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A SURGERY OF SADNESS

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They say All is fair in Love and War.... But have you ever tried loving War?

War can mean different things to different people... Some may call it the tumultuous times of the 1940s or the act of violence that many innocent victims pay for. But war is not something that happens far away from us. No matter what we do, where we are, and what makes us ourselves, we face conflicts every day. It might be with our loved ones, friends, neighbours, colleagues or even that random person on the street who bumps into people mindlessly - however, we should come to terms with the fact that we eventually face conflicts within ourselves; within those walls that our minds, our upbringing, our family or our environment boxes us into. It's time we came to terms with it.

Now, this might not be that stumble into introspection that you asked for - but stick around.. it might be that one you need, that makes things just right ever so slightly - like that one comfortable position that lulls you to sleep after jostling on your mattress for those excruciating insomniac minutes..

Back to our point - our conflicts.. Why do we face those? What makes us constantly ignore the elephant in the room for that tiny mouse (or mice) that chases its way under the elephant's feet? Well the answer remains in that four letter word that many describe as indescribable - Love. In this case it might be the lack there of - let me put this in perspective for you - Imagine you're walking down a street, all by yourself and under the shelter of an umbrella on a cold, rainy night. The cold seeps it's insidious claws into your vulnerable skin and you suddenly get chills that numbs your mind and jerks you to your immediate surroundings - you become painfully aware of that one arctic raindrop that had escaped the downpour and is now sliding down the back of your neck - the toes of your shoes and therefore, your socks, are wet and the seam of your sleeve had gotten just damp enough for your hands to start feeling cold and uncomfortable - unbearable to some and unignorable to the rest. Apart from your physiological misgivings, your psychological persona feels it a reflection of that one sore spot in your mind that had been nagging you for some time now, that was triggered by an embarrassing moment at work or a trying and tiring fight with a loved one. Things start to feel bleak, like they're not on the incline to lighten, rather on a plain - stagnant and unforgivingly unchanged. But before this turns into a downward spiral, you take a breath - a deep one that sends a rush of air - filled with welcoming dewy freshness and a pleasant petrichor. This gives you a break in thought - a space that leaves you wondering - How did we get



into this in the first place. Then we go on and remember that everything at that moment sucked so hard. When did it get so tough? When did simple decisions turn into complex webs of emotions and consequential nightmares? When did loving something become so ... Incompatible to us?

It leaves you thinking - wondering - had you taken that one step towards what you really wanted to do at that one crucial point in life, had you fought, warred even , for it, would things have been better? Would you have been happier? You can't help but blame yourself for that slip in cognizance - but hey - stop. Take a moment to comprehend the consequent actions that took place. There might have been some (or a lot) of rough spots - spots that made you feel like you've fallen harder than you could ever, like you'd never get up again - but you did. You did! It's not just these tough times that define your life but also those happy times that it eventually strung out with. It takes courage to remember that it's okay to have misstepped - or that's what you thought, until you learn that it only takes simple love to turn things around.

You might really hate that you've gotten unignorablely wet in the rain and that your umbrella that was supposed to help you was dripping on you - but it gives you the chance to throw that umbrella away and drench yourself in that shimmery shower that douses your face with its pattering kisses. You spread your arms out and start feeling that childish happiness and that thrill of naughtiness that comes with getting drenched in the rain recklessly - but this was something you did to yourself. Sure the cleanup might be a pain but it eventually made you happy - hell it might've even made your day!

When you stop to look at the darkness that the blinds bring, you also notice the faint dashes of sunlight that escape its curtain. Maybe pondering gets one someplace worse than they were - but it is what brings one to conviction, that ultimately reminds one that their choices ahead define them - define them even better than what they let their previous choices make them look like. All it takes is one deep look at those abstract wall tiles that look like squiggles and lines to discover that baby sheep that was hiding inside clouds or that fleet of horses that gallop inside cottoncandy - looking mist.

All it takes is perspective to your pondering and a slight change in thought that makes you love your wars, making them pleasant kerfuffle rather than scuttled scuffles. So the next time your train of thought goes into Neverland - make sure it comes back filled with all the things that make you feel just a little bit better than you were before - for this is a slight tune towards a new, shiny, sparkling you that is a tad more optimistic than before.



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