



Unsaid

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Review Copy
(Not for circulation)

Unsaid

Some tease, provoke, entice
Some run away, some hide.
A memoir of my thoughts...
The ones that I could catch.

Asmita Rajiv

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To Rajiv

However high my dreams may take me, my soul always returns home to you. You are the strength behind my quest to take my flight higher and my roots deeper.

To everyone

Who were an inspiration for my paintings, prose and poetry. Who lent me their eyes and heart so that I could see and feel the world in a million different hues.

Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath away.

Maya Angelou

Indeed. So beautifully and simply captured and yet so difficult to pursue. We are so pre-occupied by the monotony of our daily existence, that often the moments that take our breath away are perhaps the ones where we are actually holding our breath owing to some anxiety. Where then, is the time to pause and smell the proverbial roses? Where then, is the time to be grateful even for the breaths that we inhale?

As we live our lives in this rigmarole, the constant jolt of our thoughts and emotions to our senses leaves us even more overwhelmed. So much so that the only easy way out is to shove these thoughts and emotions under the carpet of our minds and to deal with them later or perhaps never.

But we forget that these thoughts are still inside our minds. We forget that by ignoring them constantly, we are only making them more desperate to be heard and felt; by looking the other way, we are perhaps also looking away from some of the gems of wisdom and learning that our mind churned out for us.

What if, when the next time these gems come knocking, we open the door and let them in. What if, instead of ignoring them, we acknowledge their presence and gather courage, patience, and compassion, to look them in the eyes as an expression of how we have been living, thinking, and growing as individuals. What if, the chronicle of these thoughts and emotions becomes an evolving memoir of our ongoing evolution as an individual.

Some may dismiss this as a bothersome exercise; but me, I write.

‘Unsaid’ is an account of my conversations with my mind, in no particular order of time. Some of these thoughts were initiated as a result of my own personal

experiences and struggles, while many of these thoughts crossed my path during my interactions and observations of other individuals around me.

No matter the origin, they surely helped me understand myself and others a little bit better. They helped me make sense of the different ethos that makes different people react differently to the same situation.

Some of these thoughts are only a line or two long, but despite their brevity, they articulate their essence with surprising clarity.

Our modern lives, with their encompassing triumphs and trepidations, have ascertained at least this much, that no matter which corner of the globe we may reside in, which classification of social existence we may be assigned to, as we navigate our lives to fulfil our aspirations, the most difficult battles are the ones that are fought inside the labyrinth of our minds.

By penning down these thoughts, it is my effort to share with you some of the understanding that I could garner, that helped me make a little more sense of the numerous strings of life that pull us in different directions, and influence our behaviour. In no way am I trying to impart any kind of wisdom or have any false notion that I know the answers. On the contrary, I know with certainty that I am a long way from having the answers. I offer this book as a memoir of my own learnings and realizations with a hope that maybe these thoughts will speak to you in the same way they spoke to me. And however sketchy or incomplete these learnings may be, I offer them with complete humility and gratitude.

If you could take a few moments to hold these thoughts, embrace them, feel them, and reflect upon them, maybe you would find your own unique interpretation coily hidden in these words. Maybe they will trigger your thoughts to appear before you in a never-before seen *avatar*. Maybe some of these words will gift you your eureka moment as they did for me.

*As I opened my eyes to the world that I knew
The echoes of my voice, as clear as morning dew*

*The words that I spoke
Since I thought I made sense
From the time I became me
Till right now, in my present*

*These words that I hear
I would like to share with you
'Cause the echo of my world
May resonate with yours too.*

I hope they will. I know they will.

Yours truly,
Asmita



My company
my thoughts
my silences ...

Sometimes
that's all
I need

Closed eyes

Speak to me, he whispered in my ears
Share your words, however few
Does your heart, beat for mine?
Can you hear mine, beating for you?

Speak to me, I whispered in return
What we have, is that enough ?
Will it last when the sun goes down
Will it fade when the rays fall tough?

And as we spoke to soothe the aches
A meagre few words reached the other
Some got lost in the crowd of noises
Others fell prey to the filter between ears

But when the eyelids draped the vision
Surrounding quietness gathered around
Our hearts then covered a million miles
And finally, we heard their beating sound

Fact or Fiction?

