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Last moments

I faintly hear a siren wailing in the distance. Maybe someone is in danger, someone just called 911 or someone is just losing lot of blood. I don't know. But my feeling is different. It ensures that angels are all over the suffering soul, and supports him to pull through until they reach the hospital.

I wish I could donate my organs to him who wants to live a better life; my tissues, my eyes, my kidneys but heart as it only makes matters worse, as I will be making a person's life more miserable than mine. The cell memory in my heart will yearn for her and the new life one receives from it is just ruined as it cannot contain her anymore. There are no stars today to be seen, it seems like the sky is covered with a thick dark blanket. No sunlight reflecting on the moon too. Maybe they have fallen out and split apart.

The Night seems lonely and without any remorse. There is no light anywhere except the blinking lights on the machine which monitors death from life. The whole corridor is full of hopelessness and emptiness which cannot be conquered by romance alone. Fish are all sleeping, swimming in their dreams. The woman who handles the night shift is on a long phone call, which doesn't seem to end.

There is silence all over, while the beeps continue to spread into my ears. The brain seems to have stopped and the body is aching due to the pain suffered in the heart. Life is just another longstanding venture which has no value without understanding. Tonight the night seems darker than ever, and the sweetness of the rose petals next to the window seems to be withered by the radioactive waves which are all over the place.

All seem just a waste of energy triggered by unexpected chemical reactions in the brain. The adage, "Beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder," is now proven to be

less meaningful. The malfunctioned starter of a fluorescent lamp nearby brings shivers to my eyesight as if I'm struck by lightning continuously. The coldness of my heart without her presence is overwhelming and I cannot contain myself. I slip into a deeper place of isolation which is not a stranger to many.

Life offers different things to different people, and to me it offers thorns and thistles and heartaches which don't seem to fade away for even the most powerful painkillers. I loved her. Yes, deeply. More than I love any other thing which walks on earth. Even beggars have someone to get warmth from, but how unfortunate is the one who has no one to care for. His agony cannot be explained in words invented by humans. I miss her greatly and at this juncture she may be suffering for what I am going through.

Struggling, yelling and pushing her away may have caused this sudden absence, even though she said that she understands how I feel and wanted me to understand the reality of things. She left me alone to this lonely place which is full of dark corners where seeing the light of the day seems impossible. Suddenly, I heard a glass break; I guess the woman in the blue dress would have accidentally dropped it while she was in a romantic frenzy on the phone, with some lover for a long bloody time now. The sound of it brings to my memory of the things which are broken inside me. Not ribs, nor the bones, but my soul is broken in a way which is beyond repair.

When a bone is broken the possibility of fixing is high but who knows better than me the tragedy of a crushed soul. It's now 2.00 a.m. I hear a soft voice around the corner of the corridor. Most probably this is the time angels visit destitute souls who want comfort. Angels seem to be helping many people who are in between life and death and their comfort is not available for broken hearted souls like me.

Sleep does not seem to come tonight, tiredness caused by a huge fight I had with my heart is still in my body with the hangover I face now on, the worst part of this kind is that difficulty in opening my eyes. My whole body is dehydrated, and my mouth is dry like a paper, breathing gets intense and harder, lungs seem to be squeezed by an invisible hand. A few hours more and it will be over forever.

I still remember the very first time I saw her a few years ago, and it seems like yesterday. The World was indeed beautiful, life was amazingly colourful. Since then considerable time has passed and the things which had happened between us are hard to explain due to the uncanny relationship I began with someone I thought was meant to be mine. There is much division among us now than the times we spent in unison. Something which is unexplainable had taken over our lives, so fast, so swiftly.

Without our awareness we have departed emotionally even though we are physically together. I still remember the first time I saw her in a black top and blue jeans, beautiful as ever, young supple and smooth as she was just in her late teens. She was playing with her ring at Mc Donald's ,far away from me. I was eying her while she didn't seem to be interested. Suddenly, the ring fell and was rolling. Rolling through all obstacles; it passed through all the chairs, tables and all the beautiful legs which I saw while tracing the path of the ring.

It came right in front of me and swirled; and stop it did. Now this is not something somebody could practise at home for five times a day, and become a pro at this. This is just pure coincidence I guessed. The ring stopped in front of my feet and I was shocked, and so was she. I asked "is this your ring?" waving it at her, and she replied,"yes," with a confused smile. "are you married" I asked, she said "no" to which I said "good." It was something which had never happened to me in my entire life.

This is something extraordinary, and a signal from the cosmos - so I thought - to bring us together like universal forces act to bring together opposites. She is taller, of course taller than me; beautiful; much more than I could bargain for; younger, slightly below my age. But age is not a barrier and neither is height- so I thought. I was very uncomfortable when looking into her eyes, as she was so beautiful. I think it was the first time such a beauty spoke to me.

That innocence in her eyes said a story which was difficult to understand and the only way to possess her was to create conversation. Conversation I did to find out where she lived and did and so on. I found her to be someone truly interesting to be with. But something from deep within made me feel that this is it. This is the final episode of my flamboyant playboy life. It's just the end and I kind of liked it as nothing was better than her presence in my life at that time.

Love is said to be blind, but sometimes I feel it's deaf too. And I ruined it all throughout our lives which could have been different or better, the only reason why we are together now is until the child was born. And this child may bring new meaning to our lives; this is our only hope now. It's so fortunate if it happens, but I personally feel that it's too late and nothing could compensate for the lost times we could have spent together and for those moments we have behaved violently towards each other, ignoring the emotional status of her being with a child.

