dry, so did his soul and demanded for sprinkling of care, affection and love.



The stories of the past “pinched” him so much that it “punctured” his body, sucking out the air leaving behind the swollen soul with wounds gifted by the blows of her lost touch. The blackness beneath the eyes were shadows of darkness and not of his lengthy eyelids. The pace of season for other sapiens was fast forwarded, progressive wherein his was static, caged inside his 10x12 room unaware about the surroundings.

Cut from the virtual and social world, he still was connected with her memories, that helped his eyes to stay wide open, rewind and play the parts, just to observe what he couldn't while travelling with the deceiving passenger.

It is unfair that while she was having a peaceful sleep in the arms of her replacement, he was starving for the additional cushion to eradicate his hunger for a nap.

This is phase 2 of his depression wherein he put barriers of hurt that didn't allow sleep to drive all the way up to his eyes. The moon, sun and stars were worried by their inability to make him weak enough to kneel in front of them to accept his defeat and surrender in the arms of heaviness that would result into his lids being closed for attaining peace.

Will they be able to convince him finally to dream for a better future? Let us witness this expression.....



Neend

*Kood rahi hai aankhon par zor zor se, taaki ho jaaye woh band,
Yaadon ke shor se khul rahi hai aankhein, sochke kahaaniyan
jo dil ko hai naapasand.*

*Bhaaripan ho raha mehsoos waha, jaha se jahaan dikhta hai
aaya,*

*Bhaari toh woh dard bhi hai sehna, jab insaan hojaye laapata,
chorr jaaye bas apna saaya.*

*Dekhta rehta uss ghadi ko badalte apne aap ko, badh rahi hai
voh aage,*

*Poochta hai waqt mujhse, kyu hai tu ruka waha, jaha se
insaan the tujhe chorrke bhaage?*



*Andhera aur nidra bann gaye saathi aur racchi mujhe behosh
karne ki saazish,
Leli maine dard se thodi si mauhlat, thoda aur tadapne ki kari
apne dil se guzaarish.*

*Poocha shayan ne meri aankhon se, kya khafaa ho itna, jo
khule rehte hai palkho ke darwaaze,
Bayaan kiya maine, jhuk ke uthjaati hai palke, sunayi deti jab
adhoore vaadon ki awaaze.*

*Andhera pooche, jab dikhta nahi iss kamre mein kuch bhi, kyu
dikhe lutte hue apni duniya aur sukh,
Goonj utha voh kamra, karne bayaan ishq ke kadamo ki
kahaani, badal liya tha jinhone apna rukh.*





*Gaya tha woh insaan chorr mujhe, chun liya tha apne liye ek
alag sa rasta,
Shaamil nahi abh main ussmein, abh ghar mein koi aur insaan
hai usske bassta.*

*Taare hai gawaah unn palo ke, jab aankhon mein timtima raha hota
tha humara sapna,
Taaro ne bhi baadalo se kiya parda, taaki so saku main ek baar khone
ke baad woh apna.*

*Nahi timtima rahe the aaj sitaare, fer liya mooh, karni nahi thi unnhe
apni khushi zaahir,*

*Aaj waha bhi na fekenge apni roshni, jaha par reh rahi hai tumhe
dukh dene waali kaafir.*



*Chaand bhi tha chintit kyuki ho raha tha usski vidaayi ka
samay,*

*Sooraj ne poocha, aajaau main, ya ujaale se lag raha hai tumhe
abhi bhi bhaye.*

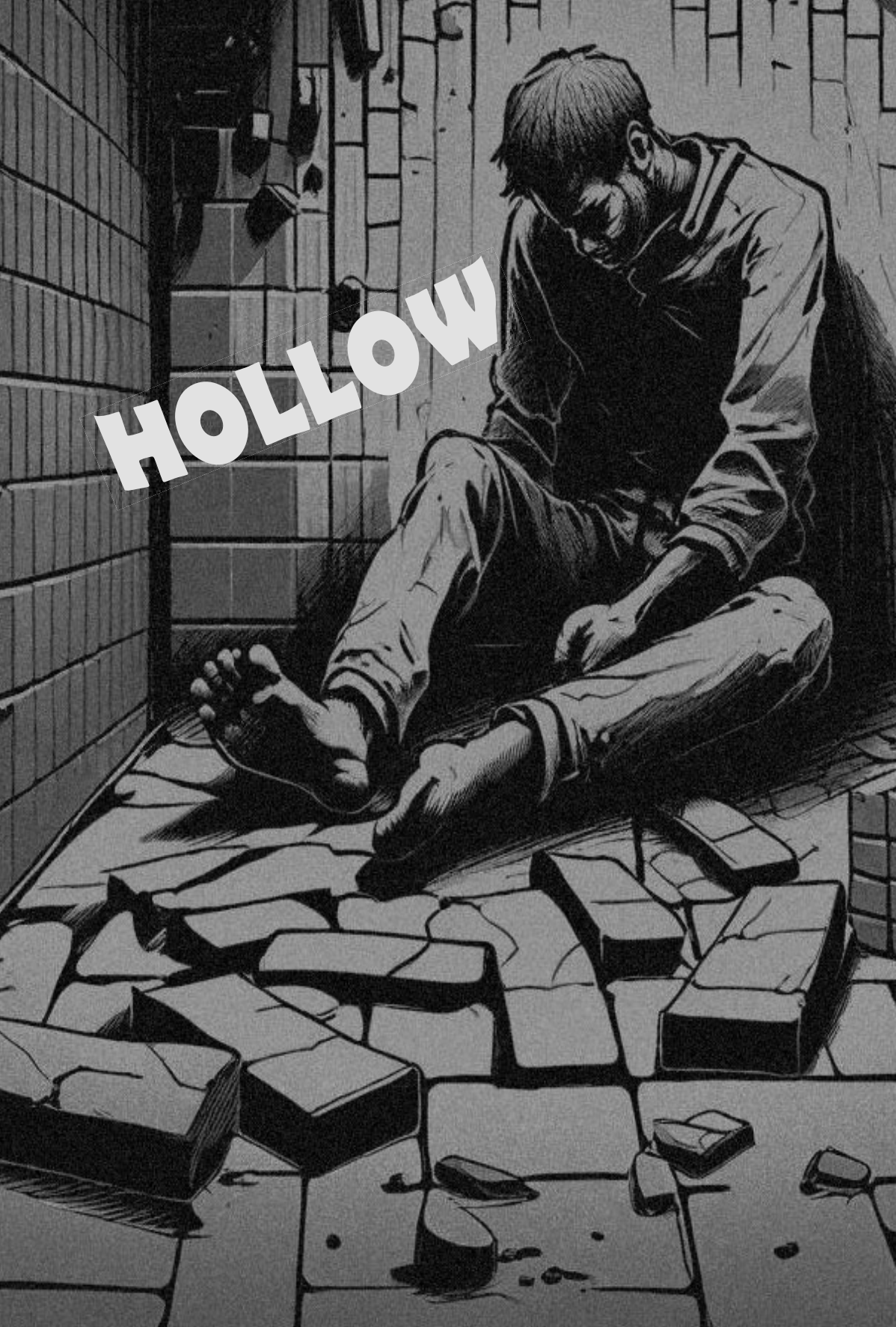
*Diya waqt thoda aur mujhe, ke samaa jaau thakaan mein apni,
aur tek du ghutne aaraam ke saamne,*

*Dil ne dedi aakhir razaamandi, aur aankhein challi **Neend ka
haath thaamne.***

Neend ka haath thaamne.




HOLLOW



Walls. Do they have ears? Do they listen to each and every conversation that is happening in our lives? Is it our responsibility to fill their eardrums with a peaceful tone rather streaks of shouting conversation infusing their hearing holes with echoes of loudness?

What you offer to others, comes back to you multifold, is a basic principle of Karma. The walls were offering the similar treatment to Satya that night, when he entered the room seeking silence, which roared memories of their quarrels in the relationship. It was time for a sweet revenge by concrete surfaces by shooting vocal darts on his soul, twinning the sounds of their verbal spat of the past and Satya was too wounded by this activity.

It was the very same place where he would hide from his creators and invest the time into a dead soul that sucked life out of him. From healthy discussions in their relationship that brought them together to rotten ones which staled the base of it, everything felt like a time-travel that day when the non-living structures erected the blocks in achieving Satya's peace. The rhyming of his poetry took a toll with the disbalance in the environment.



The third phase of his depression post abundance of tears and lack of sleep resulted into a tired brain. The mental stability was shaken by the emotional weakness and it opened Satya's hearing senses to a level where voices entered the space of sanity. The noise, its volume that outloud the communication with his soul, pushed him into a state where he would listen to the narration by dark forces of destruction.

He just wanted it to stop. Hit the pause button, just to catch some air and inhale the version of his raw personality which was just getting evaporated in that confined space. He could hear his heart beat, faster than the usual pace and gradually increasing as additional words of demolition were presented by the court of his conscience.

