The Song of the Writer

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It's a silent, internal song. Only you hear it; and that too, on the good days when your writer's ears are properly tuned to that inchoate, half-heard melody, which is your work-in-progress. For the most part, there is no lonelier or quieter person than the writer humming his silent craft. He struggles to give voice to that elusive song deep inside him, while the world hears nothing.

Most days he wakes to cold, verbal chords that don't resonate to the internal song. Meanwhile, the actual singer next door unfailingly makes her artistic presence known by her daily 'sa-re-ga-ma' as a necessary and reassuring preliminary to the actual act of singing. It helps tune and strengthen her vocal muscles so that her voice might release its songbird to soar into the ether of perfection. But, the writer has no such 'do-re-mi-fa' rituals to help his art take flight, when wingless and earth-bound he tinkers with his pens, or with his computer's music-less keyboard, or with the discordant notes of his Inner Harmonium.

Listen to her now: my singing neighbour has already gone up and down the 'arroh' and 'avrroh' notes of some off-shoot of an..... Asawari Raga, I think, and is firmly into the lilting 'bistar' with the 'ni-sa-ma-ga, re-ni-sa, re-ma-pa-ga, re-ni-sa' already sprouting the melodious

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