We fought almost everyday leaving scars behind, broken glasses, broken tables, phones and of course broken hearts. The only comfort was that we enjoyed making love, and now this too seems ordinary and taking precious time away from me. But every time I saw her gynaecologist, I felt that I was drawn towards her and the feeling was mutual. I presume that regardless of the state I'm in, she tends to get attracted to me too. She is beautifully adorned each time I see her, never late, but always on time.

She never misses her meetings with us. She is a piece of art, something which had taken a long time to craft.... With the next couple of weeks, our regular visits to her increased as the time was near for the final episode of this nine month waiting. It all started with innocent texting, and then we both got addicted to meet online, things changed little by little and I got excuse after the other to meet her and nothing seemed out of alignment.

One day I asked her whether she was indeed busy as she seemed to be in a hurry. She said that she is supposed to see someone in the evening and must hurry to get back home to pick her kids. She asked me whether I feel okay that she would not be able to make it in the evening to see us, I nodded my head in disappointment to which she sighed. Why do you always think that when I don't come to work that you are not going to see me again? She asked. I wish I could give her the answer, but I told, well I'd be more comfortable if you were there especially during these days as I feel very worried without her.

She sighed again and said that I'll be okay without her for a short while that's its not like it's the last day of her work. She waved at me as she left. What a woman I thought for a while, she is gorgeous isn't she? She indeed completes me and touches the deepest of my soul. If I believed in soul mates, this is her. But I don't. They are just imaginary stories of novelists who want to capture the attention of the readers.

I peeped through the window close by and was surprised to see a man with a bunch of flowers to greet her in the coffee shop by the building. He seems to like her and was waiting until she crossed the road. She hurriedly went to the other side of the road. The city is so packed with people going back home from work, and there is Grant in his usual beggars attitude to collect some coins for his daily bread along with his malnourished dog. He is sometimes so fortunate than me

having nothing to worry apart from how much he collects to drink and smoke. On the other hand I'm so worried about everything, even the slightest thing worries me to a greater extent. I almost could read her lips talking to this stranger in suit. They seem to have known each other for a while. I love this look on her face which shows how happy she is to have met this guy. They went inside for a cup of coffee I guess.

She is leaving me for a stranger is the first thought which strikes me, but things could be different too, may be this is someone who had just brought flowers to appreciate for what she had done recently. Traffic lights seem to have been red as no vehicles are to be seen now, and the policeman in the middle is writing in his journal about how many lives he saved by giving the right directions. Clouds overtake the smoothest weather I have ever seen.

There they are, they are coming out laughing followed by a hug and a good bye. Thank God the end just came, he is on his way back as she seems to cross back to our building with a blushed face hanging on to the roses he had just given. What a shame, roses, what could it possibly do? Roses- who would be impressed? who would want a rose? This is the most stupid thing I have ever seen in life, roses. But I love roses only when I hand them over to her, only when she smiles with me, only to her, apart from that roses are a waste of time, waste...a pure waste.

One of a Kind

Regardless of who gives her roses, everyday she becomes closer to me, every moment she is in my mind. When I go to sleep I think about her, when I wake up I give her an imaginary kiss. When I walk her face just flashes, it's just too much to handle at this point. My worry is whether love is fading away from me, whether hormones are taking over, I don't know whether she feels the same way, but it does seem to happen to her too now more than ever before.. I just can't push her away from my daily day dreaming, my subconscious is full of her.

My heart rejoices with love and lusts after her, each time I try to focus my attention elsewhere. I have fallen, into a deep trance of her being. Sometimes serenity, other times tranquility and I wish to avoid hostility by saying that I want to make love to her. Could it be obscene language that I praise her beauty, could it be a ludicrous way of saying that she seems more attractive to me than before, I can't analyze. I can't say directly these things to her face, because she may blush and get carried away. I want to touch her, I want to feel her hair over my chest, I want to feel her over me, but I just can't afford to lose her love, by wanting anything from her or am not in a position to make such demands. I Just want to feel her, want to caress her neck and whisper to her ear that I love her more than I love myself.

Truly her enchanting ways are drop by drop pulling my consciousness into a deeper well of happiness filled with joy and celebration. The closer her voice, the more sacred it becomes, more serene the environment that I almost hear silence. I see fullness in empty spaces and fulfillment in unmet desires of heart. Sometimes I wonder how the world would exist and how wind would blow without her smile, without her tender words and inviting thoughts which drag me into a romantic fantasy experience.

Life seems to unfold each time she calls my name and each time my ears experience her sweetness, I tend to imagine that life is worth living. I could imagine how her hair may get disturbed in the air, and how it settles back and forth and how her smile adds thousand new force fields to the currents of the air which in turn make the world so joyful. Am I falling in love or is it just infatuation? This is a cause of concern. But all will be gone when I open my eyes to the realities of life. I feel that there is a thin line between love and infatuation, and those who miss this line, seem to mess their lives. So here I am a wonderer, conqueror, and finally an explorer on earth, but soon returning to be a realistic vagabond who does not find life fruitful without her sweet and tender kindness

and love. After all I understand that life without this kind of love is empty, and love without life is blind.

From now on the feelings I have for her seem to change, it actually gets transformed into new ones, every day they are changing into a new awareness. First, it was infatuation. Then it was a suspicion of love at first sight, following that was falling in love and I don't know what I feel now. It's different; all my senses are now responding to her tone, and voice. My entire being is shaken by her thoughts which she may or may not share.

