



REALIZATION

-Karthika Periyathambi

White smoke around May be this is Heaven
No angels I see to prove a paradise inbuilt
Maybe this is my safe hiding haven
Whatever be it, just amplifies my hidden guilt

When How Where am I... am I dead?
The more I stare, the more do these smoky clouds thicken
So many thoughts, even more fears in my head
Please God! Now not me abandon

"Question Not whether you are dead"

Boomed this voice right from behind me

"Question yourself WHAT is dead"

Who said this I still could not see

'Who are you? Why am I here?'

I shouted back with a confidence of mine rare

"What you see of me, am your reflection mere"

"Focus not on who but what you are & what not you are"

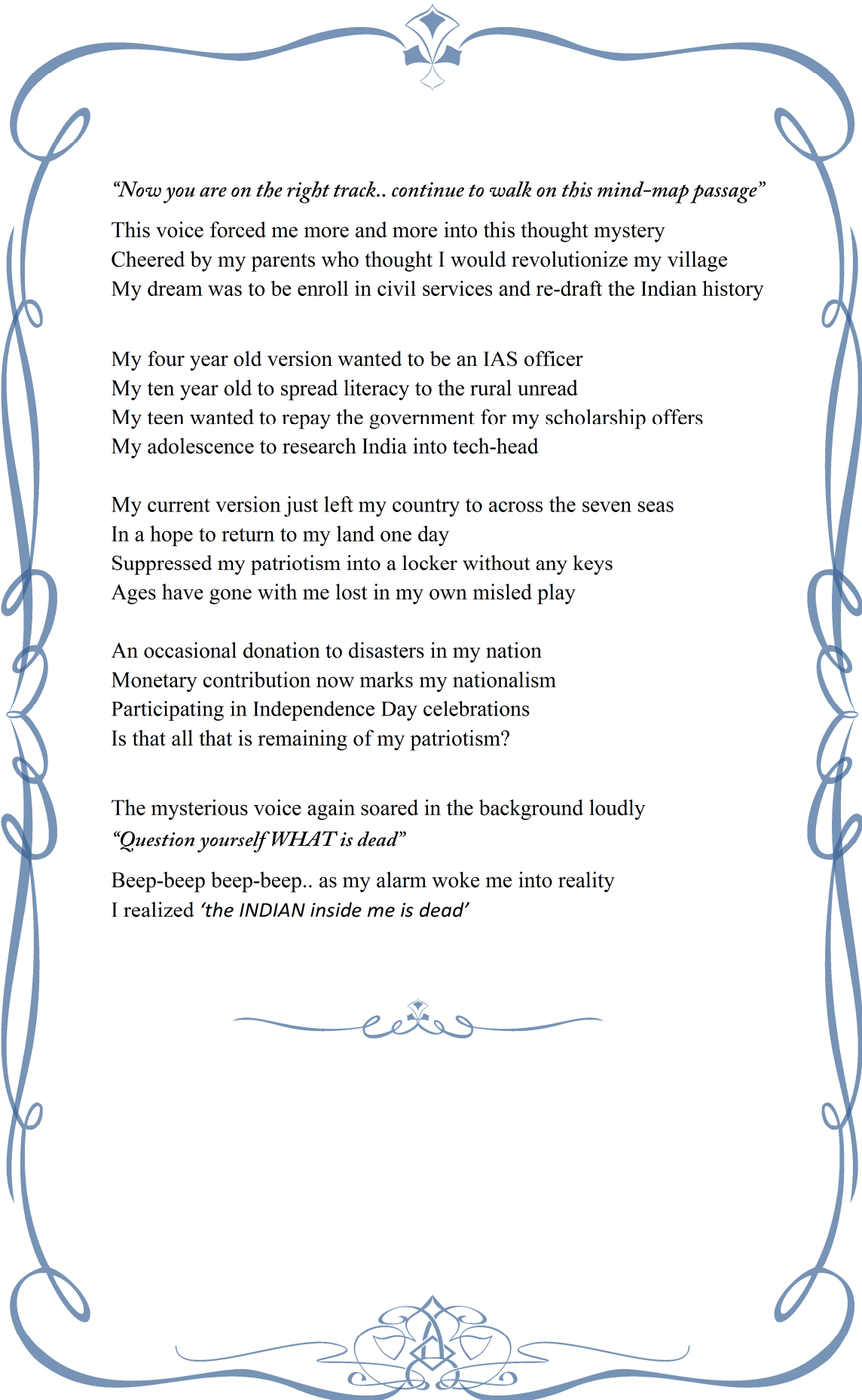
'Have I died? Are you my soul feigning a moral mask?'

I screamed back in hope to unravel this puzzle with a clue

"Time-slaughtering menial questions do not ask"

"I repeat I am inconspicuous.. question is are you too?"

No.. I am very important.. I thought to myself
I topped my school and ranked first in my nation
Not one scholarship or medal that escaped my shelf
Was always the top creamy layer of my generation



"Now you are on the right track.. continue to walk on this mind-map passage"

This voice forced me more and more into this thought mystery
Cheered by my parents who thought I would revolutionize my village
My dream was to be enroll in civil services and re-draft the Indian history

My four year old version wanted to be an IAS officer
My ten year old to spread literacy to the rural unread
My teen wanted to repay the government for my scholarship offers
My adolescence to research India into tech-head

My current version just left my country to across the seven seas
In a hope to return to my land one day
Suppressed my patriotism into a locker without any keys
Ages have gone with me lost in my own misled play

An occasional donation to disasters in my nation
Monetary contribution now marks my nationalism
Participating in Independence Day celebrations
Is that all that is remaining of my patriotism?

The mysterious voice again soared in the background loudly
"Question yourself WHAT is dead"

Beep-beep beep-beep.. as my alarm woke me into reality
I realized *'the INDIAN inside me is dead'*