***OPEN MIC SCRIPT by MANJURI KAR.***

**A SPECIAL LETTER**

Dear Life. Errr Zindagi,  
  
It's not often that I've arrayed out my bottled up locutions & emotions openly to you,

Have kept words buried to my heart with an adhesive glue.

Kept running away from talking to you,

Like the tunnels enveloping silence as one walks through.

But today,

All that I want to do is let the jar open.

Let all of it slip & sway in the air,

& Soar to heights where i can stop, admire & stare.

So that, You who’s a part of me or even if it's the other way round ,where i am a part of you,

 gets a luminous light to the things you've been opaque to.

At times dear life, you behave like that shade of blue,

Who screws everything up in a dilemma of  its own existence in every minute or two,

For real, you know that you're a part of the vibgyor,

Piercing peace with a glorifying grease, just like the petrichor.

Yet the constant paradoxical thought  whether you're indigo in that colourful arc,

or whether the bold blue that imprints it's own spark.

Or  maybe somewhere skating across the lines,

or perhaps absolutely nowhere  truly inclined.

Turns your mood into crimson-golden flames.

Anxious, muddled and intrigued by your own mind games.

All I want to make you realize is,

This confusion flickers your glow ,

Just like a rolling stone ,

You’re unwilling to settle and grow.

Making every simple yarn of joy, interweave with chaos and conformity

Making every destination , inaccessible and  entangled with a strange affinity.

At times dear life,  you act as innocent as that kid in a fair

 Who gets insanely fascinated with every single thing,

including that awful buzzing noise of the teeming population around

Cuz your hopes are way too high and the kite of your wishes seem to be flying way above the ground.

 At times dear life, you've even been through nights,

 where the entire globe was busy thinking

 & dreaming about fairy-tale days,

 & Fun filled adventurous plays.

 While you, were engulfed with a fishy thought poking your vein at midnight,

 of old decisions & instances of  you painting your own sky.

And there comes a rolling thought.

what if regret refuses to say to you  a goodbye?

You've even portrayed days when all your thirty two teeth just can let your lips get back to their initial states encountering one another ,

at least not for the longest possible time , because you were genuinely happy..

Both inside & out Without a specific reason

Caging happiness in the walls of your very own heart’s prison.

 But Frankly speaking ,

despite of all shades of dentine white, eyeball black & old age greys,

Despite of broken wings, methodical metaphors &  unhappy days,

You've always exhorted me multitudinous number of things like the silent breeze ,

Affecting yet fascinating all with quite a lot of ease.

Indeed i often wonder that what's ahead of me? That How are you going to be after a few days or months or years?

Will you make me seek the heat of solace or still watch struggle with my fears?

But you know what? you've  taught me patience.

I'll wait keenly until I turn into ashes,  for all that you've stored in store to upload in the right time of my existence

 Although I often say this and end up abusing you,

Ranting , screaming all at once without further ado.

 saying that I hate you and you’re way too cruel a scar,

Without recalling your precious presents which i knowingly discarded way too far.

But quite honestly ,

I love you Zindagi to as far as my long as my writings can sketch,

And wide as my arms can stretch..

Thank you.

Yours faithfully,

An eighteen-year-old ardent teen,

Manjuri.