

On days touched by creative madness, everything falls into place. A single line written, a picture drawn, and music hummed. I sense the rhythm in life. But, on days of creative slumber, nothing seems to work. I sit there, staring at the page, the screen, waiting for that very moment when the creative juices, I pray, will begin to flow. Nothing! Not a word.

I look back and remember what it used to feel like. How ideas would just pour in, how my hands could not keep up writing with the racing thoughts in my mind. I try to force it and recreate those moments. The more I try, the more distant it feels. And then, I start questioning everything. Was I ever really creative or was this utter luck, every single time?

The moments of creation are neither obedient nor predictable. When they do come, they teach me to listen more deeply, not just to the world around me but to myself. They remind me that beneath the layers of routine and responsibility, there is wonder. And, creation is often born from this beautiful contradiction. From the tension between what is and what could be.

I have also come to realise that while the act is often born out of calm, it is mostly out of chaos. I have felt it in the

depths of solitude. In the dead end of the night when the world sleeps, yet, the mind moves violently with thoughts. Creation becomes a moment of quiet rebellion against the silence within. And there is something beautiful about those inner turmoil.

Because you see, there is a wildness at the heart of creation. A kind of holy disorder. And within that disorder lies clarity. It tells me: you are more than your limits. You are capable of birth not just biological, but emotional, spiritual, and artistic. You can bring into the world something that did not exist before. Creation has always had a sacred connection with the feminine. Not only in its power to birth but in its depth to feel. To nurture contradiction. In those spells of creative spur, we often find ourselves speaking to that quiet, revered space of femininity, whether in others or within ourselves.

What surprises most me is how the body reacts to all this. Understandably, the mind would reject stillness and rebel, but I taste the ecstasy of creation in my pulse, as it quickens; my hands, as they feel restless; and my senses, as I feel they have sharpened. It's as if every part of me is drawn into this act of becoming. I don't always understand where it comes from but I know, instinctively, that it must be



respected.

Back in the day, I tried to control these feelings. Tried to tame the moments when creativity flowed like a wild horse. But as I have grown older, I believe I have grown wiser too. Over time, I've stopped trying to control these moments, for creation does not care for control. It invites us to gallop wildly into ourselves and find something, ANYTHING, that's real. And now, I've learned to wait for them and to trust those instincts.

Creation, ultimately, is a conversation—with time, with nature, with grief, with beauty, with God. And in that conversation, we become human. We become more ourselves. Perhaps, that is true ecstasy. Not in the finished work but in the moment of its becoming. In that suspended breath, when everything you are flows into something beyond you. It is fleeting. It does not stay. But it leaves a trace. A warmth. A memory. A truth.

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Based on the poem, Srishti Shukher Ullashey (In the ecstasy of creation) by Kazi Nazrul Islam.
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