

#PERSPECTIVE

The art of noticing THE BEAUTY IN LITTLE THINGS

“Beauty is everywhere. You only have to look to see it,” said painter Bob Ross. Whether it is noticing the resonating silence at midnight while working on your assignment or the swirl of warm vapour rising from your teacup, there is an art of noticing, an art of noticing the beauty in little things.

From the floral colourful blanket that comforts you in harsh winter weather or the lap of your grandma that relieves you of all the stress of life, the world has beautiful moments to offer, only if you agree to embrace them.

Ever realised why your bus delaying on a heavy rain was probably one of the best things to happen, because you got to listen to the pattering sounds of rain on the tin shed at the waiting station that was filled with the fragrance of freshly bloomed Jasmine while reading your favourite novel?

If you notice deeply, every artwork, every masterpiece, actually originated from these little things. Who knew someone could write an entire poem about something as simple as the water flowing on a calm river in an afternoon?

In this city full of despair on a cold winter evening, you notice how neon lamps on

the roadside appear magical in dense fog. For someone who finds pleasure in romanticising life, there is nothing better than the cold breeze swaying past your hair on a rickshaw ride, while you eagerly watch a drop of mist slowly meeting the quivering vein on a leaf.

We all complain that a city like Dhaka is so chaotic to tolerate, but what is more harmonious than the squeaks of children playing cricket on a lazy afternoon, accompanied by the on-top-of-the-lung gossip of some old uncle group?

Remember those days when everyone used to munch on jhalmuri mixed with achar and mustard oil, while watching one of the family's favourite shows?

For those people who are a bit too heavy on feelings, they might have sensed the quiet stillness of the house when everyone leaves. It feels as if the soul leaves the heart when suddenly the entire house of your grandma turns empty at the end of the winter holidays.

Being someone who gets quite melancholic about life frequently, I have observed how silent the neighbourhood gets when the sun sets, how soothingly the day transitions to invite the darkness with the distant mournful cawing of crows.

Beauty, in essence, lies in the memories, in our lived experiences, in our kind thoughts. Nothing is more beautiful than

sharing your meal with a beggar, nothing is more pleasant than giving up your seat for an elderly person on the metro.

What might seem to you just a dried-out, brown, weathered petal by the creased edge of a page in a notebook seems more than just a flower to someone else. To them, it resembles the foregone; it resembles a time that had been faded from their life, a time that they wanted to keep framed in their notebook.

Frozen hands shivering as a piece of your favourite toast biscuit sinks into the delicate film of fat on warm milk tea on a misty winter morning—this is what we all yearn for, no matter how rich we are in life.

Beauty is not only in these elements but also in the people, in the efforts of people who remember you. Someone bringing a fresh rose for you after a long day of office work, or your daughter gifting you a handmade card on Mother's Day.

The radiant smile that you see on the street vendor's face every time someone buys one of the glittery sparkly balloons is simply priceless.

It's these little joys of life that you would want to live through again and again, even if you go and ask the most successful person in the universe.

Only when we slow down a bit, when



suddenly our eye catches the perfect glow of sunlight on golden hour, or when we find a perfectly shaped full moon peeking at us through the branches of a tree, do we realise this is what makes life

worth living.

In a sense, all of us hopeless poets and romanticisers of life are artists. Once you master the art of noticing beauty in little things in life, you start falling in love with life again.

By Labiba Tasnim
Photo: Collected



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