Sometimes I feel disgusted with myself for having such feelings. I tend to wonder whether love cannot survive alone. Why do we have to fuel it with other things? It was attraction, then excitement when I saw her last, but this new closeness between us reaches farther than excitement. I don't know whether this sounds obscene, but I get aroused when I talk to her for sometime, I feel that I'm shaken, What I feel is not what I used to feel, and am worried that this new era of feeling may ruin the love she has for me. I say to myself, "control, control you are not worth it"

But I cannot hide my true feeling for her anymore. I wish I could have her in my arms, to cuddle her, to feed sweets and kiss her deeply to mean that I care. I wish I met her long ago, but I feel that I met her may be in another lifetime or in some other age. How could I have missed her all these days, could have known her as a kid, could have known her before I met her recently, But I guess I was unfortunate to have not met her and that she has been very fortunate to have not met me. Because if I met her long ago, I would have hurt her deeply and she would be still suffering from my complex personality. So I'm glad that I met her now even though she belongs to another man, even though she is a mother of two kids, even though she is very much older than me.

I could never deny what I have for her, and how on earth could I suppress what she has for me. What she gives me is something she gives no more to her husband, she does not lust after me, but she comes after me to say that I complete her in ways alien to her being. Her sparkling eyes, magnetic tone, and inviting smile cannot be suppressed with my obstruction of pure feeling. Once hurt, twice wounded, thrice crippled and always paralyzed by true emotions of love cannot be kept in a quite and dark dungeon forever without freeing ourselves into a moment of celebration where we could taste the purity and sacredness of what we have to offer each other as rewards which will nullify the very existence of present mere human experience which we are both entangled with.

So here it is, a kiss to soothe, a hug to embrace, and a moment to cherish forever is all we need to forget the realities of our present enduring lives. So think a moment, what lies ahead, what the future may hold for something out of ordinary, something which is amazingly awesome, something which could challenge the very foundations of our present beings which desire to find something special and dear to our hearts. Believe me when it happens, life could be better, or worse. Who knows, after all we are not judges at all.

I sometimes could not imagine what proceeds a kiss on her mouth, how the skin gets reddish and all of a sudden all emotions just cant stay in the system that it pours out through her facial tissues and the feeling of being loved, excitement and all that surrounds it comes to a gush. I wish I could be there to experience it, to see how this could happen. The thin line gets even thinner now, Love or Infatuation! Who knows which will win at last? I wish I could kiss her, but then again how obscene this could be? Worried, petrified and stupefied by her presence, challenged, but not scared; alarmed, but not panicked.

I tend to visualize how a tear drop will fall when I kiss her, or will she get shocked to feel how much I care and feel for her, truly - I'm getting addicted to

her voice, tone, and of course to her body which yearns my body to be rubbed against hers. I guess sometimes, it is time I stopped dreaming and start realizing that this kind of love could be dangerous to our well being, it could make us take risks, it could make us lose everything we hold dear. But how could we suppress this sort of love, one of a kind.

Our lives could change at the speed of light, or at the speed of thought everything could flash in a fraction of a micro second. What is real and what is not doesn't seem to be a question anymore. It's an answer which is never given, but realized through the aroma which is released through the friction of our lips when they swing from side to side to accommodate each others intense emotions so captivated by moments of sparkle releasing tenderness.

Love or infatuation, who could be the judge of all, it's one of the most complicated and complex concepts to grasp. One that is very difficult to understand. How would any one say it is not love or it is not infatuation. Who has been actually in love or really infatuated? Every time, I met someone I thought I loved them, I always thought that I have fallen in love when I knew nothing about it. But today I realize that Love does not want anything in return, not riches, not more love, not affection or not even a kiss, and it just wants it to be accepted. It just wants it to be recognized, it just wants to be saturated in someone's heart.

Truly, she is an addiction now which I cannot find an alternative solution, life sucks when I cannot hear her, life sucks when I feel that she is too far away. I can't wait. Love or infatuation...Love may be, never been obsessed before, probably when I was younger. I Cannot imagine why the day seems so dull without her passion, cannot comprehend why the sky looks so grey when she is not around, cannot feel I'm breathing unless her voice is near my heart.

The experience I go through is quite amazing to describe. The feelings that my heart rate is going very high makes me feel totally dizzy. I wish I could hold her close, I wish I could love her like she wanted, I wish I could look at the sunsets with her, I wish I could look at the starry skies while keeping my arms around her, and kiss her neck. I wish I would ever be able to understand how much I love her. I wish after all that she would one day be mine. But reality strikes in....wake up oh my soul, wake up from deep dreams, wake up from deep waters, for my heart is taken captive by an angel.

I really want to kiss her, but am worried whether she will get totally panicked about it as I'm not a good kisser! But who knows, it could be different with someone like her, may be something like a true lovers kiss. Who knows...whether we must overcome irony in our lives, otherwise passion may cease to exist like it has happened earlier in our lives.

This is the routine of my usual mundane life. Nothing seems to attract my attention except her smile. I have enthroned her in my heart, and my soul longs for her each time my memory gives feedback of how I feel when she touches me. She is upright, and courteous is her speech. I love to gaze at her sparkling eyes. The ones which glitter even in dark corners of the unknown universe. Space or earth? Love or Infatuation? I'm flying when I remember her smile, those tiny wrinkles on her face show how maturely she is ordained, how rapidly she is initiated by who owns her. Her owner does not concern me, what does concern me is how much she cares for me.