The mind is our personal realm of wizardry, where we not only close our eyes to reality and call it an illusion, but also weave our favourite stories and believe them to be the reality. The more adept we get at this sorcery, the harder it gets for us to distinguish between what is a fact and what is our interpretation of it. Our inner world becomes a cloak of so many self-conceived truths that it conceals who we truly are, not just from the world, but also from our own selves.

Our vivid stories give birth to a false self that we present to the world as the real us. Every time we cover our eyes with a patch of a new story, we begin to see the illusion of ourselves that we created for others. Slowly, we start losing sight of the real us. So enamoured are we by the beauty of our patches, that we forget, however colourful they may be, they still blind our vision.

Having the courage to love,
even when we know
that it'll be short-lived,
is perhaps
one of the greatest wounds
and the greatest healing
we can gift to our heart.



Pain that sings

From pain and sadness come the most beautiful, soulful, and meaningful words.

That may be because, in the moments of happiness, we are so engulfed in enjoying the emotion at a peripheral level, that we forget to dive into the depth of its roots.

Pain and sadness, on the other hand, do not give us a choice. They pull us right from our core and throw us into their alchemy, till the time every iota of our being is drenched in them.

And then, when the words come out, they create soulful poetry.



Sometimes being unreasonable
is the only reasonable alternative left,
to fight for something that's worth fighting for.

Diving Deep

Often many do not dive deep into a relationship for fear of getting their hopes and hearts broken. But the question is not whether that may or may not happen, because it most likely will.

The question is, whether despite that, is it still a worthwhile journey to pursue? The question is when we keep a broken heart and a fulfilled heart on the opposite sides, which way will the balance tilt.

To discover the beauty that lies in the ocean's depth, we have to let go of the safety of staying afloat. Diving deep doesn't always mean sinking, it just means we need to learn to swim better.

One of the biggest disservice
we do to ourselves,
is to continue
cradling denial.



The Autumn Leaf

Once upon a time
There was a me

Wandering about in stupor
Through some lit and unlit gashes
Between shiny and duller patches
Minding my own business
Finding my own bearings
Treading as taught and learnt
On wavy mounds of greenery

And like always
I played my favourite game of hopscotch
The hopscotch of my life

cont.

And as I bent to pick up my pebble
I saw the fallen autumn leaf
There, it lay...

Quivering yet unafraid
Completely devoid of any shame

For the leaf knew, that its okay
To rest when fallen down
To surrender to the meaning found
To let the earth embrace its pain
'cause in healing there is no shame

When I turned the leaf over
I found my face smiling back at me
And just like that on that autumn day
I found a piece of my broken me.

As an idea began to take shape in my mind, all that was required of me was to make space for it. For who was I, to come in the way of something brave enough to show it's incompleteness with complete nonchalance.



The Safety Net

To get past the fear, one must believe in something more significant, more reliable, and more powerful than the fear itself. For most, it is God.

For me, as I was about to dive down from 15,000 feet above the ground, what gave me a real sense of faith and comfort, was the miracle of engineering. It not only made the seemingly impossible, possible, but also safe enough for my hesitating mind to bow down to gravity against its wishes. Not to say that science is more magnanimous than the Almighty. But at that moment, science felt more tangible, something that I could touch and feel to ward off my fear.

On that beautiful September morning, science was the safety net ready to catch my fear as I dived down to take that leap of faith.

Too Honest

There's no such thing as 'being too honest.' Honesty is just *'plain vanilla'* honesty. It is how honesty is delivered, and how it is received, that changes its flavour from vanilla to *'bitter cocoa'* or *'sweet cookie dough'*.

If the speaker takes care to be honest without being inconsiderate, and if the receiver takes care to listen without weaving stories, then honesty can be given and taken honestly.

Ice cream anyone?



Our actions are often in the ‘mute’ mode.
We need to significantly increase their volume
to make them louder than our words.

With all my gratitude, I thank you for reading the pages that came before this. You may have disagreed with some of my thoughts resolutely, and with some, perhaps found an equally strong sense of cerebral déjà vu. Some lines may have created ripples in your heart, while some verses may have given your thoughts a silent company.

If any of that happened, my thoughts indeed spoke to yours, and they thank you for being heard.

If you would like to read the rest of my book, please click on the link below to order your copy from Amazon.

I wish you a joyful and fulfilled life.

Yours truly,
Asmita

Amazon US: <https://amzn.to/2H31HMq>

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