

## Content with silence.

It's been eight days since you last spoke to me. Your silence makes me want to write paragraphs to you filling every corner of a page turning the page into a letter. But I was too busy in finding my safe home in you that I didn't ask your address.

Last week I heard a boy jump off the cliff behind the old town temple, I kept thinking why? I guess when heart silently sink into a greater depth of despair humans sink beyond that cliff and rise above it to form blanket of stars.

Stars, the other day I was gazing at the stars with my grandmother from our roof terrace and I saw devotion in her eyes as she looked at them as if they were some kind of God. But for me stars are just like mortals struggling to keep up the light trying too hard to look beautifully bright to their lovers on earth like me. They deserve eyes gazing them with the fire of passion and admiration not faith and devotion. But again that's my perception.

Perception, there is no other word as varied and relative as perception, last week my friend proposed the guy she loved with a rose and a while later the guy walked past me dropping the rose in the corner of the road.

It's been exactly six days since, all I hear is her silence. Today I found the rose all dried up in the street, lying silently rejected. I picked it up and kept it between the pages of some romantic novel. If you ask me in my perception dried roses should be the symbol of love instead of those fresh red ones because they stay without any care without any effort without dripping water just as effortlessly as love stays.

Stay, my silent eyes beg you, people come and go in our lives but separation is something I have never been good at. I had always dreamt of having a perfect life partner with broad shoulders where I could lean on to hide my face silently from the difficult world, like the heroine does in the Sunday afternoon movies. But, the real story happens when the protagonist leaves to love and after a year love to leave the one they loved. To me in every relationship it's between this change that true love resides silently.

Silently sitting at the station yesterday I saw the driver change the engine of a train. The old engine left the platform without a whistle, without being noticed, easily replaced.

When the fire burning in your eyes have died of the damp and that in your heart has gone cold like the metal engine, I guess that's when you should leave silently. For what good ever came to a lonely person telling the crowd of his loneliness. For what good ever came to leave with all that noise and attention behind.

Your silent farewell taught me to be content with silence.