Her beautiful body wants to thrust against mine, now that I presume is body language, an old kind of language which is not correctly understood by many. The moments of desire is almost dying down now, she's gone. I'm slightly dozing off to my dream world. Here I am an astronaut who wants to discover all of her

universe, each and every reaction of her to my spontaneous visits. Sleep does not seem to encapsulate me, it just passes me, I rarely pass and the sleep wins over.

When I recall what happened, all I remember is the argument I had just before I left home, I felt as something was not right, but could not figure it out. It was a rainy day, a kind of a day on which you all want to do is make love, but the time was of essence for me to have interrupt it as it was my wife's birthday. The weather changes so fast in a way that no one could possibly predict it well, I could even smell the fresh drops of rain which is mixed with the dust in the air, I could hear the cry of a beggars' dog for a comfort place to stay before the rain began.

Everything around is flying off to the unexpected blowing and things around me gets little blurred as I drive towards the city, lightening flashes as never before and all souls seem to tremble. Time stops and I feel as the vehicles around me are just standing still without moving ahead, traffic lights don't seem to change the way they blink. Everything is in a total standstill at this time. The cop in the middle of the road is diverting all the vehicles to the other track due to some disturbance I guess.

I'm feeling this awkward tingling in my chest as I lay there, my car doesn't seem to go any further and neither does any other. Something seems seriously wrong but I am too troubled to figure it myself. "Sir, are you alright?" was the first voice I heard from among the crowd. "sir, we are taking care of you," was the second voice I heard. And all disappeared into thin air as soon as I opened my eyes. All what I saw just became a still photograph and the anguish on the face of the officer disturbed me to a greater extent. Many things crossed my mind.

I could almost see everything that had happened to me in my entire life within seconds. I wasn't an unlucky kid, I had both parents, a lovely neighborhood, a

rich surrounding of beauty. The sea was just few yards away, and a river was flowing close by too. The times I enjoyed as a kid were countless. I had all opportunities to climb trees, to swim in the sea and of course the most interesting part was to swim against the waves in the middle of the lagoon. Life could not have been better than that.

Being the only child in the family gave me enormous luxuries, if I got a toy I had it all to myself. I got all the attention I ever wanted. Being the first grandson in the family, everybody spoilt me; gave me gifts, and there were even competitions among my aunts about who would give the best gifts on my birthdays. Life was indeed without any worry or anxiety. Today when I look back, I have not worked much in life. Because I had no such need. There were investments made by my parents from which I received constant stable income which was more than enough to live a better life than most.

But nothing could compensate for the heartaches I have gone through in life, broken, rejected and at times ignored by many people whom I loved very much. I feel as I've being carried over tall trees in a tall vehicle as I could see the trees under me as if I were flying over them. Something is terribly wrong as I feel bloody cold regardless of the heavy winter clothes I'm wearing. An eerie feeling is taking me over, and it whispers to me that I'm going to a dark place. I feel as I'm in a copter flying over the buildings and houses. I could almost see our house below me. I'm dozing off on and off as I travel over many waters.

There she is again, the vision in my heart becomes closer from a distance. The beauty from far off gets better when she is closer; her walk makes my heart tremble now. She brings me shivers every moment she passes. Every time my heart beats I try to imagine why this is happening to me now? What has actually changed my perspective on her that I had earlier?

I have mixed signals. Could she be the one I would spend the rest of my life with or is it someone else keeps on manipulating my thoughts. She could be fantasized as a daughter of a goddess, a goddess I knew somewhere. A goddess I wished I met in another life time. Her radiant complexion, the way she moves her body and the colour of her hair is now becoming an aura of my being. When she passes me, her warmth could melt me like a candle burning in the dark corners of a cave. Her eyes are so intense that I could almost lose balance when she directly looks into me. I feel like she sees me thorough, and I feel like she could read me like an open book.

Even though she wears no make up, her looks are graciously crafted, her loins are carefully designed, her golden body hair awakens my deep sleep. Her scent is like a spring of flowing waters yearning to flow over a rocky stream. So smooth are her movements so exquisite for someone of her age. With all these poise, she endures the youth of an impish flower yet to be picked by the right gardener who will treat her well, who will admire her beauty, who will kiss her without hurting the very essence of life giving well.

She walks pass a corridor, and I seem to realize how magnificently she is created, how glamorously she is adorned. There is no conceit in her words, there is no meaning to what she seems to think, but her tone is something which drives my inward spirit into an untamed wild horse. Her voice creates a stage for the essence of a heightened lovemaking scene of an ancient playwright. The speed of her words tend to take my breath away. She hurries her way to make a confession, to a secret place where I hear nothing than whisperings of a bird. I wish I could know her secrets, I wish I knew the meanings of her dreams. I wish she was a lily blossomed on a misty mountain where no one could climb but me.

She accidentally rubbed against me from among the crowd, her tender skin is so delicate that I fear my skin would hurt her badly and that it may have visible

signs of torture. Her scent just amazes my soul; it creates chain reactions with my essential hormones of manhood. I tend to think how this could happen to me without any warning, has love already passed its limits? I wonder. I feel that I may never see the light of the day without truly understanding the mystery of femininity she possesses.

The quality of pleasure derived by just seeing her swinging body makes me thrive to go deeper, to find her secret place of habitation. The place she keeps so dear to her heart, the place where unblemished thoughts may originate to create life giving experiences. She gives me life, a life full of beauty, a life full of green pastures, a feeling of un-spoilt state of heart over soul.

