

Infrequent Reality

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So Infrequently the reality of lost objects crowd upon me. I am possibly looking for something, though someone else may find it just a minute before I me, but I say nothing, I cannot deny someone else's expectation of finding that something. But my silences in between are awkwardly long, sluggishly slower. These are coincidences that serve as distractions from making a discovery that has taken me years to come upon it. Now that the thing is lost, am I going to be set free? Like a photograph falling out of a frame that had held it within its peripheries. I cannot pick it up and shove it back into that frame again, it is now something dated, not even an experiment worth safekeeping. I may keep it as a secret when something died in me though virtually, apparently everything around me seems so complete, whole, undivided. I have started to wear a mask of a kind, possibly a gold mask whose shimmer will easily hide my mutilated passions. I may wear an inscription that very few can decipher, because there are no witnesses who were aware of what I have been going through – torn, humiliated asunder for being a woman. Just that.

I shall not allow anyone to trudge over this site of my conflicting hieroglyphs, I cannot modify my past, nor can I interrogate them; they too are dead as a sheet of plastic gone awry at the edges that cannot foretell my future. I do not wish to exaggerate the intensity of those aberrations because each one is distinct, individual; second to none. Some of them are like mere fading sketches that I cannot define, they have probably degenerated into mere nothings by now, forgotten almost. Yet there exists a small window by my side that will give me

glimpses of those everything, like a beggar frequenting garbage heap looking for something valuable, reusable in them. I stand alone, among the ruins of my memories, waiting for the touch of a light to make me come alive again. Amen.