

Au revoir Sheetal

July 8, 2018

*Hey there Delilah
What's it like in New York City?
I'm a thousand miles away
But, girl, tonight you look so pretty.*

Life is unfair. Let me start this letter by saying this. We met, became good friends, came close, shared countless memories, spent 3 years together supporting and lifting each other from the depths of adversities. We smiled together, laughed together, cried together, whined about life together. We won together. It was almost as if I carried my charm with me. **Today's the day my charm is heading towards a new life, officially away from me.**

*And then suddenly the wind blows
Swift breeze, cold ambience
Never seen before
I turn around,
And I see you coming
So elegant, profound
One of a kind
This heart starts humming
Perfection, is that your name?*

I thank God for giving us the right direction, always. The path in that direction though, the one I usually traverse has an endless number of rocks occluding my vision further ahead. We work to push them aside. Often times, the same path surprises you with a beautiful flower. Just one. It's in our good fortune if we can notice it, and in our bad luck if we don't. I noticed you. And boy what a day it was. And what all these days have been. **Let me go back in time if I may and live those moments again.**

*What if I tell you,
I have nothing left to say
What if I hold you,
And never let you go away
What if I ask you,
The question I'll never ask
And what if I don't ask you to leave
As it's the most difficult task?*

We were still kids when we fell in love. Not knowing what it was. I admired you as the female who I knew is going to affect me like no one ever could (except for Mummy, of course). I got entangled with you. Life has just gotten better post the day you started entertaining me. I loved Android and everything related to it, except for the fact that it involved Java. You came, and turned it around. Remember how we spent 3 hours talking through the night before our OOPM exam? **Simple, pure, unadulterated conversations.**

*The dawn approaches,
The light is all set to rest,
Our nightingale is tired,
Tucked cozily back in her nest,
As safe as our memories,
In this thumping chest.*

Curiosity drives my being. I got to know you further, and the revelations put me in awe till date. How a simple woman with a undeservingly scary past, smiled no matter how bad it gets, can strike a chord with me. I wrote my first paper, however insignificant, after getting inspired by you. And then another. And then another. You became a part of something with me that the whole world can see and will never die. If this isn't making memories, I don't know what is. Studying with you. Eating with you. Fighting for the last bite of Mysore masala dosa with you. Winning competitions with you. Killing it in awesome projects with you. **Living life a little better, each day, with you.**

*I'll wait here, for you, till the end of time
I'll keep writing for you,
For it is the loveliest crime.
We'll show the world,
How beautiful life can be
When I am with you, and you, with me.
I wish, I just wish,
You could be with me.*

The IVs. A special time at the end of each year where we forget what worries are and just sign ourselves up for getting beautifully screwed. Traveling with you has been a privilege. No seriously, a male is almost always on the watch to ensure the female he is accompanying is feeling comfortable. And this teaches us a lot of things. We were of the opinion that serenity is almost always far away from our pre-programmed lives. **Looking back, I can say, my serenity used to walk with me every day.**

*I made a promise, of not letting it go.
But a promise needs to be accepted as well.
For if not, it'll hang like those chimes at our door.
Purposeless, dead, until the wind blows.*

*The wind has blown already,
Although a bit too fast.
Making me skip a sleep today*

The birthdays. The gifts. The treasure trove of memories you gifted me in the form of a slam book. You've already simplified life to a large extent. 'Walking down the memory lane' is also effortless now. Open the book and get lost into what I'd consider the most precious birthday gift a male can ever receive. Or at least a male like me. **And I had to make sure I get it with me over here in Bloomington.**

*Har nayi mannmani uski, sadiyo purani lage
Har zidd puri karneki ek zidd,
Har zidd se sayani lage.
Duniya ki kitabein chod, us kitaab ko padha maine.
Khudse bhi zyada,
Khuda se bhi zyada.*