These couple of minutes have been tough to spend without properly talking to her; this night seems long, and minutes seems longer when I feel that she is not around. My only hope is that I see her soon so that I may look into her eyes and find love, So that I may sense her breath, so that I may smell her sweetness, so that I feel the taste of her lips on mine. I wanted to kiss her deeply, and say, "I Love you Honey." I want to caress her and make her feel that I care. I want to touch her face when I kiss her to say that she means a lot to me now, than it has ever been.

I couldn't always fool my heart when it asks when I can take her closer to me by saying, "soon," but I sometimes felt that I was chasing after the wind, that I may never find where it came from or where it will go forth. I knew that I loved her a lot, but did she love me was one of the questions I had. I wish I could give her more time and attention and lots of love. But I'm afraid that sometimes she seemed so far away even though she was closer to my heart.

I'd love to look into her eyes and find it out myself how much she may love me. I want to find out whether she feels joyful to see me around her. Every passing

moment is a luxury if I have her around me. Every moment will be awesome if she is in my arms. How could I convince her to love me, how could I influence her to fall in love with me has become a driving question I face everyday and night. I love her a lot, and I wonder what I could possibly do with it, should I just forget it or should I just conceal it as a problem I face on a daily basis.

I wish I could love her so much that we both may forget the very foundations of earth. I wish that she would fall in love with me so that I will push her to go beyond the force of gravity to falling in love with me.

The sound of silence yet again bewilders me. It's a disarray of chaos; a prison of its own; a place full of disappointed personalities. They just stand below me, and I above them. The little child who is crying for help, and the helpless face of the old lady who is in a wheel chair makes my muscles tingle. Where did these people come from, and what makes them so unhappy? The rain continues. The coldness is converted into some sort of numbness as if I feel like that I can't move my hands and feet anymore. My mind goes back and forth, and it seems that somewhere in my brain, there lies some untreated delusion which is trying to come back.

I'm so disgruntled with the authorities for towing my car even though it was in a place which was permissible. I still remember the first time I drove a car. After I changed gears, the car just moved with ease, and I felt so damn great and even the short distance I took her for the mere pleasure in driving. But how sad if one gets a job as a driver. The pure pleasure of driving may cease to exist.

She looked down on my attire which in any way has no resemblance to who I actually am. What is boiling in her mind, I wish I was the priest who heard her confessions so I'd know what she was thinking. Her lips now start to move softly, and her teeth could be visible when she opened her mouth to smile I thought. It

was a yawn. She looks sleepy now. Her eyes look dreamier than a second ago. Is it I who am boring her to death? I have no clue. I wish I understood.

If my presence caused it, I should be put to death. I should be handed over to the executioner who will spare me no more. But her yawn softly turned into a smile and she asked whether I was okay. How could I say that I was following her throughout these days to make some quality conversation? She may panic and wonder whether I was stalking her. Yes, I said with a loud voice, I'm waiting for you, because I love you, and I have been following you wherever you went because I have been wanting to talk to you for so long now. But unfortunately the words never came out from my mouth. I was too confused; it was too early to hear her talking to me.

I was not emotionally prepared for this type of adventure with her. She couldn't figure out why I was silent. I guess she thought me to be one of the patients of the closest ENT clinics across the road that had just been discharged from a throat surgery. I was fortunate that she didn't recognize me.

It's now past three in the morning and I was thinking why nobody was coming to me. The clock seems to be working at a rapid speed as I remember and the minutes pass faster than last hour. This is indeed a dreaming time of all humans even the beggar's dog seems to have fallen asleep. Robin seems too high for dog of a beggar as he reminds me of the man in the hood who is always chased by the king's soldiers. Grant's dog doesn't seem to be so active, always giving that "I'm a beggar's dog who is malnourished so please give some money to my master so that I could have a better balanced meal," attitude.

I hear Robin gets hammered all the time for crimes he didn't commit as Grant seems to be obsessed with money. I heard that he had been a wealthy man who had lost everything at gambling and only the dog had remained with him. He

was quite an imbalanced personality, collecting cigarette butts to smoke out of the leftovers and sleeping beside hospitals to collect money for his daily bread. I think he drinks heavily and sometimes it explains why Robin seems to be in a coma during the day too.

This is one heck of a dog that still is faithful to his master regardless of his current position; a cat could have been different as they haven't forgotten that they were worshipped by Egyptians yet, and would definitely leave its master anyway.

Whatever good memory I have in me doesn't seem to take my pains go away now. However, as these people struggle, I tend to doze off from reality, my spirit seems to give away and tries to understand a mysterious connection to a part of my own which is hidden in a dark place. I wanted to reach it. I felt as I was being taken captive by the Vikings in an adventure movie. I feel as I'm floating and probably because I'm so dizzy with what's happening. I again felt my lungs being squeezed by this invisible hand; this time harder so that my breath will no more be trapped inside.

This could be the last moments of life I presume. The scariest parts of the scene where you pull from one end with your fullest strength left in your body while it seems of no use as the one pulling from the other side tends to be much stronger. I have heard many describe this moment in laymen's terms, but none of those descriptions tend to be accurate as the feeling of getting away from your own makes you more troubled than you could imagine. A new experience - a scary one though - may take me to new heights.

Being to be born

A few more minutes more and I'll be there. I was sure to find refuge and the moment of reaching for her was awesome. The moment of reward great. It was

mind blowing at the first instance. Then it captivated my very essence of thought, mind and spirit.