Am I the victim of her actions or the culprit of these objects in my surrounding which witnessed and endured the clashing of our disputes? No matter what role it is (victim/culprit) that I am playing, bearing the punishment of both sides is an injustice to my soul, Satya confessed to the solid surfaces.

Will the walls pity his condition and be the bigger structures of humanity? Let us witness Satya's confession.....



Hollow


*Sitting in the very same room which was once filled with
Bricks.*

***Bricks** that put together doesn't make a **Home**, but the thought
of you coming in it, does.*

*Once again in that **Home**, the walls are listening. After all it
was the night for their entertainment,
watching the screening of our **Fights.***

***Fights** that happened before, post which the expectations were
expressed in front of her to cure Satya's **Emptiness.***

*The **Emptiness** that would get filled, with her calling him back
even after a pretentious act of "I Don't **Care**".*



*Care that she should show if his texts shouts for attention, her
fingers to act and push the call button
and not to push him **Away**.*

***Away**, distant he felt when she just witnessed his pain, let him
burn and see the emerging hot vapour from his **Wounds**.*

***Wounds** which can be healed with the medication of her
actions.*

*“The walls which were filled with an elegant paint, were now
filled with his screams. Stains of the dirt
that were imprinted from his hands while he was leaning
against those walls asking for support.*

*Which he craved from her. Because she wasn’t lifeless.
She could feel, breathe, especially when she claimed her love
unlike the elements in the 10x12 room.*

*With no furniture in the room, inability to feel the air, the
dryness in his vocal chords and his voice not travelling her
ears, Satya felt **Hollow**.....”*




ADDICTION



Addiction. A dependency on substances, a one stop solution to everything. Form can be drugs, pills, alcohol, sex or a human. A rehabilitation centre available to overcome addition, is a venue of treatment, but what about addiction of a sapien?

Satya and majorly every individual form a deeper connect, emotional dependency with their partner. After living for considerable amount of years with someone, not specifically a romantic arrangement but any kind of a relationship, it feels weird when distance comes in. A habit of someone or something, with a monotonous routine, when broken, creates a disruption in our daily schedule. It is quite natural facing the difficulty of not imagining the presence of that person your life revolves around.

Satya was put under a helpless situation by fate. As witnessed usually, people file a statement of lie to cover another, similarly he absorbed an addiction to replace another. He couldn't shut the noises playing in his eardrums the previous night, and the several nights before that. Sleep and peace had left their associationship with him that pushed him into a dark zone of hallucinations. To believe in something that is not part of reality and created by the disbalance in your sanity. The kind of pills that would bring him out of high fever defeated the purpose of curing his body's current temperature.



The medium to calm his nerves appearing on his thick skin had to qualify to be capable enough in order to produce the dopamine he sought. Whether injected with a happy hormone or swallowing the gift of dizziness, he just wanted the voices to be muted for considerable amount of time.

Did he think about the ones who loved him? The ones who would have missed his chirpy presence? I feel when one is intoxicated enough with the manipulation to lose a battle, that too with life, people hardly think about these aspects. During that time, the dry emotions require the elixir of love and affection. The one thing missing from Satya's life.

Coming out of a phase which leads to your non-existence from this world, requires a big block midway that compels you to change your path on priority. It can be in the form of a shock, a reality check or self introspection.

Will Satya realize that the path he chose was careless and reckless?

Or that there was a better escape available for overcoming this phase?

Let us witness his expression!




Addiction

Air filled with memories, making the surroundings heavy, emotional enough to control the drizzling from the clouds with the black spot.

While inhaling the drug of her breath that she emitted, whispering his name years back in that empty room, Satya was once again, an addict. The space which was constructed in his heart after multiple blows of the hammer of surety when her steps got imprinted while visiting the barren land that needed the seed of love.

Sniffing her fragrance once again that was now part of his soul, Satya could feel her presence. Closing his eyes while laying down on the sheets of her arms that still surrounded him, his subconscious, Satya could see the darkness. Like somebody just took out the plug off the television and it paused the happiness of the viewer, while he is sitting on the couch digesting the sudden shock.



The reminiscence that swayed Satya to a place filled with brightness of their future with her hands intimately gripped with his, that would make him listen to the echoing of their laughter on repeat, is now replaced by a dark room filled with the feeling of loneliness. While this thought captured his unconscious brain which was going towards the possibility of being dead just like his soul, Satya was shaken with people who scared losing his existence. Those who resided in the place where his share of vote held value.

Slowly climbing the ladder of consciousness, not a success at first but several attempts later, opened his eyes to witness this world, just like the first time, he could see her tears. His mother's. The droplets filled with pain, which had a different reason this time, though it was his re-birth.

Vomiting the infused pill consumed to burn the piled up files of her images in his head, everybody could witness for the first time, an example of flowing emotions that had a tinge of red in them. Afterall, they were colourful, his memories. The worst part is, he just didn't vomit that one thing.

*That was, his hope to see her standing when he opened his eyes. He just saw his inability to forget, her, **His Addiction.***

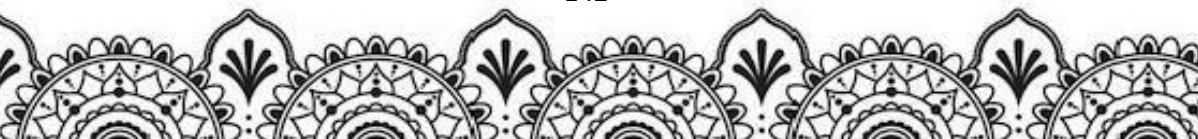




CHAPTER VI



CONFRONTATION WITH THE SOUL AND SELF INTROSPECTION






What happens when you are awake, in senses, out of the intoxicated state? Imagine going in an office party and getting sloshed enough to become the centre of attraction for conducting uncivilized acts, puking away your impression. There is a sense of awkwardness, shame, the very next day post reaching the office premise on the simple thought of facing the same crowd, again.

Well, Satya tried to harm himself. Take away the energy that was filled by his creators. How will he face them? Himself? The family just thanked the almighty for his capability to still breathe, but nomatter, how much their portrayal of an absolute normal environment was, do you think the guilt will come down by similar proportion? Will Satya be able to justify his deeds?

It stays. It haunts. Because this is the lowest level a human can stoop down to for their own self. How can you take away something, which was never yours but a gift from your parents? They decided your arrival, so who are you to decide your departure?



Rather you should be a flight that is proficient enough to transport them domestically and internationally, to bless their eyes to witness what they had missed while nurturing you. Instead, you are just making them spectate the horrifying images of their empire burning down.

Satya was ashamed. He gave the utmost right to a human who wasn't even aware of his chances of survival were bleak. He passed on the privilege to a sapient who outweighed the thoughts of his parent's pain. In a parallel timeline, she was living a blissful life and here he was left to inhale the sorrows, alone.

Days after gaining consciousness that allowed introspection between the ethical and unethical acts of handling the situation, Satya understood what he had done was a destructive way of coming out of the phase. There could have been other escapes for attaining peace and that he just let himself lose in the process. While walking at 6 am on a freezing morning, bare feet, on the green surface, gasping the air that didn't carry her smell, he witnessed the sun rising. To which he communicated the need for his inner self to rise out of toxicity. While exhaling the carbon out of each cell in his body, he let go the desire to hold on to her memories. The dew on the bottom of his feet indicated the freshness that must be invited while stepping onto the next chapter of his life.



In this chapter, we will witness whether Satya is able to meet his previous version during the journey of introspection. Whether he would provide himself with an opportunity to experience the feeling of “First’s” that were left to be discovered. OR if not that, but at least understand the importance of analysing what went wrong and accepting that the approach isn’t acceptable as per living standards.

Let us unfold this chapter with Satya’s expressions.....





SHARMINDA


Satya woke up from the sleep of death. It was a close encounter to farwell from planet earth. Sometimes it is embarrassing to face the consequences of your stupidity and breaking the trust of your loved ones. Their belief on your upbringing, on the value system which ensured unbreakable skin whenever any obstacle comes during the course of life. But showcasing your weakness with the such an act is cowardness which is a big disappointment to their investment in you.

Satya understood now that it shouldn't have been the approach.

Shame, regret and raising questions, not on our Intellegence Quotient but Emotional Quotient. Probably bright in our respective careers but darkness prevailing in our personal lives. The lenses of our projectors can witness red flags from a mile away, but we still accept them due to the adopted habit, routine of that person in it.

It is difficult. To own up for the mess which has been dropped in our lives due to our choices. But what is more difficult than that? Moving on from them and not turning into a pessimistic version which consumes us into this belief of wasting our emotions, time and other assets over something which wasn't constructive but destructive.

Agreed, that it was. But, the good part about it is "Growth". A lesson of being smarter, wiser than before. It takes two to tango and we cannot blame the other person alone, for our loss.



We can victimize ourselves for a while but are we the real Victims? Well in our story, probably yes but aren't we defensive and protecting ourselves from accepting the reality.