Part of the reason why I don't care as much about pain anymore is your caressing. I hope I'm not blowing it up while saying this. The aura you have carried when I'm around is the only medicine I would've asked for. I don't care if I'm able to take my medicines here or not. The moment you text, the moment you ask if I'm okay, I'm the best version of myself (at least until the moment I'm reminded of the assignments). **Sitting here, I wish for the best of your health.**

*Your head resting on my shoulder, so flawless
Your smile to each of my replies, no hics
Your relentless efforts,
to make me come down on soil again,
Don't you think its a miraculous fix?*

Life is full of coincidences. While I'm writing this, my friends here are discussing how would they define a soulmate. They're all mature enough to not discuss physical attributes and stuck to 'having a drive to progress, motivated, street smart' and so on. But boy they haven't seen you. Anyway, not everyone gets to watch a living diamond shine bright each day right? I'm glad I'm an exception. **Sitting here, I wish I could be there, to see the diamond soar through a new sky.**

*The sea was but calm,
The blue that couldn't be,
Any more pure.
It was raining blood,*

*And he suffered in pain
But her sea was his ultimate cure.*

The last semester was tough. I was hit with everything bad that could hit me. I cried before sleeping often wondering what have I even achieved if I won't be fulfilling the dreams. Forget getting admitted, the money I was saving for an application eventually found its way in my treatment. It was tough Sheetal. I swear to God it was tough. The place where I sat with my hands up folded, mind crying internally with its current state, and heart throbbing as fast as it can as it sees a needle puncturing my ribs its way through - a nightmare I never deserved. The decisions I made while going through that phase had thorough reasoning to back them. You can't, and shouldn't forgive me. All I knew was, she doesn't deserve all of this. And this is not what she should be concerned further ahead. I carried the flower too far and I didn't want it to die. Allow me to plant it back, for it can keep growing, flourishing, smiling, independent and happy. **My pride, my prestige, you're second to none.**

*What we carry along with us
Each day, every dream
Becomes a part of our being, our soul
And what we pray.
It may not be that crucial,
To make all those fancy dreams come true.
But let me find myself today
Lost, and lost in you.*

Your future. You're the sole master of everything coming your way. Own it. Believe in yourself, and believe in the belief I put in you on October 30th, 2016. You have exactly 3 more days of maturity than what I have. Stay sharp. Distractions will come your way in the opposite direction of progress, but don't get carried along. And finally, stay who you are. The most beautiful sight is achieved after the hardest climb. **So work smart, with a heart. Our climb has just begun.**

*Do you still remember?
What made me so dizzy every day?
One hope, you'd show up again,
Keeping an eye, until the day ends,
And mend those pieces, it has broken in me,
You'd come and swiftly, unknowingly,
Take those pieces away.
Do you still remember?*

God bless us all for the choices we make. Good, bad, irrelevant - all of them have led us to where we are today. Imagine the permutations and combinations possible, and then think of the chance of us crossing each other's lives. Even if it is for the numerous mistakes that I made, do forgive

me. Because I'm proud of them all, as each mistake led me a step closer to you. **I'll sit here and cherish each mistake. If it has happened once, it will happen again very soon.**

*When the night seems dark
And you feel all alone
When no one cares to help
And on your fate, you mourn
Close your eyes, and take my name
I'll be there for sure.*

Taylor, it's time to see you off. Your parents are smiling, drenched with pride in their upbringing efforts. Vishal is somewhat sad to see you go, yet smiles to see you set yourself free from the chains. Your friends have come to see you off, hands waving you an unwilling goodbye, tears rolling down a dozen cheeks. And I'm here visualising all of this, thinking of you holding your head high up as you walk towards the gates, and as I speak to myself sitting here – au revoir, Sheetal.

*Well, Its time I end my expression here
For nothing stays permanent. Never.
But hey, who cares? At least I don't
As our threads will stay synchronised, forever.*

With utmost love and respect,

Ashok.

bit.ly/goodbyecharm