When my soul touched hers, I felt like I saw land after a long awaited journey. I felt as if our lives were getting entangled to each other; never to separate again.

The longer I stayed, the stronger her yearning became, the closer I became, and the stronger her heart beat. Every second was its own making; every moment was created each time I entered her in and out. I loved it, and most of all watching her made me pursue her even harder. The taste of her body still wakes me up even in deep sleep to find out that I'm longing to be with her.

I inhaled her breath, I felt her being. I felt like it was a harsh punishment if she refused, which she didn't. Her smell is still in my heart, I could feel how her body moves when she received me in and for a second went out of control. I loved that part. Her eyes were full of love; full of wanting more, her body was yearning for more of the moment. I wanted to reach for her and caress her, when I entered her completely; I felt how she felt inside her, and how she wanted to imagine it in her mind. I felt how her body was responding to me. I really felt everything that she felt. I wished I could hold and keep her forever with me. I wished I could stop the time from passing. But I failed. She had to sleep, I had to let go. Every time I felt her, I knew how great and amazing she is. Marvelous in her own fashion. Kind and beautiful. Lovely and adorable. I want to love her as much as I could. And I know that she feels the same.

I felt like it was the very first time I ever got that closer to a woman's body. The longer it takes to see her, the longer I feel I have missed her. Even though I feel

like it's a very long time, it's just few minutes now. But not seeing her for few days could actually ruin my entire being.

I could go without food or drink because she promises to nourish me. Nothing seems to interest me anymore. This waiting kills my inner being; it threatens my existence. But what must I do? What could I possibly do to make the days go faster? What could I do to make things less complicated than they are already? I wish I knew the answers to all my questions. I sometimes feel that she is far away, and I don't want to forget the smell of her hair which is fading away little by little from my memory.

The music of her voice seems to be distant every passing day; the colour of her eyes seems to look faint as the distance increases between us. Is it temporary distance or am I going to truly miss her forever? I'm confused to feel this way. I love her, yes from the very first time I saw her. And I still do, she is the best thing which has ever happened to me I guess. I just want to see her sparkling eyes and the radiant complexion all to myself. I wish I could indulge myself in her and make her feel secure. What will she think about how I feel about her now? I'm worried whether she may think that I'm stepping over boundaries to provide security without having any right over her. But the truth remains so overwhelming that she belongs to someone else who had just left her alone and the love I have for her seems to be empty.

I wish I could settle this with her face to face, but when she comes closer, I shiver to death. My being shakes and all I want to do is to hug her and hold her in my arms and say how much I missed her during these hours and tell her things which are very personal to my heart.

Oh, God! I wish she wants to be with me so that I could tell her these things each and everyday. But how could I do this? My mind is not settled as yet. What is it that attracts me to her? Is it her pure beauty or is it my craving to experience her

secret place with mine. This is one confused reality or my side of the truth, I have no idea. All I know is that my whole being is sucked into her when ever she touches me.

I did not want or expect anything from her apart from refuge. Even if she doesn't love me in return, I will still love her. I knew this was an unsolved mystery, so complex that I do not understand why I love her this much. I thought I have loved before, yes before I met her, but when I look at it, I have never known love until I fell in love with her. I have never known how deep it could be until I became one with her. This is not love at first sight or some infatuation as previously occurred. This could be it. This could be the thing I always missed in my life. True and unconditional Love.

What could I possibly say to her when she feels me? Will the right words strike like the lightning in the night? Or will my thoughts turn her away forever. I'm puzzled, mortified and horribly scared to listen to what she may have to say to me. Will she say that what I feel is a mutual feeling which she shares or will there be a shipwreck when I lose my tongue? She just gave me a thundering tap as if I was a peasant working in her vineyard, I felt as a terrified servant who had not completed the day's work on time.

My heavens! How could anyone bear such a torture when a beautiful woman thinks only about you? Specially when she is a regular visitor in my dreams. I couldn't pull myself together to tell her anything, as words didn't seem to come out. She was made offended by my speechlessness, I feel like I hurt her already. I feel like I pierced her heart with a spear. I strongly feel that she is wounded by my behaviour. How could I heal her broken heart? After all she is a lovely bud, innocent as ever, soft as the petals of a wild lily. How I could learn to express my pure emotions to her has become an obsession now. An obsession which could tear me apart into two extreme worlds of distortions. Which extreme must I

choose? My obsession doesn't seem to end. Life is yet another journey waiting to be destined.

I just heard the clock chime again, but can't figure out what time it is now. And there she is dressed beautifully, walking towards me, I could see her clearly on the mirror. She always dressed neat, attractive, and of course little official when she talks at work. She just smiled, the dimple on her face makes her look so gorgeous, I remember an actress who I have seen, but don't remember her name. She just looks like her today. She just came closer to me and said "hello, how are you"? and I said "great, I feel great," but it's so unfortunate that she can't hear me speak.

She just smiled again. I felt as if she looked deeply into my eyes, as she saw something deeper in my soul. She did not take her eyes off mine, what was she thinking, was she judging me? Was she trying to figure out what I was thinking. I had no clue, no idea to make such assumptions. She smiled again and said, "you will look great, too." And then she touched me, held it little tight, and said that I mean the world to her. What is she going to do today. She gently touched me again. And asked how I was feeling. I said I feel so great that she was there that night all for me, but yet again I was speechless, I could only whisper, but to my dismay she no longer heard me. She smiled again. The innocence in her smile captivates me.

