**Of Loss**

For many years I have refrained from writing about loss,

Because writing about something makes it absolute in a weird way.

I treat my heartbreaks much like I treat my failing investments in the share market; I do not “book” the loss. For once it is book-ed, it remains.

Yet going through my accounts today, I find that there are defeats that if unacknowledged, keep lingering and hurt more.

There is a loss of home, for some it is a building and it’s four walls.

For others, it is a person, a city, a big wheel by the sea and some wild flowers.

Irrespective, it is a loss of refuge. Losing where one runs to when the entire world comes crashing down.

This loss hits and crumbles you from within and does not leave an external mark.

So, like a cruel joke of fate, you walk around looking just fine while only you can hear the hollow ring in your laughter.

Then there is a loss of ideology, a loss of the world and the ideas you believed in.

Deep seated evils that you saw and thought you could uproot one day.

Discriminations in the society, deprivation, suffering and poverty of things and of mind.

And in the careless years of your youth, you thought you would be the answer to all those outstretched arms that go unnoticed everyday and yet hold out in hope.

Suddenly it hits you that you will never be able to help them. You are just as useless as everyone else.

Lastly and most cruelly, there is a loss of self.

You stand silently, on a dark terrace, all alone and realize that you cannot be the carefree person that you were a year back.

You are forced to acknowledge that you are probably not as good as you thought and there are tons of questions that you don’t have answers to, but you were supposed to.

A streak of lightning strikes the familiar horizon of your childhood and you find that you have aged, in body and in mind.

-Anamika (9/5/2021)