White Profusion

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ASSUMING the little creatures that comes out of a humanoid womb is capable of witnessing the changes around it ones it comes out; and later on when it grows up to a reasonable outline of a human being with all his accomplishments of joy, sorrow, misery and embarrassment finally has to go back to where he came from. Now, given the prerequisites, let's figure out what he actually sees during those crucial grand entrance and exit. If our wiry haired scientists, head covered religious devotees have it right, then the first thing a child sees as he emerges from utter darkness is the blinding white of light. And right before sudden or anticipated death, he sees the white light before wandering off into nothingness or the afterlife as many would refer to it. Well in that case, we can refer to it as the single most prominent colour in our lives…but purity entwined with grace in a profusion that is 'white'.

White is a colour which all of us, including the colour blind, can see and learn to appreciate for its sheer simplicity. The intricately woven details of life would seem much more sporadic if it didn't have the emptiness filled in with a colour that on some terms can almost be synonymous with it. Therefore, when one looks up at the sky or relinquishes their wistful memories outside a porch on a snowy afternoon, the colour of white is simply awe-inspiring. Then again, it is the colour that awaits the groom while he fidgets in anticipation for his union with the one he thinks he is meant to be with.

Yet, when looking at media, the West and how this colour illumes the celebrity with which they have managed to take over most of the mindless ways in which the youth and the ancient lives out their lives on a day to day basis, much appreciation needs to be given. Starting from white attire parties, to the derogative terms like 'white trash', to movies where even 'god' dresses in a white suit, and the must-not-be-forgotten powerhouse insignia of architecture, the White House….everything is white!

And let's not forget the emblem of love; the Taj Mahal.

A deeper look into culture, white becomes a symbol of not just purity but a great deal of melancholy. In the Hindu culture widows repent their ways by wearing white and having all the fun striped out of their lives. The Chinese, who always has an upper hand when it comes to embedding colours into meanings for everything in life, white is symbol for metal and is reserved for mourning of the dead. Well, death isn't a sign of surrender, we all know what it means to see a white flag being waved on the battlefield, there are but angels with their white wings carrying away the departed.

Ahh sigh… such prettiness in such simplicity and wealth in so little and yet so much. As a friend put, "white is the embodiment of all colours", and when music is the channel to the soul, the pavement it walks on is white…

