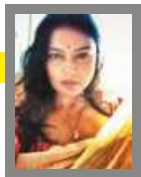


UNDER A DIFFERENT SKY
BY IFFAT NAWAZ



You — That Vastness

*The mind of earth shall be a home of light
The life of earth a tree growing towards
heaven*

The body of earth a tabernacle of God
— Savitri, Sri Aurobindo

You look magnificent — the way you are sitting at this moment, the way your eyes are glancing on this page, the shelter of your dark brown lashes, the whites around those central islands — there is so much to see in this world and you have. You are beautiful the way you run through your memories, like films which are songs of freedom, running, running into wild swirling lightness. Each such step of yours is the very definition of cheerfulness.

Your hands, they are flawless, your fingertips holding imprints of the million profound



words you have typed, the faces you have touched, the doors you have held, and the way you have kept them now kneeling, in service for your soul, to create something remarkable, like you. Those fingers, those hands, the arms, they are the signatures of selfless service.

Your face, that honesty you are holding, the sense of abundance with minimum amount of luxury, your open expressions, the sky's reflection on your chin, the clouds passing through your cheeks are of changing times, of the prolific transformation you are journeying through.

Your face has never been so modest, so tranquil, so surrendered to the highest form of goodness, to prayers. All tiredness has been peeled off, all hungry ambitions, damaging desires have fallen. Now, you are just as you were meant to be, in the presence of your truest love — the silence of your inner temple and the dance of the light stream in your depth. Take a look, hold a mirror, you are the picture of an irrevocable exquisite

transformation.

Your ears listening to the lingering twirls of bygone-winter's fallen leaves, and the sound of rebirth through spring, the dog's yawn full of gratitude, the cat's purr in response to the love you shared. Not because of the food or water you gave them, but because your ears listened to their mute present love and your lips smiled — that's all they needed from you, nothing more. Your



lending listening ears are generosity.

Your legs, the way you have stretched them out, your curled toes, resting on the floor as though they have longed for this for quite a long time. They are sensing the rhythm of the world's true needs, learning the tune of harmony the world is weaving right now, which is ancient yet just-born. The new notes, the news beats, its tempo are entering through the bottom of your feet. It is marvelous how you are opening up the lines under your feet, letting in the earth's victorious song from below as it blends with your essence. Your feet's still openness is all

we know of plasticity.


Your blood, the warmth of it, its flushing of all toxicity, swimming up and down your veins, recognising all which needs to go and offering it up for transmutation to Grace — your blood has never flowed with such nimbleness before. Its calm fluidity, its renewal, its support to both your fragile and strong nerves are washing away all grief, all sorrows, all shadows. With awe-filled enthusiasm, it is painting your inside with the colours of an awakened life. This rush in your blood is the symbol of sincerity.

Your heart, at your being's center, throbbing and sending circular motions to all those around you and then all the way up to the sky. The hummingbirds have returned just to bath in your pulse, the magpie robins are building new nests next to your window — they sing all day, their wings open and close as you pump new light through your heart, spreading all over your body and way beyond it.

An automatic gesture goes up atop your head from the flame of your heart, even when you are asleep, and definitely when you are awake. In that flame, the infinity lives, birdsongs, dog's yawns, the waves of the Bay of Bengal, the taste of cinnamon chewed with care in your tongue, an SMS from Himachal, a photograph from California, the sky's subtle sunsets, and flamboyant sunrises from Australia, the new buds from your mother's gardens and the promised messages they will bring, everything.

All of these concentrate at your heart centre and then they go up, up, up and embraces abundant light, releasing and resting in the golden, pink and blue firmaments of twilights. Your heart, its flame, the offering of each pulse, all this and you my friend are true aspiration, since yesterday, absolutely now and forever.


Photo courtesy: Iffat Nawaz




করোনা ভাইরাস-এ

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