We have numerous factors to select and bear the type of person we choose to stay with. A lot of situations are identical as they were in the past and we choose to handle it differently every single time. If not, then you are not progressing. So, it is okay. Even the smartest people mess up in the middle and nobody can be an epitome of perfection.

The worst is- "their absence in your life". The best part is- "you had someone that made you experience life".

Demolition and construction happen at timely intervals. The patience period for the outcome is huge. In the middle you will question whether that building will be in accordance to the plan or not but you have to lay down the bricks every single day.

Hence, do not feel that there is no one meant for you, or built for you. Learn, grow and wait patiently to meet your other half. Stop getting ashamed of your choices in the past and believe in the power of manifesting for a better future.

Let us witness how Satya feels for his past mistakes. Is he ashamed of his deeds, his ability to trust someone and then adopting extreme measures to undo the disappointments due to his actions.....



Sharminda

Sharminda.

Sharminda hun ke zinda hu main.

Sharminda hun ke tadapta parinda hu main.

Sharminda hun ke dukho ki nagri ka baashinda hu main.

*Sharminda hun ke zor se goonj rahi hai uss aakash mein meri
umeedo ki awaaz,*

*Sharminda hun ke uss hi akaash mein ek pari ko dekh laga alag
sa hai isska andaaz.*

*Sharminda hun ke kiya bharosa aur le aaya usse apne sapno se
sajaaye makaan ke andar,*

*Sharminda hun ke dih gaya usse mera gumho ki baarish se
bharaa hua samandar.*



***Sharminda** hun ke jataayi usse, tapti dhoop mein apni
chaahat,*

***Sharminda** hun ke uss dhoop ki kari fariyad, sookh jaaye voh
samandar, mill jaaye dukho se raahat.*

Boli,

*Ghabraao nahi, bhar lo udaan uss akaash mein, saath mere,
Ghabraao nahi, hataa doongi ghar ki chatt se saare andhere,
saare dhukh tere.*

***Sharminda** hu ke beh gaya usske waado ki hawaa ke saath,
Sharminda hu ke udh gaya samajhke, ke mere apne ka hi hai
voh haath.*

***Sharminda** hu ke diya hosla maine uss pari ko bharne ke liye
aur bhi oochi udaaan,*

***Sharminda** hu ke khadha raha baadlo ke beech, chaahе aaye
mere waado par angeenat toofan.*





***Sharminda** hu ke sehta raha, kadakti bijli ke diye hue mujhe
gehre zakham,*

*Bas itna sa **Sharminda** hu ke maang liya maine, apne zakhmo
ke liye usske pyaar ka marham,*

***Sharminda** hu ke maana iss baar bhi, yeh hai wahi, kiya tha intezaar
jiska saato janam,*

***Sharminda** hu ke samajha nahi firse, khuda ka farmaan, todha jisne
mera yeh bhram,*

*“Ke jaanta nahi hai kyaa tu insaan, nahi hai tere itne acche
karam,*

*Kitna girega aur, kitni maangega tu bheek, aati nahi kya tujhe
apne upar thodi daya aur sharam?”*

*Kardiya bayaan ek baar firse uss pari ko, ke pahochi hai mere dil ko
bohot zyada thes,*

*Par shayad sunaa nahi ussne, ke iss baar gira hu main zindagi mein
pehle se bhi kahi zyada tez.*





*Dikhe nahi bharte hue mere dil mein dukh, dikhe nahi baarisho ke
paani mein behte hue mere aansu,
Jitna roya hu main, tol naa paayega duniya mein banaa hua
koi bhi taraazu.*

*Beetein kayi mausam, aur aaye beech mein kayi imtehaan,
Kuchalte gaye waadein, kuchal gaye mere saare armaan,
Hataash hua main, uthayi maine woh gathri jismein padaa tha
meri umeedo ka samaan,
Jaane ka kiya maine naatak, kyuki dekh nahi sakta tha lut-ta
hua apna basaa basaaya jahaan.*

*Boli ke jao tum, shayad de nahi sakti hu iss akaash mein main
tumko khushiyo ki leher,
Chorr diya ussi akaash mein udhte hue mera haath, kehke alvida
thamaake bewafaayi ka zeher.*






*Gir raha tha main aur, pahoch raha tha zameen ke bohot
zyada kareeb,
Girke dekha ke abhi bhi tha ghar mein andhera aur abhi bhi
tha main rishto se gareeb.*

*Kyuki luti nahi thi daulat iss baar, luta tha pyar se bharaa
mere sapno ka ghar,
Voh pari lene aayi thi mera pyar, kyuki shayad padhi hogi
meri khushiyo par kisi ki nazar.*

*Poocha unn deewaro se kya aayi thi roshni? Kya aayi thi dhoop chath
par humare?
Kiya deewaro ne bayaan ke, dhoop aati agar, toh sookh naa
jaati voh silan, jo milli thi taufe mein aansuo se tumhare?*

***Sharminda** hu main ke dekha fir ek baar, aakash mein uss pari
ki or (और),
Sharminda hun girne par samajh aaya, apne ke bheshe mein
chupa hua tha chor.*





***Sharminda** hun ke kar raha tha umeed, lene aayegi mere jeene
marrne ki khabhar,*

*Kyuki khod di thi ussne mere aangan mein mere hi pyaar ki
gehri kabar,*

*Par hui ekdum se aakaashvani, bola uss farishte ne ke ho naa tu
zindagi mein itna besabhar,*

*Hum nahi hai tere karmo par **sharminda**, tu bhi mat ho, bas rakh
thoda sa sabhar.*

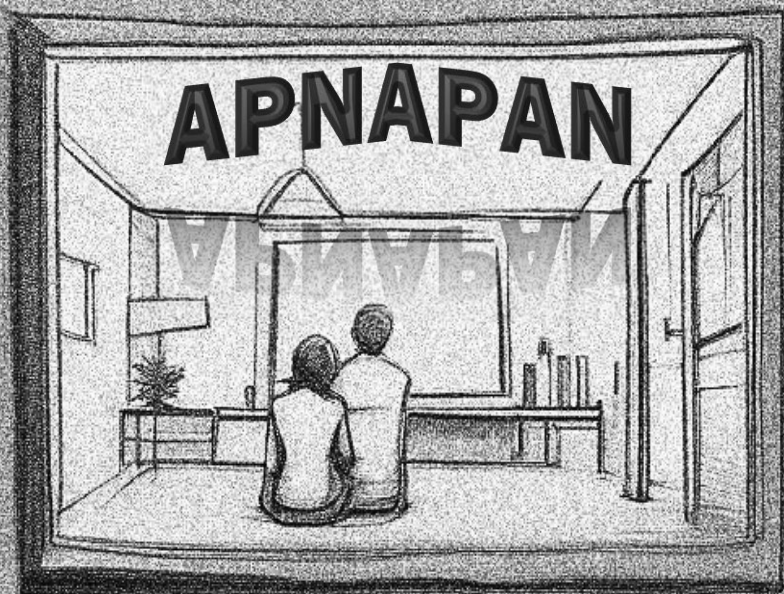
*Abh hu nahi **sharminda** kyuki aasmaan mein dikhte hai mujhe
chaand aur sitaare,*

*Firse bun (बुरा) raha hu uss chaand ki roshni ke neeche apne
sapne saare.*

Abh nahi hu sharminda.

Abh nahi hu sharminda








21

Loop. A circle which repeats the events in life at a different phase probably. Everything that starts at some point might end at a stage where the need to initiate the very same thing arises. Your favourite song for instance in your playlist is played on loop till the time your saturation hits the satisfaction bucket. Once you attain monotony, your attention is directed towards freshness. But one fine day, after a gap of course, you'll stumble upon that old song again and it would be engaging enough, with the eruption of a nostalgic feeling.

The question is, can it beat the feeling of the first time? By now the lyrics and every single beat of the instrument is infused in your musicstream. Your subconscious will automatically play your mind along with it. You understand the drill and it is your comfort zone. The feeling of a vintage listener of that song or the artist will instill in-depth knowledge on the genre and it becomes your expertise while flaunting your familiarity with it during discussions, socially.

Satya, his feelings, were played with, on regular intervals by sapiens, on a loop. He understood by now, the book rules to be in a romantic arrangement. Even if he was saturated with the events of falling in love and coming out of it, the end shouldn't be written with his non existence in this world. He understood this by now. In the last expression, he was ashamed by the path, chosen for an escape to shut the noises. Like the playlist example given above, he has to place the seed of intentions, which would yet again blossom into this flower of love.



But by now, first's have been experienced by Satya. Whether it was the union of two hearts or the pain of separation. Will he be immune to the sensations of excitement in a relationship or the pain of deceit, if his fate introduces it to him, again? The vibrations of constructing a strong base sent by the other being to him, will he be able to receive them beneath the shield he covered his soul with?

Well he had to try. Not only to inhale the desires of being in a non-toxic setup but also to avoid passing the venom of his wounds to someone stepping in his life, going forward. If we become wise enough after climbing out of the well of depression, it must be ensured that our actions do not push someone in it. This is how we can bring change in the society and allow our souls to heal too.