I'm losing control, my feelings for her seem to get aroused now. Why is she doing this now, why is she looking into my eyes so deep? She just stroked my hand and said not to worry that everything would be fine. What is she thinking, she took away her outer garment and asked whether I was comfortable with that. Was I expecting more from her this time. Or is it the same treatment I got last time she came to me was a wavering question. She touches me as if she is

authorized to do so, my heart beats, beats even faster now, friend or foe, fight or flight all sorts of psychological phenomena are taking place in my brain.

She almost touched my face again. And said that she thinks that I have a cute nose just as her husband had. I was speechless again as usual; I was gazing at her beauty; I was imagining how she would look if all her clothes came off. Suddenly she asked me whether it was okay if she bathed. I nodded my head, and she continued what she was doing. I'm trying to focus on something else to stay stable, my brain is throwing all sorts of chemicals all over. What if she sees my nakedness? Will I feel ashamed or will I feel ignored or noble? I had no serenity. My blood flow is now out of control, it flows to places which I do not intend it to flow. That same moment I just slowly dozed off to my dream world.

I remembered my school days. It occurred to me what has happened to me when I was in the kindergarten, how I wrote my first letters much differently than other kids. I always looked at others as kids, may be because they always cried when their parents left them at school. I was their comforter, I used to tell them that their mommies were just coming back to pick them, and that their mommies love them so much that they will somehow comeback. They never seemed to stop crying anyway. I still recall the day the principal asked what our ambition was, what each of us wanted to be when we grew up. Most kids wanted to be doctors or super heroes while others wanted to become actors or lawyers.

The turn came to me to say what I wanted to become. I said "I want to be a Philosopher," to his amazement. Being puzzled he asked why I wanted to become one. My answer was very simple and precise for a four year old. Because it is longer than a doctor and a lawyer. Nobody in the class laughed, because I said one of the most profound statements. I even made a new friend during interval because he thought I will be a big person when I grew up.

Those were the days when everything was possible. A while later I heard her voice again talking to some person, and she stood up. I feel terrible for ignoring her now. Have I refused her love? Have I hurt her again? But then again she did touch me. She did caress me even though she went away hurting me. This was the kind of pain I experience every time she leaves in the night, but I forgive her because she loves me so much. She cares for me more than anyone I have ever met in my life. After all she is a special kind of a woman who is open for anything possible, I admire her beauty so much that I don't know what I'm doing here sometimes.

I feel as she walks rhythmically towards me again. The scent of her beautifully combed hair could be smelt from far off as she walks. She seems to be troubled; puzzled about something which has taken her interest away from me. I have never given this much attention to any other woman in my life, I felt. I have fantasized all possible love stories with her, but now she seems to be far away from me. She still appears heavenly, much elevated than me. I quickly stood up as she walked in. she said "Hi" as she sat again with me. She said that people say that I may have a very good sense of humor. When she said this to me I could smell her breath. How sweet it was. I felt like it was inviting me to get even closer to her.

I inhaled her breath into me as an addicted sniffer at a super market store. I did not feel embarrassed for doing such a task. I kept on doing it with each and every word she spoke to me. How could a woman's breath be so much enchanting, as it mesmerized me as usual I did not hear her much as I was foolishly wondering about how her lips are moving. I Wanted to touch her, but was too weak to reach out for her, was too scared that I would bring shame on her. Her dark eye lashes are a gift to her sparkling black eyes not even seen in angels.

She wonders in her mind how to identify mixed signals of my potential behavior of austerity when it comes to love and affection. I feel she is a lost tribe, something like Atlantis, lost in her own world of wonder and wander, a beauty much encapsulating even the weakest souls. How could I touch the deepest of her being?, I'm just a mysterious island, trying to find a shore, but everyday the water overtakes me and my world gets smaller, no one discovers, no one seems to care that I cease to exist day by day, and my memory seems to fade away from my first love.

It seems to me that, I'm just a speck of dust in a storm which no one notices; a boat which swings to the beats of the sea; a leaf which floats in troubled waters and, an ironic icon, a steady statue but lacking life from within and a mistake which life has crafted. I hate to let her cry as her tears may bring to ruin the very foundations of my life, the pillars on which I'm holding my breath; the only thing which may not collapse when I see her beauty.

I love her from deep within, unconditionally and in a deep rooted way. Every minute I feel her, I get more and more drawn towards her, and her sweet smile makes me wonder whether this part of my life is indeed reality or not. Her radiant complexion attracts the very being of me to a place I could never return to. Her bright sense of intellect puzzles my heart to a new level; of love and infatuation while her wondering eyes make me wonder whether she will have me in her bosom. The taste of her body is still in my mind and it reminds me of the very first time of feeling beyond myself. Her sigh and smile bring tears to my heart making me vulnerable to the reality that she will never be mine to keep forever. A professionally articulated mixture of youth and maturity of her features attracts the pure love which was hidden long ago in a dark and lonely place longing to come out in the open without any limit. The inviting smile from the side of her lips shows that she is greatly in love but fearful in expressing it to me for reasons beyond my comprehension. Waiting to really experience her

touch kills me from within, how long, how many hours more to really bring into manifestation how I really feel for her, I don't know. I feel cluster phobic minute by minute, and each day my world becomes smaller and my thoughts become broader. The conditions of this place seem to be changing, and it seems enough that I have stayed in this captivity, an exile from my birthright; a wanderer from my land; a prisoner of deep trouble; a scavenger of blood and water which are the only source of pleasure, life could be better when it's out there than in here.

