



SPECIAL FEATURE

# He said!

He said he was a hopeless romantic. Never shy to open his heart; never holding back emotions even at the prospect of being ridiculed. He said, love was his supper and poetry his elixir. He was cheesy — drowning in rom-coms. Bollywood flicks. He would quote poetry, and quote alone. Always shy of ingenuity — “Hence the muse,” he said!

He said he dreamed of quiet dawns. With light peeking through slivered curtains; like a voyeur, he would watch the muse sleep till the end of time, for time itself would cease to exist or would hover around and stand still around them. In awe! He promised to cherish that moment and bottle in a fragile, glass jar.

He said love shall call at noon. The voice, an answer to his every day prayer, would rattle his soul and have him longing for more. And as they speak over the phone, he said, “Sounds of harps will echo in the walls of lover's shrines!”

Afternoon tea will be sweetened by a kiss on the cup. The snack — a mere touch. He said, twilight shall never signal the end, but always a new beginning — even if it is in the shadows. For he said that is what life is all about — lights and an abyss of darkness; life and eternal death and all the moments neatly placed in between.

He said, moments are made and they just do not happen. So with the power of freewill, everyone can write their own destiny, as long as they are willing to write it together without the other ever falling short.

He always said, as daylight dims, the candle can catch a glowing flame; if that is not how it works, the calmness of the moon is always at sight. And as night

descends and the day folds to rest, he said they would hold the other in a firm embrace till they fall asleep and wake in a new dawn. Like a cycle it shall repeat, only to reaffirm the bond they had tied, the promises they made to knit life together till the end.

He said as they would part for some hours of sleep, their feet will stay in touch. While travellers explore the world and chart maps of the unknown, their lives would remain still, in the room. That is till the dawn of a new day!

He was cheesy. He said a lot of things. He was open enough to comment that there will be moments, wretched and immersed in sorrow, guile, and all negativities of life, leading you to ponder — “What was I thinking?”

Yet. One thing he never said — let it all begin with love and the promise shall follow. Almost a decade after those naïve, almost juvenile notions of love, he maintains he has it all.

He says — all of it can start with a stranger, and you end up with what you were hoping for all along — a magical love marriage!”

**By Anami**

**Photo: LS Archive/Sazzad Ibne Sayed**



## Blooming in these bare mountains

A picture says many things;  
A picture hides many things.  
They say why are you exposing your vulnerability?

I say vulnerability is me.  
Accept or leave please.  
There is strength in my vulnerability;  
Do not question it!  
As there is courage in fear,  
Smiles in tears,  
Sunshine in winter mornings.  
Healing is organic.  
There is no right or left,  
Straight or curved way.  
To heal is to embrace your fears.  
Be unapologetically vulnerable.  
Be gentle,  
Yet do not forget, this is not final.  
Only beginning of the story.  
The toxins will be washed away,  
Slowly but surely.  
Patience and my breath are my friends,  
And as miraculous as healing can be  
There are flowers still blooming in these bare mountains.  
Till then, stay with me.

**By Nileema Khan**  
**Photo courtesy: Nileema Khan**