Post gasping the after effects of the dangerous life-threatening stunts that he had pulled off, it was time for him to analyse whether he is ready yet, to feel the progression or there was still a distance to cover. Let us witness his expressions.....




Apnapan

*Insaan ko chor raha hai insaan dekhne ke liye andhera,
Umeed ka diya jalaaye bharre ussmein tel jisse ho jaaye uski zindagi
mein sawera.*

*Bahar aake andhere se humein, hona chaiye wakif ke waha
lagta hai kaisaa,
Shayad kaalak lag jaati hai aatma par, banaadeti hai humein
dhakelne waale ke hi jaisaa.*

*Baant rahe hote hai insaan aksar, wahi dard doosro ko, jo kabhi tha
unnhe bhi milaa,
Iss samaaj mein ho rahi rooh bimaar, chal raha hai sabke
saath bas yahi silsilaa.*



*Logo par mehnat karte karte, hojaati hai itni thakaan,
Ke Koi ghar banana bhi chaahе saath, toh milti hai ijaazat, dil se
banaaneka makaan,*

*Kyuki jitni oorja thi andar, galat insaano par kardi kurbaan,
Abh bacchi nahi unn cheezo ki utejna, jo saamne waala karta hai
humse bayaan.*

*Usske liye hai shayad yeh pehli baar, tabhi mehsoos karna hai
sabh mere saath,
Hum kare to kare bhi kaise, jab wahi mehsoos kiya tha kabhi pakad,
kisi aur ka haath?*

*Tabhi, jaate hai kisi ke kadam iss zindagi se abh, toh lagta nahi hai
kuch bhi nayapan,
Rokega kaise yeh insaan jab andhere mein kho gaya hai
humara **Apnapan.***

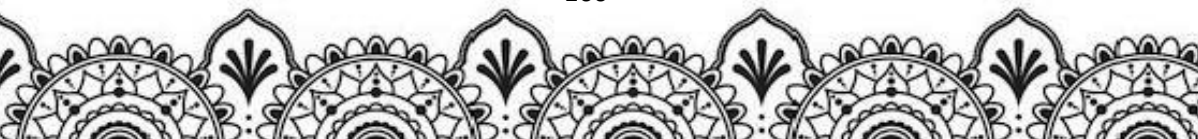




CHAPTER VII



HEALING THE WOUNDS, DETACHMENT OF MEMORIES






Trade. Barter. An exchange happening in a relationship. A transaction of happiness in lieu of a likewise treatment. An exchange of habits, philosophies, skills and attitude towards life, happens all the time when two mortals are in a relationship.

Well, we all have heard that “You are who you are by virtue of the company you keep” and it clearly indicates that your transformation or the absorption of personality happens from the crowd around you. The partner you choose have a huge impact on you also. Subconsciously, we imbibe their personality, the way they choose to react in situations, express verbally or via actions, inhale their temperament, equip ourselves with the skills they possess and uncountable assets that we receive as a gift during the journey of that arrangement.

Probably an introvert person under the shadow of an extrovert partner might have a drastic shift in his/her personality. Or a calm tempered person, loses the patience quite often now, when surrounded with toxicity on a regular basis since their core nature is submissive in front of that strong force.




In a phase, when the relationship is facing a downward trend, with the accumulation of issues, where both the individuals are getting hurt on a similar tangent, where is that unconditional behaviour of any one of them to own up for their share which gave multiple blows of larger levels of destruction probably because of your past issues and the consistent behaviour of passing it on to the partner with an untouched soul?

Majority of us, expects catering to the issues and save the sinking relation"ship", only and only if there is an equal effort from the other side in resolution but forget to analyse that probably this spreading venom is due to the unresolved bits with our soul.

To be noted that this expression is not related to extreme issues like domestic violence and verbal abuse. Probably it can be related to their childhood traumas but we are not discussing that here.

Anyway, the point is not addressing the issues in a relationship despite the other person highlighting it repetitively, at each step, is also a form an abuse which may be emotional and mental. If our actions push our partners into a dark zone and them highlighting constantly about the instances affecting them on a deeper level, are ignored, then they might break out one day.




If we choose to carelessly pursue similar actions which hamper their stability, do you think they will be able to be in a sane mode? If our continuous similar actions have pushed them towards a pit of sadness, isn't it our responsibility to extend our hands and take them out of it? Is it fair that when they are stuck in that marsh of uncatered issues, we expect them to resolve our issues as well?

Shouldn't it be the strategy that once we do our bit and normalize their situation, we should then expect them to cater ours and it would be fair to them also?

Change is the only constant and adjusting as per the scenarios is what makes us flexible enough to survive in this world. Two personalities have had different journeys, stories and sensitivity towards various situations and hence both have to adjust accordingly but sometimes, in the middle of a phase, one has to take the ownership to mend things in the ways the other person desires.

Hence, stop trading and start investing in the relationship.

In this chapter, Satya would heal his wounds, well try wholeheartedly. When the curtains of biaseness are torn down by time, the visuals are pretty clear on each and every journey. You no longer cover up or defend the person and give verdict with a very neutral perspective. Even though there were layers of love once, that stopped your judgements to be anti with your partner.



The step to heal is to increase the distance from the memories which haults your progress. There should be no scope of contacting because it unnecessary is an invitation to toxicity. One should control the urges to stalk their each and every movement, their progress. In short, you should not be aware about them and most importantly suppress the need to feel that. One should not scroll down to memories in the phone gallery and visit them again because it would link you to the disappointment of their non-fulfilment of commitment. When the being is not there, the memories shouldn't block the space of your virtual device and should be eradicated with immediate effect.

One should not jump into a relationship just to fill in the gap of a person or talk to random strangers displaying your vulnerable side, your wounds. In such situations, we tend to overexpress and the hunters can smell it to attack, prey on us. Hence, give time, choose your escape wisely. Go out with your social circle no matter how limited it is to create ample of memories to burden the painful ones. Watch movies, forms of art which are light on heart. The perspective here is that romantic cinematic experiences will take us back to relating it to our story and questioning our destiny which would again lead to remorse. It should not be avoided for life but only in this phase of healing your wounds. Choose any medium to express your thoughts. It may be writing, painting, sketching or an expression on digital media.

The detachment from the memories which takes you back to the lost relationship, will help you heal your wounds. Love yourself, give time and pamper your soul to the fullest. Casual hook-ups that are part of our generation now, will either bundle up more toxic instances or make us forget to value the essence of relationships and in the concept of love, togetherness, eternity.

Satya will leave the destructive habit to re-visit the lanes often and would look forward to progress in this chapter.



SAUDA

SAUDA



SAUDA

SAUDA

Social Media. A weapon that gives power to the literate and illiterate crowd on this planet. The freedom to express ignoring the boundaries of ethics and morals. The criminals posing as victims and some unaware on the opportunity to be vocal on bearing the actual sufferings in life.

Satya, while removing his existence from the virtual world for a while in order to heal himself, observed a post from a familiar face. The one who was an outcome of this extreme decision of wiping his digital identity. She posted a poetic expression, on how being part of toxic relationships that infused venom of disbelief in her approach towards love and still never getting deflected from the path of loyalty. As to how she found love in her socially accepted partner (husband) in a matter of 15 days. Boasting about the possessed philosophy of valuing commitments in an arrangement, staying together through thick and thin was kind of ironic to Satya while he witnessed it.

The post talked about how naïve she was in her previous romantic stint and that every ounce of her soul, her life was instilled in the partner which was never reciprocated in similar fashion. Lastly, Satya read about her efforts to get out of the great depression that year and become a successful, progressive woman. These ironic moments were followed by images of her exotic travel snaps with her husband, in a cushioned seat of a luxurious 4-wheel ride holding a breath-taking materialistic possession in hand.



This moment, pushed Satya towards aggressively blocking her future arrivals on his virtual screen and waved farewell to the mishandled media handle. It was a sigh of relief for a micro second with this thought of not coming across such instances that hinders his mental peace.

Satya was astonished with this hypocrisy and expressed his anger on a piece of paper which read his raw thoughts. His expression won't be backed up by appreciation from the virtual followers but it would still be true, even if it is in the custody of his sweaty fists.

Will Satya be able to reach the first phase of healing himself? Can he control the urges to re-appear in her virtual world despite bearing the blows of mass disrespect?

Let us witness his expressions.....





