*She keeps the secrets in her eyes  
She wraps the truth inside her lies  
Just when I can't take what she's done to me  
She comes to me and leads me back to paradise  
She's so hard to hold but I can't let go  
I'm a house of cards in a hurricane  
A reckless ride in the pouring rain  
She cuts me and the pain is all I wanna feel  
She'll dance away just like a child  
She drives me crazy, drives me wild  
But I'm helpless when she smiles*

*~Back Street Boys*

There will be no introductions, there will be no names. Let a single word stand up to the whole ensemble of the myriad plethora of them. Let the word be ‘She’, let this be for ‘Her’, and if it is you, then let it be for ‘You’. Is She my friend? Probably not. Do I know Her, no I don’t think so. Does She know me, most probably, not. Hence I take the liberty to talk today.

This is for Her who puts up a brave face. Not because She is happy, but because She dumps Her negativity in some places at night, or before the next day begins. Some places She calls, ‘Her Blog’ or ‘Her Diary’. If you sift through those pages, there is no pleasure, no signs of it in the present at least. You might find some smiles in the distant past, but even during the penning of that past, the past’s past contained happiness, and that past contained only negativity. Be it yesterday, today or tomorrow, she’ll always talk of the past. Why, because happiness was expended throughout the day and negativity never found a way out, so the ‘Her Blog’ is basically a trash can. And why do we, the people flock there? Because Her love is a symphony even when the strings air only melancholy. This is for Her, because She dumps Her negativity there, and never cares to look at its aftermath. There, Her negativity is incinerated into ashes, which many readers carry along unconsciously, the part they have had a share in or felt touched.

This is for Her who wants to grow up and rewind in the same thought and breath. Not that She is the only one, but because She pouts more thinking of what She has not, which is very small than what She has. I know Her and I don’t know Her, sometimes it is frustrating. She’s a darling to many and She can’t take it, why? Because She thinks this is what people do to other weak people, because they are weak and need support. Gosh, She has a high head! She wants to be loved, in secret. She wants to love secretly. She likes dangling between the uncertainty and the surety, like plucking the petals of a flower one by one, ‘He loves me’, ‘He loves me not’. Oh, look at Her smile when ‘He loves her’ and look at the hope with which She picks up another flower when ‘He loves her not’. To Her, because She is confused but hopeful nevertheless. Girl, there will always be a jerk, (I’ll call him so for making you wait even if he were a ‘arte de perfecto’) who won’t be that weak in the knees, who might hesitate to say those three words to you, just don’t cry when he really does, he wants to see you smile, the way you do when ‘He loves you’.

This is for the girl, who laughs a lot. Not because You have a lot of friends and what they mean to You, but because of what You mean to them. Your ever lasting smiles make You an easy choice to be friends with, and You being a constant chatterbox ensure an engaged company. But girl look out if Your smiles are being taken in the wrong sense as are taken too often. Beware that Your ease to befriend be taken as desperation by many, too easy for them, too naive. They speak both high and low of you. And when they do, I sincerely wish that You find someone for once (and let that once be forever), who’ll look beyond that smile, into You. The world might be crippled with degraded thinking of misusing God gifts, but it isn’t devoid of good people either. Don’t trust too easily, wolves dressed as sheep run amok. Don’t let Your smile be defiled and devastated by the infidels who are just waiting in the shadows, bidding on your benevolence that You’ll just run right into their lair. This is for you.

*I've heard bad things about the city and i'm told that they're true,  
Better watch out for those guys out there they're gonna hit on you,  
So don't talk to no strangers - no it ain't your style,  
Don't give up when the chips are down - just turn around and smile.*

*~Bryan Adams*

And this is for Her, who doesn’t know what it is, this place, to me. I just might set this place on fire someday, so that it remains untouched, unharmed, in peace.

*I ain't lookin' for prayers or pity   
I ain't comin' 'round searchin' for a crutch   
I just want someone to talk to   
And a little of that human touch*

*~Bruce Springsteen*

P.S.: Maybe I would write of more ‘Her’ and more ‘You’ and more ‘She’, but not today, not now.

P.P.S: Do take the liberty to use a ‘He’, ‘His’, ‘Him’ if you want to, the ensemble comprises of him too.