The beginning

I wish I could break free and go to her and say all these things I want to say, but my strength doesn't seem to give me permission to do so. I'm weak like a leaf, fragile like a drop of water, swinging from left to right and fearful of what the outside world would be. Time is up for the fulfillment of each and every dream I have, for the final gathering of those who will change my circumstances and set me free at last. The situation is conducive to an escape, an escape of a lifetime never to return to where I am now; a prisoner of chaos.

The time is at hand for me to tell her that the period of waiting is over and that it's the time I told her that I must make myself very clear to her. Tension builds within me, the whole environment is full of anguish and fear, and the sounds of confusion and moaning don't seem to end today. Today is the day, and now is the time, anger begets retaliation, hope begets disappointment, and faith begets loss. The very first time I saw her, I could never believe that I was still capable of falling in love again, the more closer she became the more attached I became, the softer she became, more lucid my dreams were, I wanted to make her feel like I'm a part of her. The first moment of entering her was amazing and it still brings whole loads of love into my being. The love and tender feeling she bestowed in me makes me feel that I'm more important to her than even I am to me. Every moment I take my breath I feel that she is closer to my heart and soul. The

beauty which she possesses surpasses all my understanding of beautiful things. It takes my soul through a never ending river of passion and glory as a king wants to conquer a land of paradise. I want to possess her entire being; I want to capture her soul and spirit, and get them all intertwined with mine, so that our love will be forever without ever fading away.

But how do you describe the sound of many waters if you are born deaf, and how dreadful it would be to describe the feeling of water rubbing against your chest if your senses are clouded by some nerve wrecking ailment?

Truth be told, her splendid gestures seem inviting. The weakest part of my body seems to be my heart which lacks judgment. How on earth are we supposed to be together, my exit may cause her deep pain and for a moment, all things would be painful, but within a second I may see my world differently and so is hers; this closeness is creating a tension between my soul and body, shaken to newer swings.

I sometimes feel that I have betrayed her for not responding to her advances in a deeper level. Her attraction towards me seems to be getting quite magnetic. I long to hear her heartbeat; I long to hear her smile. Love is weak and feeds on our emotional instabilities and makes us vulnerable. My heart breaks each time I feel that she loved someone more than she loves me, but the truth seems vague at times and we are all too cooked up in a romantic frenzy. True love and unconditional love are the greatest words I have ever heard, but love could never be unconditional, neither it could be true at times. Sometimes I feel that we are all part of a great mistake where we believe what we want to believe ignoring the essence of creation.

Robin doesn't seem to be hungry today; most probably he had drunk half of Grants vodka, and is going here and there without proper focus. I have never felt

a dog this dizzy, barking at some people while falling off balance. At times looking at one direction as if the sky is falling and then trying to climb the wall to catch that missing cat on the poster which has a seventy dollar reward. Dark clouds seem to cover the sky, and no silver lining is to be seen. Birds are flying away to their nests and ants to their holes. Power seems to fluctuate and could be seen on almost all light bulbs. The whole of creation seems unprepared for a great awakening, awakening of a human soul. I say, if you are not meant to stand out, you must step out, but the real problem is if you are meant to stand out and everybody seems to notice your next move, you are actually not making any progress to hide yourself in. At times things which are meant to be secrets are out in the open while things which are meant to be seen in public are mostly unseen. My love for her seems such that I fantasize all possible conversations as well as misdemeanors with her in my mind. Mind is this amazing thing I have to let me know how I'm feeling. And my mind seems to be confused with the mixed signals it gets every passing minute.

She's lying in front of a load of starry lights with a pen and a paper expecting to write something important I presume. She writes "This is the beginning" and she pastes it on the side of the bed. I wonder what it means. It may seem that she wants to remind herself that change is the only thing which could actually bring about some good into our lives and characters. The painful experiences you go through in life makes your character stronger, and difficult times and painful events finally build our character to a newer level of understanding and awareness. This is something which I have heard her read mostly just after the tragedy; but the more pain you go through in life, the more damaged you become, not strong I guess, and I'm the best example to prove it.

My struggle is not yet over; it seems it's just the beginning; a beginning of a painful cycle of life which doesn't seem to have an ending. I doze off to sleep as my routine struggle with life continues.

I see a goddess in my dreams; a heroine of my story. A stream of water flowing over her body. Her magnificent body looks glorious and out of the ordinary. A perfected art of nature; an unwrinkled garment of beauty. She is covered with the mysteries of life and drowned in the stillness of many waters. The look of her eyes quenches my thirst and releases all heavenly bonds of attachment. She fulfills the desires of my heart like a spring of water on a scorched earth. Fermented with love and tenderness, magnified with the details of an angel she walks on the rocky stream towards me. She always makes a great entry into a new scene which seems to me as reality, she hurls into my bosom like a child who wants affection from her father. She pours herself unto me, similar to the first shot of whisky into a drunkards' mouth. I will embrace her and feel the warmth of a woman so dear to me in each of her hugs. The soft touch of her would make my heart jump with gladness. She would restore my soul with her soft strokes on me. I feel as I have nothing else in this whole world apart from her. I hear the agony of her being equal to mine; a moment of desperation which doesn't seem to end. I hear a voice faintly screaming at the end of the bed.. "push.....shh" and a troubled sense of a welcoming joy. I will have no one besides me, but her; and I'm just born again.