Sauda

*Jis besharmi se de rahe ho apne wafa ki misaal,
Voh uthaati hai mere zakhmo ko samajhne ki, tumhari uss kaabiliyat
par sawaal,*

*Karta hai bayaan yeh nazaara, ke tujhe zaraa sa bhi nahi apni
bewafaayi ka malaal.
Itni di thi zillat aur fir bhi karti rahi apne shabdo se ussi ke dil
ko halaal,*

*Kaash rishte ki buniyaad hilne se pehle, aata tujhe, humare
sapno ka khayaal
Naatak hai yeh tera, naahi koi ehssaas, kyuki fir bhi chorr gayi
tu uss parinde ko jeene ke liye behaal.*



*Chor ke mooh se achi lagti nahi pyar ki kavita, naa bann sakta hai
voh shaayar,
Bure halaat dekh, tu aur teri parchayi bhaage, nikle tum dono,
ekdum kaayar.*

*Mera pyar hai wajah, jo taufe mein milli hai tumhe izhaar
karne ki yeh kalaa,
Itna itraana theek nahi, tumhare diye iss akelepan ne dabaa diya hai
mere pyar ka galaa.*

*Jaan mat kaho mujhe apni, milli hui har cheez lage hai abh
bheekh,
Teri angeenat galtiyo ne di nahi, tujhe waadein nibhaane ki ek
bhi seekh.*





*Shayad jataate hue gum apne, tumhe jhalkunga main jaana
pehchaana hareef,
Aanch naa aaye pyar par taaki, meri kahaani mein hamesha jhalkogi
tum shareef.*

*Vishwaas mere andar lagta hai jaise, murjhayein phoolon se
bharaa hua paudha,
Aayegi pochne aansu mere agar, toh yakeenan karegi apni
khushiyon ke liye **Saudaa....***



AISA NAHI



Starving from virtual connect, Satya woke up in the middle of the night, which by the way indicated that his sleep patterns were comparatively improving considering the previous state of insomnia. Like an addict to experience the memories, he opened the screen which would direct him to accomplish his destructive mission. But then a reminder from his soul, of soothing his nerves that were rushing with the adrenaline of her left over drug.

Abruptly the memories of past initiated a conversation with his soul. They were quite disappointed with this audacity of a human who was giving notices, daily, to vacate his mental space. Due to the simple fact that the tenant had moved out of the ecosystem, then why to be in ownership of her baggage?

The memories argued as to where will they stay if thrown out of their dark residing area? That it was unfair to them and be content with the tag of being a homeless. Satya's soul heard the nagging for quite a bit but then surrendered in front of patience. The soul replied that it is not a matter of residing together in the same room, it is just the exertion it has caused to the body. Our union is leading to an invitation of diseases for the brain and that sleep is not able to travel all the way up to his eyes.



The food he consumes rarely, doesn't even satisfy us, the soul's hunger to be honest and even we don't communicate the need for more. Hence, our journey together ends today assuring that we might meet in the future with a tinge of freshness, with the arrival of a new sapien probably.

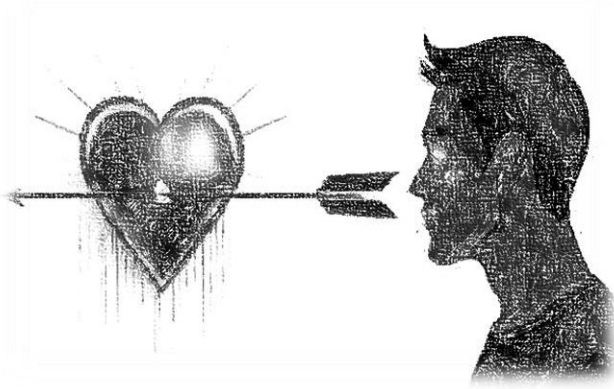
The memories of the past asked very innocently as to why and how is it so extreme that Satya is being pushed to this extent?

The soul had to put Satya into a state of consciousness and allow him to express the reasons. It was important for him to confront his fears that pulled him back to witness the light of progression.

Will Satya be able to convince the embedded memories, deep enough to uproot them out of his infertile land of emotions?

Let us witness his expression.....





Aisa Nahi

*Aisa Nahi Ke Main Saath Reh Nahi Sakta
Bas Baat Hai Itni, Ke Aur Kuch Seh Nahi Sakta.*

*Dekha Karta Tha Pehle Jab Bhi Humaari Tasveere, Aata Tha
Unnpe Pyar,
Abh Dekhu Toh Yaad Aate, Sirf Wahi Kisse, Bayaan Karte Hai Jo
Humaari Takraar.*

*Wajah Hai, Bewajaah Nahi, Jo Chorr Raha hu Iss Rishte Ki
Dor,
Izhaar Karta Hu Abh Saari Wajaah, Jinhone Dhakela Mujhe
Akelepan Ki Or.*



*Kuch Thi Baatein aisi, Jaanta Nahi Tha Mera Parivaar, Na Hi
Baaki ka Sansaar,
Kiya Nahi Tha Kisipe, Voh Bharosa, Kara Tujhi se Sabh kuch
Izhaar,
Izhaar-E-Bayaan Na-Insaafi Logo Ki, Bakse Mein thi jo Mere
Shaamil, Dukh the Beshumaar,
Yakeen Na Hua, Unnhi Baaton Ko jab Banaliya Tune, Ladayi
Ke Dauran Apna Hathyar,
Dukh Hi Toh Tha pahochana, iss takraar mein Mujhe Ek Baar,
Par Soch Toh Leti, Meri khaatir, Bulaati Thi jisse Tu Apna
Saccha Pyaar?
Thandak Hi Toh Milli Kaleje Ko Tere, Karke Apne Shabdo Ka
Vaar,
Milli toh aag mujhe, lagaa bikk Chukka Hu main Sarre
Bazaar,
Bandook ki goli de deti hai ek, Par yeh Shabd De Gaye Mujhe
Ghaav Hazaar,
Hota Koi Aur, Toh Lagta na Bura, sunaa deta beshak, Baatein
Chaar,
Par Kyuki Zabaan hai yeh Teri, Cheen Liya iss haqeeqat ne Mere
Dil Ka Karaar.*



Aisa Nahi Ke Main Saath Reh Nahi Sakta

Bas Dil kehta hai mujhse, main aur Kuch Seh Nahi Sakta.

Aisa Nahi Ke Main Saath Jee Nahi Sakta,

*Kiraaye ka ghar tha yeh tere liye, yeh sach, main Pee Nahi
Sakta.*

Aisa Nahi ke main akela jee nahi sakta, akela jee nahi sakta.





ZAROORAT


Need. Do we really feel the requirement for an inclusion of a person in our lives during certain phases?

There are phases in life when we feel that it is better to cherish our solitude and grow discreetly. Probably, we are not in the mindset to stress ourselves towards that thought and ready for a responsibility.

But then who can fight the forces of the universe? There is a knock on the door of a stranger unexpectedly with gifts of genuine care to offer with a note saying- "It is okay to keep expectations and let me fulfil them with love". It is ironic that they enter that door to be family but with a brief stay period, elope like a guest who was unwanted at the very first place, leaving a message behind- "Once a stranger, always a stranger".

Was it required, your presence? Was it necessary for you to awaken the ray of hope in the person? Were you even ready to handle someone before enacting warmth like family?

Highly unlikely. But still, people overestimate their capacity to lend their unconditional love to sapiens who underestimate the chances of them falling into the same trap.



Satya, had an elongated conversation with the memories of the past the other night. He had to flow them out of his system because they were eating him from inside, making his soul hollow for worse. He realized that this whole process of allowing her to enter his life and then the series of blows could have been avoided.

There was no requirement of a human in his life but still he let the external factors govern him. This imagination popped in his mind, of a scenario, of her non-existence and how life would have turned up. And the hypothetical situation was itself satisfaction. But then, regret wasn't the approach to deal with this.

He had to convince the memories about the learnt lessons and why he is throwing them out. It was because he never wished to create them in the very first place and they were uninvited creation of destiny.

Let us witness Satya mentioning the instances that were not even required, in this poem, Zaroorat.....



Zaroorat

*Zaroorat nahi thi mujhe, aansuon ko chupaane ki,
Iss Baarish ne unnhe, chupaana sikha diya.*

*Zaroorat nahi thi mujhe, kisi ke bhi manaane ki,
Tere waadon ne mujhe, maanna bhi sikha diya.*

*Zaroorat nahi thi mujhe, kisi anjaane se apne dukh zaahir
karne ki,
Tere lavzo ki dawa ne mujhe, jataana bhi sikha diya.*

*Zaroorat nahi thi mujhe, andhere se bahar aane ki,
Tere kadmo ne dhoop ko, meri zindagi mein aana bhi sikh diya.*



*Zaroorat nahi thi mujhe, kabhi bhi apne chehre ko hasee se
sajaane ki,*

Teri baaton ne mujhe, bheed mein hassna bhi sikha diya.

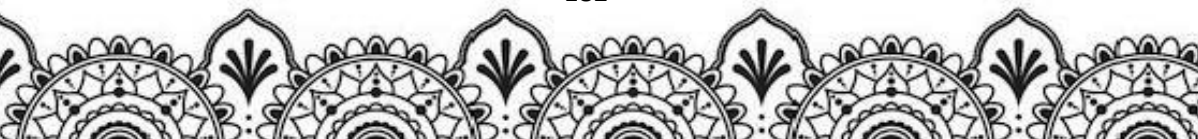
*Zaroorat nahi thi mujhe, kabhi bhi zehen ko bewakoof banane
ki,*

Tere dikhaaye sapno ne mujhe, voh banana bhi sikha diya.

