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A Summers Day: Thoughts in a Flash

Rimni Chakravarty

The scorching heat of summer is just unbearable. Rains pour but scanty rainfall makes the weather hotter and hottest. I just cannot look at the sky out from the window pane. The flood of light pouring from the sun from far -far off miles just create havoc on me. I feel sick ,down with headache ,nausea ,cramps on the stomach just would like to lie down on bed ,hidden by the curtains of my room .The shadow is now welcome to me or is it that I prefer the dark ? Perhaps I have fallen in love with the morbid, the squalid, and the sordid that pulls me rather pulled me when preferred the sun to peep at me.

The twenty fifth day of April 2015: I can never forget even in my wildest dreams. This day even if I try can never wipe away from my life. The day will remain as a scar, a sore that will torment me till I breathe my last. Till this day I had struggled to let the sun smile at me .But was of no use .My ailing mother at the age of 79 breathed her last on this day and relieved me from her cares. I was just helpless to prevent the loss.

Two years have passed. The sun now wants to glare at me although I wanted it to smile In my work place my cabin has been shifted from down stairs to the top floor to receive plenty of sunshine But I cannot receive what the sun has to give. May be 'am accustomed to a dark room where a faint light will shimmer and bring out the songs all hidden with me to sing to myself in profuse strains The winds would then carry it to the world so the world listen to what is melancholy and the anguish may be the joy of innocence and the wisdom of maturity.

My mom is nowhere around me as physically she left to be with the five components of the earth, the fire, the water, the winds and the ether. Now I look at the sky to wonder which star she has become. Then I say to myself she left physically unite with me in my heart and soul. She has entered my heart where she wants to hide and play with me the game of hide and sick just when we played during the days of my childhood.

I love pearls. All the colors, the pink, yellow and the white and even the blue and black pearls allure me. My mother has now turned into a precious pearl that I hide in the shell of my heart .I can perceive her at daytime and at night.

On the fourteenth day of June two thousand and seventeen, I had to be out in the local post office for registering a parcel. I completed my job ,met an old friend of my university days ,had a chit chat and as soon I stepped out of the stairs met an old lady too weak to walk With a fair complexion her skin glowed at this age when wrinkles covered her face. May be she was very pretty in her youth .Her smile was really enchanting .It was her innocence and purity that touched me again and again .Clad in a white saree, with a stick on one hand and an empty bowl



on the other she asked for alms from me.and addressed me as her mother. My heart sank and I had no words .I only offered her a ten rupee note like a miser .As I write I repent. I have seen her somewhere .But why I moved on? I could have brought her home and offered her food and provided her a shelter? Food .clothing and shelter is what we need in our life and also love.

It is sad that the basic needs of life are what the third world countries are yet to provide. Why the disparity? Why then someone starves while the other rolls in luxury? As though the thought if there is daylight, there will be the dark night?

That old widowed lady has a right to live; right to smile and walk with dignity. Who cares? Did I care for her? No .Her face haunts me to go deep down within my heart and seek for another face that was my mothers who left and yet she is with me.I feel have touched her face as she too resemble my mother in age and complexion.

Mothers give birth to their children. .They bore the pains of bringing up their child wake night after night when the child suffers from fever. The mother does all these activities with a smile and even provides the food without eating herself. She is the unique persona who teaches the children to understand the value of life apart from the father who is all busy to earn the bread and butter of the family.

Why then the aged, ailing widows of our society suffer? Why their children abandon them? Why the old age homes too never come up to provide shelter to these people?

Today these aged and ailing widows of our society could never serve any purpose of their children but that does not mean they cannot bring a smile in their face or in the face of their little ones? Is it not cruelty to push them off from their homes?

I too could not do anything for the old lady. I wish could take care of these aged ailing widows' .But how? I am no millionaire; only earn a few thousand after a hard day's toil.

I can only write and express my anguish my frustrations. I am a woman who too would grow old someday. My only satisfaction is I do not have children as have not tied my knots. My children will therefore not cast aside me in years to come. I do not have home and can never feel the pain of homelessness when it will be time to turn into ashes.

I wish could meet the old lady again someday and do something good for her to earn the blessings of god who has sent me to bring out my human qualities. Her smile pierce me to think ,ponder and write .I wish her all the strength ,happiness,peace,love ,good to happen .May she be blessed to live the life of a citizen in a democratic nation.

But why do I write? I don't know .It is not possible for me to answer my question that torments me in my heart. I can only murmur the lines have read in my university days:



“This is the way the world ends

This is the way the world ends

This is the way the world ends

Not with a bang but with a whimper.”.....T.S Eliot; “The Hollow Men “

Hollow I am from my heart. I write but of no use. I can never dream of a new millennium or pour out my heart in profuse strains to utter a prophesy that might bring a change for the better days. Still an old lady or an old man will come down on the roads for me and you to realize how hollow are we from our hearts .We rave, we rant, we split, we splutter with rage and yet we cease to act although we pledge to change the but can never allow our souls to take a long flight ,soar up on the mountains , look up the heavens and let our smile pierce our heart to laugh aloud that may echo all over as it happened when man first learned the sound of AUM