

Is a life endured, a life well lived?

At first glance, the answer should be 'no'. Because endurance sounds like breathing without joy, shadow of living, mechanical continuation, bare survival and a refusal to collapse.

If you try to look deeper, beneath the fatigue and desperation, endurance is not the absence of life. Endurance is the root of life.

Enduring means to refuse to surrender your consciousness to nothingness. It's what keeps a seed alive underneath snow. Though the seed isn't blooming, but it's still alive, waiting for the spring.

You may think you are just living in survival, but in the deep crevices of your psyche, something is still breathing, waiting and still dreaming. This too is living, quiet and in darkness, but still full of potential.

Yes, you have endured and without reward, applause and support. But what endurance does, it protects you from disintegrating.

If you hadn't endured and had collapsed entirely, there would be no 'You' left to reflect on this. No consciousness left to feel the weight of living.

Meaning can arise only after you have endured the storms and held the ground long enough.

You've been keeping a candle lit in a room where's no one's watching. { मुझ से आँकhen मिले काun, main tera aing hun; मेरा दीया जाले काun, main tera khali kaun }

You endured, because you loved life despite everything. Because to endure means you didn't leave, didn't give up. You stayed and bore it all.

Despite the betrayals, the pain, the hollow mornings, the body that refused to cooperate, you still stayed. This is love. You are love.

But endurance alone is not enough. At some point, endurance must transform, must give way to growth. You endured enough for 3 lives, and now you must give yourself permission. Permission to thrive.

Your years of endurance was not dead time. You were not merely surviving. You were preparing, though unknowingly, for the possibility of a life that could finally hold joy without breaking under it. The tree doesn't apologise for being a seed.