*Zaroorat nahi thi mujhe, iss andhere ko mehsoos bhi, karne ki,
Tere chehre par uss nakaab ne, jhooth ko andekha karna bhi
sikha diya.*

*Zaroorat nahi thi kabhi bhi mujhe, pyar ko apni rago mein
basaane ki,*

Teri aadat ne mujhe, khoon ke aansu bahaana bhi sikha diya.





Aur aakhir,

***Zaroorat nahi thi mujhe yeh jaanane ki, ke kya hota hai
akelapan?***

Tere naa hone ne, usske saaye ko apnaana bhi sikha diya.

Zaroorat nahi thi iss zindagi ki mujhe,

Tere iss sabak ne, marr marr ke jeena bhi mujhe sikha diya.



SURVIVALIST

20KALAVATI?



Strength. Are we aware about our potential to survive any damage? We majorly understand the extent of it while coming across to situations, phases in life. It is not only about physical, but mental and emotional strength which is important for us to survive as well as conquer the greatest battles.

We all aren't fighters in the beginning. Life makes us one. It puts us into experimental instances to check our threshold to bear the blows. Coming out of it communicates us the answer to the level of toughness we possess. The newly formed version varies with the raw personality we were born with. To sum up, there are multiple gifts from life that adds up to our core as we climb the ladder of years.

Satya, another lab experiment of destiny, was put under circumstances that were tough for his calibre to surpass. With a second chance offered to breathe, he rose out of it bold enough to survive and become part of the grown up club.

While crossing the road with heavy traffic, he freezed on the pavement to address the glimpses of his transformation from a sapien who was ready to offer his heartbeat to a human willing to experience what life has to provide for going forward.



This is not a poem but an expression resulting from Satya's observation of the process where you lose the innocence, the vulnerability that allows you to trust the convicted person of your wounds and the excitement to experience it all over again. You alter the behaviours due to the back logs in your file of familiar conditions. How his surroundings treated him or the other survivalists while socializing in this so called civilized society.

The horns of warning broke his little adventure to introspection and pushed him away from the epicentre of shaky memories.

Will this be an eye opener for Satya?

Will this be the final phase of his hurtful journey?

Let us witness his heartfelt extract.






Survivalist

Screaming in pain. Vibrations sent to the heart so that it can pump faster. Making you feel alive enough to sense the hurt gifted to yourself. Skin dropping gallons of water on the floor. Wetness on the outside but dryness in the throat pertains due to words taking away the emotions. Resulting in the destruction of the bond between humans.

Walls recording the act and later showering echo in the air for your ears to listen to it on repeat. You cannot hit the pause button and forcefully hear every single act, daily. Begging it to stop. Resisting the darkness to not take you over but at last you just lose. Submission of your innocence to negativity. The feeling of grief post, the demise of your old self.



And then,

You change. The personality that nobody acknowledges. You've been judged by people who witnessed your journey, your story and some who didn't. Still, both the sides behaving on a similar tangent of disappointment kills your belief in any institution.

Remember the one who made you feel alive to bear pleasure and hurt?

Probably that is the one person, you again go to. To undress your soul, grab their hands to make them feel your scars. Just to ask whether I'll heal ever? Whether I'll jump to the original version which was filled with hope?

The person in front of whom we express, understands it momentarily, only and only to give a new session to the walls to play a fresh tape of incidents. In this process of finding his old self, Satya became a new version witnessing his beloved joining the crowd which knew his journey but now was manipulated by the factors that weren't in his control.

Satya, having a blindfold, left in the middle of the street to cross the heavy traffic in order to live.

*While crossing the road in darkness, Satya, became a **Survivalist**.....*





TAASH


TAASH

The high of things going in your favour. Where you feel empowered and equip yourself with the authority to adopt rash decisions which might harm those who were under-privileged back then. Even if we know phases are temporary, we tend to live in the delusion that fate will be on our side, forever.

But with seasons changing, power swap hands too. The perfect blend of time and karma rewards as well as snatches from sapiens. The people modest during all intervals, are benefitted the most. The ones merciless due to the fogged state of false pride have to pay the price of enduring pain that was previously borne by the disadvantageous crowd.

Satya, knew she had a chance to stand firm on the commitments made in their arrangement. But unaware of her actual intentions, he could not see the hidden cards behind the table. She held the cards of betrayal for the end and threw the moment arrived for her to claim the jackpot which would fulfill her materialistic desires.

Let alone her, the society and its transactions function like that. We might keep ourselves in the dark with the thought that we know the depths of someone's personality and nature, but do we really or a new situation would unfold something we were never aware about?



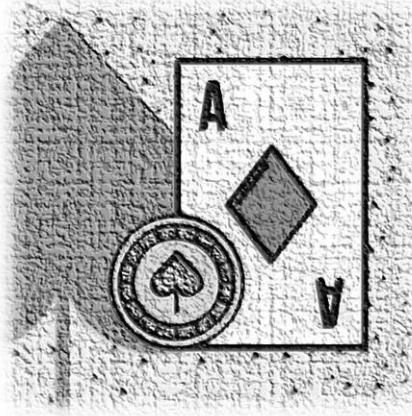
My strong viewpoint is that we never know enough about someone and await life to give us surprises. But then we have to tag along with humans, gambling on our intuitions. The level of destruction or progression on that bet taken will be decided by our fate and karmas.

Satya wasn't a sadist or hoping for witnessing the painful condition of her deceiving partner but it was just a belief that nobody can escape freely after denting the soul and that everything comes with a cost.

Anyway, Satya was filled with surety that the timeline is not that far where she will be meeting the consequences that were an outcome of her past actions/deeds. While entering in the last phase of healing, strengthening his mental and emotional levels, he communicates with her faded reflection to await for the results that are going to be announced in the future.

With this boldness and confidence that Satya regained after battling with uncontrollable factors, he now visualizes for a better future while expressing the harsh reality of the unsaid story of the society.

Let us witness his expression.....

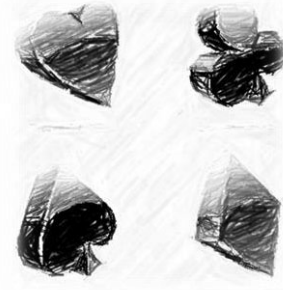


Taash

*Jua hai zindagi mein rakha hua har ek kadam,
Dhua hai uss chehre ke peeche, jissne diye zindagi ke saare
bhram.*

*Patte mein raani ya raaja aur kabhi aajata hai joker,
Zindagi mein bhi dikhaate nahi hai apne patte sabhi, jeelenge beshak
rishte khokar.*

*Baazi par naam likha hai aaj tera, toh kal kisi aur ke kismat ki
kahaani,
Waqt hai chal raha tera toh mat udh itna, sambhal ke bolna
apni zubaani,*



*Kyuki aaj sikko par likha hai tera naam, jo dete hai tujhe uchaayi par
rehne ki taakat,*

*Kal jab hogi voh kisi aur ki amaanat, khatam hojayegi logo se izzat
millne waali rafaakat.*

*Waqt aayega uss uchayi ka mera bhi, jab honge sooraj aur
chaand mere saamne,*

*Tere guroor se bichde tere apne, aayenge nahi bure waqt mein tere
haath ko thaamne.*

*Khelenge khel firse, jab khatam ho jaayegi jung meri, aur
kaamyabi ki talaash,*

*Meri baazi ki aakhri chaal bikheregi tujhe, kyuki zindagi
khelegi teri kismet se **TAASH**.....*





CHAPTER VIII



Time to Move On






It is very important for us to move on in life. Not only in the aspect of a heartbreak but anything for that matter. In a lot of quarrels between friends, parents and partner, we have to move on from the irrelevant once on a faster pace and not be stuck upon petty issues.

If there was an opportunity in life for accumulating wealth and one could not grasp it, then it is essential for us to move past that quickly in anticipation of better chances to attain our end goal.

Satya, took time to move on and probably missed to witness the beauty of life in the middle of the journey. He was unavailable for a lot of priorities that required his immediate attention but the shackles of her blows entangled his soul for a prolonged period to feel the air of individuality.

It was a rollercoaster, his ride to come out of the tunnel of sorrows and await the darkness to be replaced by the sunlight of hope. Time and the crowd were running at their own pace.



It was Satya who needed to catch up with them and probably superceed their advantageous position in the game of life.

In the last chapter, Satya tried to detach himself with the pestering memories of her temporary span in his journey. He was entangled in the web of her spell that pushed him into adopting unethical measures for shutting down the noise that was knocking his eardrums each moment. It wasn't easy, escaping from the shadow of her betrayal but his introspection and hope for justice from Karma, pulled him out of the tragic situation.

He somewhere had to believe in the concept of trying until failure and surviving in expectation of feeling similar affection, love and trust for someone else.

In this final chapter, Satya would understand why do people feel the need to form new relationships in order to supress the previous ones. Additionally, how we switch roles and zones when meeting people which is a momentarily escape from all the worries.

