

“You did it ever so softly; I didn’t even know when I died in your arms. Then I was reborn like a Phoenix. There you were standing in front of me. Shimmering, radiating light, influencing the air around you to move in circles. I felt your breath on my fevered brow .It kissed my soul and then left for a sojourn into the wilderness. Your lips parted and said something in slow motion. I didn’t hear it, I just heard my heartbeat pinching me and asking my mind to stay alive. I fell down on the soft, grassy ground.....paralyzed. I writhed in pain, screamed, convulsed.... but you were there laughing, enjoying every moment of your glory. Then I saw your soul fill up with compassion ....it overflowed. The drops fell on my face. I drank them. Supreme ecstasy, divine pleasure, I had them all. I floated to reach your bosom, bent down and kissed your navel. Just for a moment you closed your eyes, and then the eyelids opened to reveal the orbs of fire...it burnt my ego. I was standing naked, overwhelmed with the shame of being defeated.”

She annihilated the demon within me. I saw him dying a pathetic death at her feet. Then in her eyes I saw an innocent little boy with angelic looks, free from all vices and earthy sins, pure in heart and soul, oblivious to pain and suffering. I knew that boy. He, who cried when his puppy died, who enjoyed to bathe in the morning sunshine of early spring ; covered his face and body in mud, deeply immersed in the marbles which he held prized in his tiny fingers; kissed the neighbour’s daughter, made her cry, then ran wildly to home and threw himself in his mother’s lap and feigned illness . I had seen that boy die years ago, choked to death by the thick haze of this material world. But now he was alive again.... Smiling. I threw myself in her arms...she held my limp body, caressing it. Then tears flowed, it soaked her dress, but she didn’t complain .The fragrance which emanated was the one which the earth produces after being mingled with the first summer rain. It overwhelmed my senses. I couldn’t stop crying.... I couldn’t breathe....

The foliage rustled with streaks of wild wind and quietened me down. It played a perfect mother. I lay still.... listening to the concert by my breath, my heart, the wind, the leaves and orchestrated by her love.

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