

Dear S,

I have always struggled with finding adequate words to manifest my thoughts into something tangible. It's like there are these rivers in my head, and each of them is following a different path, winding down at its own pace, dancing to its own tune. In one moment, I find myself sitting and pondering by the bank of one, and in the very next moment, I am wetting my toes in the water of another. No wonder fragmentation has always been my favorite thing about Postmodern Literature. It has taught me what no one else could—what being human is truly like.

Isn't it depressingly funny that it's the writers, whose job is to build so many worlds on the feeble structure of words, who deem language as the most inadequate of mediums? I am no writer, but I am human enough to understand the inefficacy of language as an instrument of expression.

There are moments when I envy those who have mastered the art of crystallizing the mess in their heads into something concrete. I wish I could do that. However, I am an optimist, and I live on the hope that one day or another, even if for just a little while, I will be able to perfect the art of effortless expression. For if there are rivers, then there must be an ocean somewhere where these rivers finally unite. Until then, I will celebrate this dishevelment.

@explorativeletters

It's weird how, when I didn't hear back from my boyfriend, I had so much to say. And now, none of those feelings or words seem relevant anymore.

All I can say is that it was a wild ride. I don't remember ever feeling so many different emotions in such a short time. There was confusion, denial, nostalgia, affection, disregard, longing, hope (not necessarily in that order).

At first, I thought he must have gone into one of those phases you were talking about. Then, I thought maybe this is who he is—just a season. Or maybe he simply got bored and lost interest. It wasn't that I was expecting something, it was more about the restlessness caused by the absence of a reason. The lack of which made me go through a lot of feelings, so much so that I decided to call him "Feelings." But, after a few days of agonizing, I finally realized that I was giving him more space in my head than I should.

So, I did what I do best—got distracted.

I buried myself in the world of books, films, YouTube, and daily menial chores. I delved into the gothic world of Dracula for a while until I lost interest. I caught up with some old YouTubers I used to look up to a few years ago. I discovered this amazing poet named Linda Pastan and spent a couple of afternoons wading through her poetic world.

I also picked up gardening again and realized that the rubber plant I got for my birthday earlier this year has grown three new leaves. There are four plants on the balcony outside my room, and it's nothing short of a wonder that all of them are still alive (thanks to my father for watering them every day). I distinctly remember the days I got each one of them and how excited I was to paint the planters blue. It was a Sunday, and I had all the supplies ready the day before. I wonder where all that excitement went.

I think that is what excitement is like—an unexpected shower of rain in the month of June. It's fleeting, but it brings your world to life for a while. And, as time goes by, it calmly gets smothered under the normalcy of everyday routine, until the next exciting thing comes.

Late in the afternoons, I often found myself listening to the playlist my boyfriend had shared with me earlier and falling back into the trap created by my own mind.

Well, I can't deny it. I did miss him for the first few days. But it wasn't the missing part that bothered me; it was the idea of letting it all go that made me feel uneasy. Maybe because I was finally seeing something beautiful emerging between us, and a part of me yearned for it to grow and bloom into something more. But even that

feeling turned into an epiphany when a fragment from an old conversation with a friend floated back into my head.

I remember her words exactly. She said:

"You see, our life is nothing but a handful of sand, and the tighter you hold on to it, the more of it slips away. So just unclench your fist and see how much life you can contain by just letting go."

So, that's exactly what I did. It wasn't easy, but I strived until it was. And then suddenly, everything started making sense again.

Later on that same day, I found myself talking to my best friends until 3 a.m. Never before have I found myself being so comfortable in the company of two young men. In that span of four hours, we learned things about each other that we never could in the past six months. We talked about work, girls, love, soul, God, sexuality, our inhibitions, our fears (in that order), and so much more in between. I remember feeling sleepy by 2 a.m., but none of us wanted to put down the phone or call it a night.

So, I simply left my earphones on and fell asleep with fragments of their conversation still flowing in my head.

On the 11th of May, as I woke up in the morning, I felt immense gratitude in my heart for everything that I have and everything I am. I had a long day planned, and I had it all sorted. I remember how, just a few days before, I was rehearsing these lines in my head for what I would write in this letter. But how strange that when I finally received your mail, all I could do was read the enticing subject line, smile, and go back to doing what I was doing.

P.S. Honestly, I don't know if the words above made any sense or did justice to what I wanted to say. Or maybe it was too much of everything. Well, in my defense, I will just say that there is a new moon in the sky, and this woman is bleeding.

With love,

W