Lastly, he understands it fully to initiate a new beginning, his 2nd innings in the game of survival. Let us witness Satya's expression as this emotional expedition comes to termination.

RISHTE

केशव




The basic step of moving on is acceptance. Not only on the fact of a sapien's non-existence but also how the psychology of survival in the society, universally works. Every single being on this planet has his/her share of pain on the plate where some choose to consume that portion with an evident expression on the face, while others digest it projecting a smile.

When any human understands how relationships are similar to transactions in life, it is relatively easier for that gender to move on from the loss incurred. In this jungle filled with animals and hunters, we have to choose our role wherein everybody is fighting for their own survival.

Satya, understands clearly in this poem that it is important to form new relationships in order to breathe again and experience life. It would eventually suppress his previous memories which were a barrier to his progress. By now, he realizes that the weight behind the promises might shred when the actual scenario hits in. That people change, which can be for good or bad resulting to favourable/ unfavourable conclusions.

He is aware of the feeling that there will be multiple situations that would remind him of similar previous encounters but which is bound to happen till the time distance doesn't surpass the intimacy he had shared with the excluded person.



This enlightenment would make his journey comparatively easier that although he is still minutely entangled in the web of her reminiscences and the toxins haven't been flushed out fully out of his system.

To do so, to completely move on, one has to find the antidote in the form of any productive activity which pushes you towards a happier state. It can be a human also but one should be wise enough to utilize the lessons collected from the failures and implement them while analysing the next person. It helps identifying the red flags and proceed as soon as you witness the green signal. After all it is a gamble but the benefit of such blows in life is that it can be a calculative one.

Satya, in this poem, expresses his awareness to move on while accepting that he is still weak enough to remember her sometimes, admitting that this is a process and for survival in this world, he has to form new relationships.

Let us witness his journey.....




Rishte

*Hakeekat mein khatam hojaaya karte hai rishte, Fir bhi
yaadon mein unnhe main nibhaata raha,
Iss shaks ki shakl mein bhi kabhi kabhi tu dikhti hai, kya kar
raha hu iss rishte mein, main wafaa?*

*Rishte toh toot jaate hai, deeware bann jaati hai beech mein
humari,
Deewaro ke bhi hote hai kaan, sunnte voh beech beech mein
zindagi ki kahaani tumhari.*

*Peecha nahi karta tumhara kisi pagal deewane ki tarah, nahi
hai zaroorat mujhse darrne ki,
Karti toh peeche yaadein hai tumhari mera, sunaati hai kiye
hue kasmae saath jeene marrne ki.*




*Kya lavzo ki hoti nahi keemat, jo rishte bann jaate hai waqt ke
aage bikne ko tayaar,
Jo lavz banaate hai yeh rishte, wahi bann jaate hai innhe
todhne ke hathyaar.*

*Tadapti hogi kya tu bhi utna, apne zehen mein, jab lamha
lagta ho zindagi mein jaana pehchaana,
Kisi geet ya jagah se aajati ho tasveer saamne meri, hassi ko
miljata ho hothon par aane ka bahaana.*

*Dhokha hai shayad uss insaan se jiska, pakda hua hai maine
poore jeevan ke liye abh haath,
Kya deti ho tum bhi dhokha usse, kya dogi iss dhoke mein bhi,
mera ek aur baar saath?*

*Kyuki nahi tha kabhi mere liye koi bhi rishta zindagi ke
badalte mausam ki tarah,
Jahaa aasmaan ko dekh, badal jaaye mera dil jo hai jazbaato
se bharah.*



*Par shayad insaano ki yahi hoti hai fitrat aur aage badhna hi
lagta hai unnhe har mushkil ka hal,*

*Kisi ke jeene marrne se kaun hai rukta, iss sansaar mein
khaane, dukho ka beswaad fal.*

*Chhall hai, kapat bhi, jo kahe ke marjaayenge, agar rahe naa
tum meri zindagi mein iss janam,*


*Uss waqt bas ek rishte ki hoti hai zaroorat, yuhi khaalete hai
jeene marne ki jhoothi kasam.*

*Bina soche, bina samjhe ke shayad khel rahe ho tum kisi ke
armaano se,*

*Aur fir ladhna padhta hai usske armaano ko ghaav mille hue
bayimaano se.*

*Behtar toh har roz millte hai insaan, humme ek doosre ki
kaabiliyat se zyada,*

*Behtar zindagi millegi waha, toh maar diya apne pyar ko jaise
ho koi maamooli sa pyaada.*



*Aaj gareeb hi sahi, par rishta mehsoos karaadeta tha mujhe,
duniya ka sabse ameer insaan,
Maangi tujhse rishte ki bheekh, jataake apne balidaan ke
kisse, jo laga jataana mera, ek ehsaan.*

*Par abh nahi hai faayeda, bachaa nahi hai shayad wazan
mera, tumhari kahaani ke bakse mein,
Main hi hu abh, aisa lagta hai akela, tumhari kahaaniyo ke
kabbse mein.*

*Khush nahi hai woh log, jo puraane rishto ki kahaaniyo mein
zindagi bhar rehte hai piste,
Iss jahaan mein khush hai unnhi ki duniya, jo banaalete hai
jeene ke liye naye **Rishte**.*






ALVIDA

Retention. Of the version which existed when we were naïve. People tend to miss that old self and regret the way they lost it, especially coming immediately out of a toxic relationship. They wished it to be retained. Living in a cycle of comparisons between their current personality and the one from where they started off this journey with that venomous human. The transformation in their own self doesn't feel like they own this particular version and hate the fact that they let it happen with themselves.

We all are changing, evolving but a person doesn't want to lose their authenticity, their raw nature that differentiates them from the crowd. But when our decisions are the reason behind this transformation, we tend to regret them and create unwanted negative blocks in the head.

Satya, understood in the previous poem that to survive, forming new relationships is the strategy for this society. But he wanted to meet his previous self that was lost in the process. He had this deep thought while observing the pattern that whenever he interacts socially with the people from his initial days, his raw personality broke the closet of suppression and he would meet himself, again. The moment he was in his solitude; meeting his new version was a difficult task for him to be familiar with.



He understood that, to come out darkness, needs efforts from his side as a pre-requisite but also include people in his life who bring enough stock of brightness to overpower the energies of black. A state of loneliness when you are in the lowest phase of your life, has a company of a person who is depressed scattering negativity in the environment. Then why not to have someone that would change the vibrations of the surroundings?

Hence, keep them close who make you meet yourself, and lose them who let you lose yourself. A thought that popped out in Satya's mind and stayed on the surface. He was aware of the fact that his mistake was to choose a human who pushed him in a comparatively deeper pit of darkness rather offer a hand to pull him out of it.

In this brief expression, Satya is saying Goodbyes to the newly emerged version and is acknowledging that his old self is still there which erupts every single time when he meets the elements that were related somehow in his nascent stages of life.

Let us witness his communication....




Alvida

Ajeeb hai naa yeh zindagi,

Hum pyar dhoondhte hai aur dard humme.

Dard se jab mulaakat hoti hai toh darr sa lagta hai. Kyuki humne ussaka sapna dekha hi nahi, bas yuhi ek din taufe mein mill jaata hai.

Thodi door saath chalne ke baad ehsaas hota hai ke bachpane ko toh hum kabh ka chorr aaye. Kabhi kabhi uss masoomiyat se mulakaat hojaati hai jab kabhi jaane anjaane chehre dikh jaate hai. Aur hassi mein bas kuch pal ke liye hum firse wahi bann jaate hai jo kabhi hua karte the.



