

Hope To Smile Once Again

There was a single whisper then nothing, the last thing I ever heard. What was wrong with me? She is still in my mind and heart. But it does make no sense. All I was looking for a little love, that was it. On and off memory often makes me nervous without any solid frame of the imagination where I can inspire myself. Hopes and desires are integral part of my daily life. The rains, snow or anything outside the house is becoming far from me. The wind comes and goes by and I could not even care. Some of the time I realized there must be something with her to make me such a desperate. But what is in it. She is not that beautiful, she is not even sexy or smart. But what is making me such a passion about her. I wonder what is the secret behind her. I am not a jealous person either and never felt jealous about her behave. She is fun loving. She has lots of friends she spends time. I always hear her day to day stories but never got jealous. Why I feel empty without her presence. Why I got confused to walk in my ordinary life. I must understand the hidden truth behind my psychology.

I did lots of effort to understand the truth, but never got success. The time pass by. The years have gone. I still have same problem, I still miss her and I feel a black cloud rolling over my skies, which used to be such a blue and shine. There is no moon in the evening skies, no golden sunset and sunrise. All left over is a dark cloud threatening to disturb my daily life. I don't know how many time it makes me dirt and muddy. I could do nothing or I wouldn't do anything even I could as if I would rather be defeated by those scurrilous clouds - a panic symbol of curse.

Today, I can see same things going on. I can feel the breezing wind is slowly turning to those black could to role over my skies. It is covering my all of my beautiful surrounds. I am again helpless, my feet is trembling and heart is beating so fast to boil my blood into veins. I am scared, scared to death. The sudden changes has something for me. And it is of course not good. It was never good for me and I never expect it would be good for me any day in my life. I was praying the god. It was only the last straw of hope to survive to fight back. This fight would be for peace, peace to make me something different that I used to be. Something that makes me bold and courageous to face the reality of the physical world. I was running to escape from these curse. My feet were tangled. I was chasing by these curse. I was running hard to find a way to hide from it or to save myself. I am still running and running. I don't know how far I will have to go. I don't know how fast to run. All I know is - I have to run and running away from the curse is only the option left for me. There is no substitute. I am not sure my regret and grief will help me or not. But I am more than sure that my faith of getting forgiveness will be with me to return my joys which was lost long time ago. Then I will stop to run and try to smile once again in my precious life which will long last forever and ever.

(Change some words as necessary.)

I would gift almost anything I have to reverse the course of my life in the last year. The past doesn't change, for anyone, but at least I can learn from past.

I've learn a lot about life, I've learned a lot about myself, and about the responsibilities any human has to his fellow men. I've learned about good & evil and then always that appeared to be. I was involved, deeply involved, in the deception. I've deceived my friends and millions of citizen. I lied to the people, I lied about what I knew and I lied about what I didn't know.

In the sense I was like a child I chided to refuse to facts to hope to little go away, of course, it didn't go away.

I was scared, scared to death, I've no solid position no basic to stand on for myself. There was one way that was simply to tell the truth. I've been acting a role, may be in my life, thinking I've done more to accomplish more to produce more than I've.

I've had all the breaks, I've stood on the shoulder of life and I've never got ~~down~~ down into the dirt to build to erect the foundation of my life.

I've flown too high by borrowed wings. Everything came too easy, that is why, I'm here today.

The Fantasy Life - Prakash

The day was rainy, muddy and somewhat chili. I was not only the person feeling sleepy this day. I was in bed for a long time. I felt headache and little dizzy. Rest was fine. Most of the time when I had nothing to do I just spend time writing and thinking about some fantasy stuffs. I have been doing this for long time as far as I could remember. In fact I love to life in the fantasy world even I knew, after receiving so many experience in the course of my life, I would not get all of them, not even half of them. Most of the fantasy seems just a good way to forget the pain hidden beneath my heart – no use at all.

In all of the fantasy sexual fantasy comes first, it is my most prioritize fantasy. So often I feel depress and when I feel depress the only one way to get rid of it is to view the fantasy world from near as if I am having experienced about it. There is no conclusion, no end and not even starting point. All the thinking begins analysis of the situation, even some of the visualization of the situation is added after starting thinking about it. It seems premature planning. Some of the time the scene changes without even reaching the climax.

This is all about my fantasy world. My thinking and my positive response to my destiny. The most important of all is – there is nobody to understand my fantasy, nobody to response the question raised while dreaming, nobody to help me in several ways it could be as if my life is just about dream inside the fantasy and fantasy inside the dream which never come true and not even possible.

Essence Of The Journey

PART 10 : End of Journey

I am walking in the road, that should last at least 30 to 40 miles. When I looked back to the road I traveled, it was full mixed essence. I can not remember how my first 4-5 miles went by. But I merely remember the second 6 to 10 miles I traveled. It was good. It was free of tension and pains. The tension and pain really started after the miles of 15 or so. The fantasizing sexual attraction and worthless affection were big parts of these miles. Sometime I was in the middle of the road and sometime I was fallen to the ditch. I don't know who were by my side when I was fallen in the ditch, but I remember there were so many people to walk with me when I was in the middle. It is true that I left all my foot prints behind the way, but it is not true that I forget it. I recall it day by day. I observe its details even these are now fade and hard to read.

All my paths will not be easy as it remains similar from the past. There would be so many things I never anticipated in my previous 25 to 28 miles. The road may be rough and steep. There is lots of risk to travel until I gets my destination. I remember the word from Osho, a determined personality. It reads, "Intelligence wants to take risks. Intelligence wants to dare, and wants to go into the unknown and the dangerous, because it is only in danger that intelligence comes to its peak. It is only when you dare that your intelligence becomes a crystallization and the more you risk, the more you are." It is not something about my intelligence it is something about the courage I have to collect to accomplish my aim. I have to have lots of courage to prove I can walk alone. All I need is energy that gives me courage, either this could be the physical strength or any hidden inspiration. William Blake made a profound statement and says, "Energy is delight. The greater the energy you have the greater will be your delight. It is energy that becomes delight; overflowing energy is delight, overflowing energy becomes celebration. When the energy is dancing in you, in unison, in a deep harmony, in rhythm and flow, you become a blessing to the world."

There is a golden skies in the horizon, which sometimes inspires me and gives me those energies I need every moment on the way of my life. There is a breezing wind crossing my face and a long shadow behind me. The sun has just set leaving the trace of a warm light above the skies. At this time it is not worth to look at back and try to realize all the mistakes I have done during these travels. I must look ahead. I must appreciate the love and kindness somebody gave it to me whether it was for a moment or to get something in return. I must be grateful to myself for the passion I have shared and the patient I have done to walk to reach my destiny. I believe the road will be empty and dark, the sun will make all my skies dark to see the twinkle star. There is high chances that I will see the moon, even I am not sure what kind of moon I will have to see. I love full moon more than crescent one. I will accept all kinds of moons and stars. I will treat them well and decent. I will always care and love their support as much as possible. The past has taught me a lesson to tolerate brutal torture and the way to solve its equation. It solely depends on me how much I will achieve, more or less, I will achieve. It is sure that the moon will show my way ahead to reach my final destiny giving me a strength and courage I was always looking for.

~ THE END ~