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## Return Home

Disha Dinesh Sahni

Brian,

I did hail you; about nine and a ninety times; all the while I breathed, I slept, I blinked, I sobbed. I hail you: still.

The state of disrepair, ruin or whatsoever you may call may be dilapidation is the one I breathe in, after seeing the diffident you with her on the internet.

Since then there's a diminution in my voice, but the feet of my thoughts went sickened.

Drenching me with the waters; by which once, we used to nourish our togetherness is the only solace I am left with.

In the remote corner of my balcony, other than turning here and then there, recapping those meetings, spent at the door, and near that Basil plant and that peep against the mullion- I am left with no other purpose.

In retrospect, that once I never ever imagined or thought of in the dregs of my dreams that someday I'd love you; I also do realise that never even in reality I prayed this dejection.

As far as sleeps are concerned, you may take into account; that it is the only duration I do not weep in.

I have been retiring everybody around; perhaps making them think rude about me. I know not why this friction entertains me. May be because it seems as an act of retaliation.

I digressed all this while. I made a choice to write to you, perhaps to let you know that I would not be able to take this degree of despair for a length of time, which seems forever. Retardation, derangement or any such word will then be describing the situation.

Come to see me then, with a rough terrain of your tentative eyes. Do not look deep, else you will weep.

Do all, but never worry. Never will I sit idle; nor will I shake hands with moribund. Under the same roof of a vast sky, I will think of the most perfect gift for our tercentenary.

Isabella.

"Oh Darling! Oh my Isabella!" he uttered after reading this letter from the desk of the one, who would write no more. Dangerously nervous, restive, very poignant and extremely debilitating; leaning against a low protective wall, along the edge of the balcony, in front of which, her picture smiled radiant. He wished he could reach inside death and search her thoroughly. "What you are here for when the night has passed away? For what do you pretend to light lamps or lower the curve of your lips dipped in lies? You morally corrupt, malinger! Do not dare utter her name. Let her REST IN PEACE. At least." Screamed the old woman; resonant with lachrymal eyes who had been with the maiden in her last days. She also spoke about the desire of the late lady Isabella to never return to this world, and this be her final departure.

Isabella found her unrequited Brian in every single design of the universe. Joining the initials of his name in the empyrean and gazing at the spumes in the skies. She found him

everywhere. Radiant, tall, extraordinarily beautiful with diamond studded eyes and scarlet red lips, with cheeks coral and ivy textured skin. She treads like Goddesses in heaven, with a profound heart replete with love. Her smile had been the only jewel on her skin. Whereas Brian, an inch taller, dark skinned, irrational, prone to personality changes and impaired reasoning was her love. They were amongst the few realities that should never have been in existence. Isabella and her feelings were carved and she bled not only in vested interests but also the purpose of her existence had been vulnerably exploited by Brian. Still, she loved him while she slept and even while she woke up. Brian not only questioned her state of love but in spite of himself practising infidelity, criticised her. She made a choice to write herself out in lengthy letters, which she never sent, as she believed that 'Letters lose their meanings, if posted.' She was merely a remembrance, from the day he left.

While the rituals were going on, Brian realised once more, that she could be seen no more- no more can he shut her voluble lips- no more he can stanch her from going away; As the same old woman came to him, looked deep into his drenched eyes and spoke with pain and grief in her voice, "You were merely a tamed animal, who regurgitated the word out of her mouth (of love)."

Brian left the domicile fidgeting, with a piece of writing that is accounted as the last one from the frail fingers of the lost maiden. She wrote, "Do not call me Desdemona; for suspicion and infidelity is not all I was accused of. I was accused of my plainness and simplicity; and that my lips are red, but they know not how to make a kiss too brave; and that even if I had feelings, I express too plain. Do not call me Desdemona."

Mrs. Kahlo, the old woman was left with the remains of Isabella in the lonesome house, where once she danced swiftly and sang smoothly. Years went hence, the hair of the old woman shone a brighter white but her eyes always searched for the missing lady. The fact that Isabella is now sequestered in the deepest forests of death was a pain to her. She never forgot the derangement Isabella had suffered from and wished a better life after death for her.

On Sunday, while she treaded towards a church, a fine young little girl always caught her glimpse. The girl always delimited herself within the boundaries of a small, tranquil and secluded house, with very few neighbours. Her tresses shone in Sun like threads of gold and her limbs moved swiftly and she sang smoothly within the demarcation of her garden area. There seemed nobody around, and Mrs. Kahlo decided to go near her. She felt jubilant and experienced a kind of uncanny belonging for absolutely no reason.

Mrs. Kahlo spoke to her, "You fine lady, can I join you there? I would love to make those crowns of beads and flowers along with you. You look so pretty." Although reluctant, the girl came nearer and spoke with confident eyes, "I am Bella. Daughter of Brian. He loves me a lot. I have twelve dresses all pink in colour, not because I like pink but he does. And that shows I love him too. What are you here for?"

Mrs. Kahlo, awestruck by the play of destiny, returned to past and sort of lived it again. She took the child in her arms and cried as hard as she could, as if she could never again. She kissed Bella a thousand times and Bella stood in nothingness. Mrs. Kahlo befriended her and started coming quite often. Her dad knew about this. Once Bella took her in, in order to show some of her new dolls her dad had brought for her.

While Bella was busy searching for the items, Mrs. Kahlo's weak eyesight, onerously read from her writing desk. Yes, it was a letter again, which spoke, "Return home, Dad. Else, each moment you will spend in disgust and wine will take you closer to the moribund of what we call essence of ourselves. For what God loves you. Even if love was a riddle, and you were a sphinx, I fear you not. Return home."

Mrs. Kahlo enquired Bella whether she shows these letters to Brian, or posts them somewhere? Bella replied, looking high up in her eyes with intensity of candelas, "Letters lose their meanings, if posted, Mrs. Kahlo."