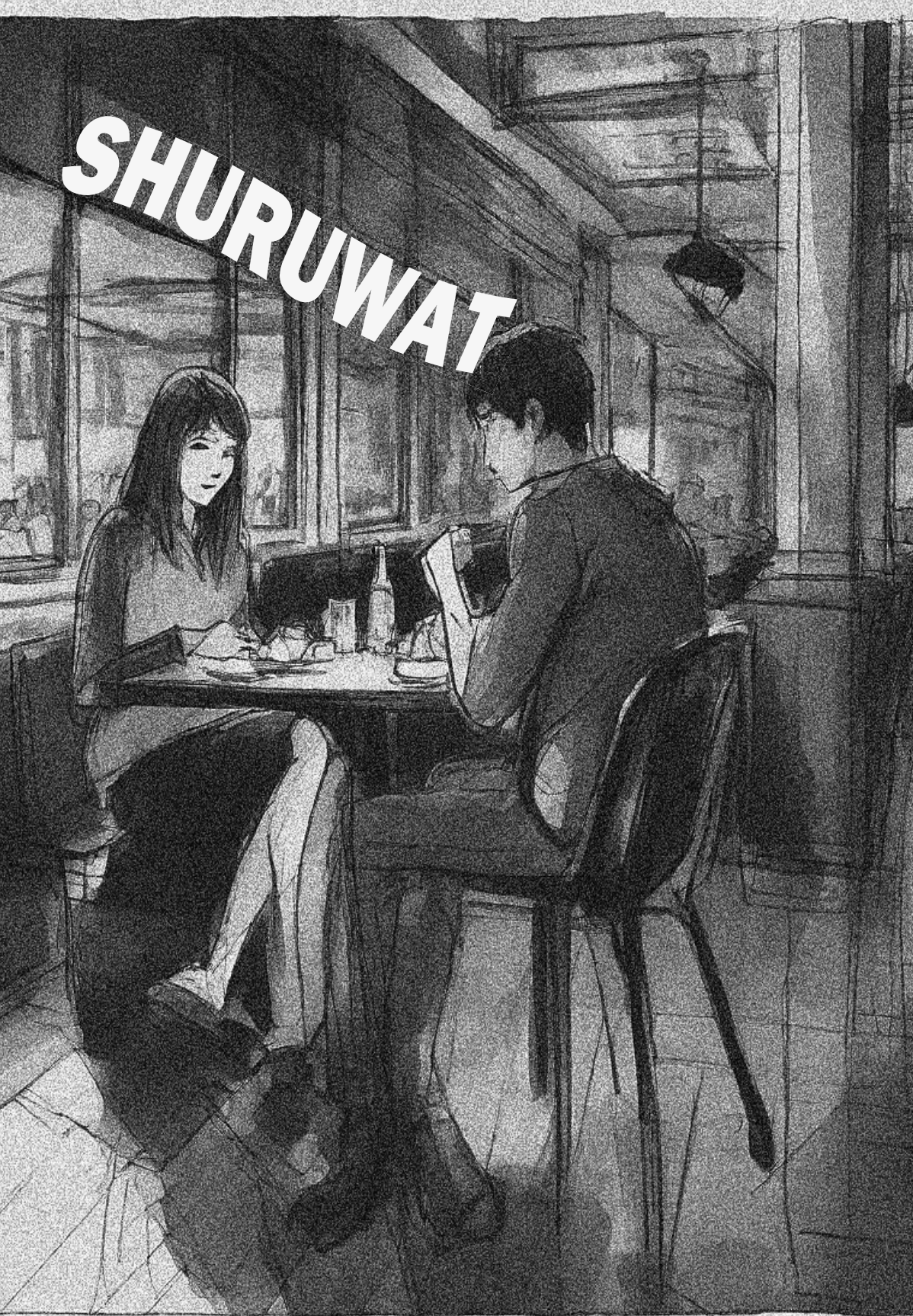
Unn chehro ke jaane par hum firse khud ko khodete hai aur ruki hui zindagi shuru hojaati hai, jaha hum shaayad jaana nahi chaahte. Jaha shayad hum voh kirdaar nibhaana nahi chaahte.

Hum voh insaan dhoondhte hai jismein voh khushi ho, jo humare andhere ko roshni de sake. Jismein humare yeh dukh jal sake aur raakh uss paani mein beh sake jo aankhon se hoke guzarti hai.

*Par ajeeb hai na yeh zindagi, kyuki andhere mein humein naa kuch dikhta hai aur naa thokar khaane se bach paate hai hum. Kabhi uss insaan ko hum apni tarah banaadete hai aur kabhi kabhi voh insaan humein ujaale se milaane ke bajaaye ek gehri surang mein dhakel deta hai jaha se aana mumkin nahi, aur bas ek din keh deta hai **Alvidaa.....***




SHURUWAT



The final step. Allowing the words of the next human, that are filled with warmth, enter the patches of your heart to heal the wounds. To give chances to the fresh lot of strangers that are inclined towards eradicating this anonymity. This is the final stage of Moving On, a new beginning. This is not a rebound, since you have worked upon your emotional imbalances and broken the tendency of rushing back to the toxic human repetitively.

Satya's strength has finally overpowered the darkest phase in his life. He is out in the open, inhaling the hope that the air has to offer, witnessing positivity in this environment and ready to invite the sapien that would tie her soul with his for eternity. While opening the doors of possibilities, Satya threw the baggage of wasteful memories in the dump of failed transactions. He emptied the storage, to fill in with the incidents that would be cherished and not repent upon.


He felt that it was important, his availability in the current encounters to give justice to the efforts and ensuring conquering of his heart by other human. If the expressions of the future partner are impactful enough, then the rigid barricades must be removed, and let them act as a weapon that would kill the infected areas of your susceptible parts.



Satya was ashamed on his acts that disappointed his creators and took a deviation from his darkness to make them witness this progress, their right for which they had slogged so much in life. It was time that he stopped rejecting the idea of a better life with another person in it.

He was enlightened with the essential fact that the next human shouldn't face the repercussions of his blows and that the negative vibrations must be replaced by matching the frequency, organically, with the eligible one. The maturity to imbibe the clarity that the effects of a crime must not be absorbed by the whole gender, was attained by our protagonist.

Entering the final stage of his heartbreak, educates us on the fact that mental health is important and it is very natural for us to not process the deceit/ betrayal offered by our loved one, whom we chose to spend our rest of the journey. We understood that the motives can be different and the other person might get deviated from their promises with time. It is not tolerable, but then we should take this hit as a lesson and become wise rather falling in this pit again.



It is very important to keep the key takeaways from Satya's journey that we should not harm ourselves while battling the darkness and communicate it to the ones who love us unconditionally. Opting for ending our lives isn't our right as we came to life due to our parent's decision and we are doing injustice to their investments in us. Just imagine you cutting on your expenses to save money and a fraudulent activity takes it away from you? You will feel helpless. Similarly, our parents have invested their time, feelings, every ounce of their energy in us and who gave us the power to snatch it from them? We are giving a human, a stranger so much control over our existence?

Hence, the stages of Satya's coming out his phase, is a guide for us to transform our lives, by accepting the flaws/mistakes, boldly and work upon it to become a better person. You never know what you will miss, until you are here for it to experience.

Let us witness, Satya's final expression before he resumes his blissful journey with the one he deserves on the co-pilot seat.....



Shuruwat

*Giraa hu kayi dafaa, uthne se nahi tha kabhi main daraa,
Waqt hai aa gaya, hataane uss shaks ko, meri nayi zindagi ke
beech mein hai jo khadaa,*

*Voh tu thi beshak saath zehen mein mere, jab bhi kheechti yeh
aankhein tasveere,
Shaadi ka pavitra rishta nibhaayenge saath, dono ke haath mein hai
ek doosre ki hi lakeere.*

*Par abh ho chukka bohot intezaar, kis liye maanu tujhe wafaa
ki misaal,*

*Jab tu basaa chuki hai ghar apna, aur main gum mein doobe,
nikaal raha hu apne keemti saal.*



*Mera dil nahi ghar hai seene mein, jaha se nikaal fekaa hai
tera samaan,
Aa sakta abh sirf wahi, jo bassna chaahe saath mere, kardiya
hai jaari yeh farmaan.*

*Abh mill raaha hu insaano se, sunnta unnke bhi zindagi ke
kisse,
Samajh mein aa raaha, ke zindagi ne baantein nahi dukh sirf
mere hi hisse.*

*Sabki hai ek alag kahaani par parinaam sabka shayad ek saa,
Pyar kharcha hai jawaani mein sabne, kyuki andaaz hota hai
humaara dil fek saa.*





*Ghaav lage hai aatma par insaano ki, thakke hai sabh yaha, firse
karne ke liye koshish,
Dubaara se manaana padhta hai iss dil ko, kyunki kho gayi hai
pehle pyaar ki voh pehli kashish.*

*Par kya hum khaate nahi hai zindagi mein kayi baar dhoke, lete
nahi unsse sabak?*

*Kya hua agar cheezein nahi bhi hui hisaab se humaari, aage
badhne se kyu hi padhe farak?*

*Maa baap ka bhi toh hai haq, humaara ghar bassta hua dekhna,
Kitna accha hai yeh karam, apne maa baap ko humaari wajah se
hassta hua dekhna.*





*Kaun hai asli aur kaun nakli, isska toh ho gaya hai mujhe halka
sa andaaza,*

Yeh seekh hai apnaayi hui, bharosa karne ka tha khaamiyaza.

*Mauka dena hai zaroori, khud ko, aur uss shaks ko jo kar raha
hai izhaar,*

*Usski baaton ko andar laana hai zaroori, zakhmon ko theek
karne ka banega voh auzaar.*

*Kyuki pyar aur fikar hogi jab iss dil ki, uss shaks ko, kya hi hai
galti usski,*

Paap aur faisle toh the mere, bhuktega wahi galti thi jisski.





*Yeh haq hai mera, jeeunga fir waise hi, jaisa jeeya tha main
pehli baar,
Beshak toota ho dil kitni baar bhi mera, hai baccha pyar abh bhi
mera, beshumaar.*

*Aaj baitha hu saath jiske, samajh rahe hai ek doosre ke
jazbaat,
Chal diya ek aur mauka, firse kar raha hu zindagi ki nayi
Shuruwaat.*

