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Journey to Eternity

Dr. Vandana Singh

The question goes on and on in my mind, repetitive like a chant in the Temple: Why was I born? What was the purpose and why should I go through so much just to exist and keep on enduring pain? Life was easier as a child. I was the Princess around whom the world revolved. I am transforming. The World around is changing. People are becoming smarter while I exist in my world of innocence. Everyone is good, no doubt. When will the world turn this ideology upside down? Very soon the realistic world would barge in my world of Dreams. And lo, behold...Time is around the corner. Incidents catapult my world around tossing me like a lifeless toy on the waves of realism. Nothing Matters...Relations are more like cheating me out. It seems to say...Now you enter the world of Realism!! See the world...understand relations...Now is the Time to learn to handle yourself with maturity in this world of people who are on a lookout for innocent lambs!! Ahhh...Wordsworth or Blake...Song of Innocence has to transform into Songs of Experience. Nature has its own methods of teaching the realities of the World!! I sit in trance watching my world fall apart!!

I am a slow Learner and forget my Lessons very fast...I think therefore Nature has been patient in the process to mete out its lessons for me to learn. Yet I walk the world as if the path is strewn with flowers and forget that thorns are also there to bear. Why could I have not remained a child?? My heart cries out but there is no one to listen!! Or is there someone out there? Someone who can hold my hand in all the difficult situations. I come out of my reverie as I hear footsteps approaching my solitary corner under the mango Tree—"Amaya, where are you? I am here Ma. "Amaya, What are you doing? Nothing Mother, just trying to listen to the music and reading a book. "Can you just go the market and get the things for the ceremony tomorrow? Mamma, Now? Will go in the evening. Child, you very well know that I get restless as this ceremony nears and I wish you could get the things so that I can think about other things. Ok, Fine will go. But why is it that all the time you keep pestering me and not let me live in peace. "Love, I would have gone to the market myself if I could but you know that I am unable to manage it now."

My frustrations sometimes finds outlet and expresses itself in the strangest ways.

Well, it's is more like a distraction which would take my mind off my problems. It was my decision to look after my parents but I had also dreamt of getting married to a man of my choice.

I prayed and kept fast but each time it was like nature meted out a lesson. I wanted a customized man as per my dreams, never realizing that God answered my prayers everytime but I did not respond. So whose fault was it? Age was something which could not be locked in a locker. People pointed out facts which hurt. I became more pensive as years passed....Relaxation came with a job which was cherished. Never understood that the journey to eternity would be laughing at me with irony as I struggled to reconcile with life on daily basis.