Introducing Blasphemous

Blasphemous Aesthete!

A perfectionist, who has never done anything perfect yet! Even during the nine months that he spent inside his mother, he was busy experimenting with different angles of entry into this world. Eventually, he ended up in coiling up the umbilical chord around the neck. The immediate outcome was the distortion in one ear’s shape, which slightly elongated in the straightening out from the curl.

Blessed by a brain that took motivation and praises as fuel, he understood only when taught with soft words and appreciation. One slap out of the blue and it washed away every bit of information he possessed with the tears he tried not to show. Fortunately, his mother understood this quite early, when he learnt to write the number ‘3’.

It was the lust to reach to the next level, to do everything to perfection drove him. Not a very bright student, let’s say, an upper mediocre. Brought up in a small hilly town, his parents brought him all luxuries that they thought appropriate. Teachers helped him indulge in extracurricular activities. He obliged, performed satisfactorily well. Acted, danced, recited, mimicked, sang, orated, debated, studied and managed a good score in every field.

Cheated, only to realize its vanity and decided to avoid it. Tuned to the theories of discipline, he found it hard to make many friends matching his type. Circles shrank, and the walls grew taller.

He started to find sophistication in simplicity and sobriety. School changed, and so did he. Face had always been bestowed with a stern look since the very beginning; it was only the exposure to the new environment that it now started to show. Reticent is what he might have described himself to strangers. Made new friends, better than the older ones and it was only them who knew him more than other fellow mates. Others might have described him as ungettable or introvert.

Introvert or extrovert, but reserved for sure. Some might have admired him, some might have loathed. His fury went down in debates and declamations, and he grew better. But there was always an urge, which always left him wanting. Failed many times to hit the mark, and still believes to have disappointed everyone who expected something of him.

Examinations, whether good or bad, when asked, he answered, “It was OK”. Nothing more, nothing less, for he was frustrated of his own people expecting of him and his always failing at the cost crucial moments. Just wanted to tell them, “Would you stop expecting from me? That won’t disappoint you with whatever I manage to pull out.” Felt that it was only his right to expect something high of himself, and no one else. Though he also acknowledged the futility of this thought coz he knew he was wrong.

Insecurities, who doesn’t have some? Some feel insecure when left on their own, some fear failing, some fear falling. Well, perfectionist he might be, he isn’t perfect. Frail mind, craving heart, butterflies of first experience, fear of being rejected, he has it all. He has insecurities that you might think more ridiculous than your own fears. But then, he has a watchdog! A stern mind that keeps in check all the surges of momentary emotions. Talk of Love at first site, he is a strong non believer. Infatuation, happens. It will happen till blood has warmth. But it is short lived. ‘Out of Sight, Out of mind’, a very simple principle followed religiously.

He loves to see the world smiling, especially the tender world. He likes it better if he contributes to the smiles.