

Dearest Lyle

Dearest Lyle,

I hope you are well, sitting on your bed in that noisy place, looking out at the sun setting into the distant rooftops. Maybe enjoying a small break in an otherwise busy day, with a fierce fight, again, with yourself. Your classes might have just finished – the boring math class, an almost interesting physics class and the uneventful, dangerously monotonous study hours.

You are probably hungry right now, and tired, waiting for mom or uncle to come see you, to share their presence in our life with you; or maybe you're thinking about him, coaxing those torrents of emotions into something that resembles hope; I don't know. There're just so many things. So many things.

I'm writing this to you today not because I have answers to your many questions or because I somehow learnt tricks and picked up tactics to get you through this phase of madness.

I'm writing this to you because I want to talk to you. Through all these years, all these experiences and all our differences. I want to sit there with you, maybe smile at you, look into those tired yet fierce eyes and talk. About anything. About everything. Maybe about the roommates you have, maybe about how you'd count every second of those 7 minutes our cousin said it would take him to get to you, maybe about the beauty of deuterium-tritium fusion. I want to sit with you and feel hope being washed away, feel that loneliness hurt with a physical pain. I want to put a hand on your shoulder as you stood there, firm, and fought back tears while you watched Amma walk away from you, through that black iron gate towards our family, leaving you wretchedly alone with yourself. I want to lie with you on that night, on the rooftop and think about calculating the earth's curvature. I want to wonder with you about the formation of heavy metals in stellar fusion processes, to feel the joy of not knowing, the beauty and mystery of it all. Or maybe we'd talk about those times when the color of the sky changed after the rain, to that fresh deep purple. I just want to sit and talk to you, listen to you; tell you things.

Through these phantasmagorical six years, I have learnt some things, done a few things and also figured out a few answers. Maybe I can help you see things in a slightly different way and tell you a few things too – like the existence of free will (life, too?) is a mathematical proof for the existence of infinite universes. (Yes, I know it is beautifully elegant).

You, right now are in the most important phase of our life. Its chaos, pain, guilt and suffering all around. I know you don't have any friends, that you

wouldn't talk about the pain you're going through to amma or dad when they call because you love them too much. I also know that you go to the bathroom during the break, turn the tap on and then cry so that no one will hear you. I know it in all its gruesome detail, in all its physicality.

But I know it from afar, not just from your perspective. I know this from six years of life distance – All this suffering, or any suffering ever for that sake, has no meaning. Just what you give it. We will learn to be okay with things that that dont always mean something. You cant search for meaning in futility, not everything happens for a good reason or end in gain – you need to make it so.

The important things in life always stay. one way or another. You need to respect that, dont take them for granted – honor them and build them now whenever you can so that they will be the ones to rebuild you later on when you need them to.

Dont make homes out of human beings. They're people, not places. Maybe inside of you, yes, that you can visit or sleep in when you're lonely or need company but not otherwise. If there's anything you cant do in life, its this – you cannot force someone to follow you in your madness and lust for life. Dont let others do that to you either.

Love, love whatever you can, as fiercely as you can. Gentleness can be fierce too. After all this beating, you might decide to turn your back against the beautiful things in life. Dont do that. Beauty or Love, rather, is a window to eternity, to all that that gives meaning to life, to everything thats larger than you. Dont go by what people say about it. love is always larger than life. The rest of the meaning to this line, I leave it to you to figure out.

Just as you give love, learn to receive it too. Any fool can give, but it takes grace to be able to receive. and that grace changes you, softens you, humbles you. You will have people who love you. honor them. Breathe them and their love in – their actions, words, presence – as deep as you can (as if it is mountain air), be vulnerable to it, feel its warmth inside you, let it fill up every cell in you and move you to tears. And when its time to exhale, do so with the same grace – you owe it that much.

Believe in greatness. Always do. There is never a thing small enough or trivial enough to not sustain a quality of greatness if you give it to them. and by all means, strive for it. Its always worth the effort – but remember, love it and all the effort disappears.

When you have the time, come talk to me again. It is important. To talk to yourself, to put things in perspective and to make peace with yourself and the past. All those moments I wished to be with you earlier – I was. I was there, every step, every moment of our life. Just that your screams from six

years afar are echoes to me which I can face, soothe, understand, unmask and show to you. It's always like that. No one knows you like I do. I carry as much of you inside of me like you do of me.

And that's about the only thing we always will.

Have a good night

Sasha Mackay