

The Fool's Letter to his Bougainvillea

"You once asked me, 'Did you feel sad or cry when I left?'

It's hard for me to put that moment into words, but it felt exactly like the day my Amma left me at boarding school for the first time. I wanted to cry, but something inside me just shut down. She was already in tears, and I knew that if I cried too, it would only make letting go harder for both of us. My tears would have only made her sadder, so I stayed silent. But inside, a part of me felt hollow-just like I did the day you left.

I missed her every single day, and I know I'm going to miss you every day too. Already missing you, a lot!

You also asked, "What if you said no to me someday?"

Honestly, I don't fear you saying no, that's my default heart setting, I would be okay. Not because it wouldn't hurt, but because I'd be thankful that you gave us a chance, me a chance. A chance to explore something real, even when it wasn't easy for you. Even when you we have every reason not to – the language, distance, family expectations, a lot of future uncertainties, me being the fool.... The list just goes on and on and on....

I understand and respect your belief in "no expectations, no disappointments."

It's a form of self-protection, and in many ways, a wise one. Keeping expectations low often shields us from pain. I am kind of stoic myself, been my whole life, but with you it's different Bougainvillea. I feel about you, and I know somewhere deep in the corner of my bougainvillea's, she too cares about me. I want us to try to build something real between us, something meaningful and it will take more than just being there. It will take emotional honesty. It will take the courage to be vulnerable, to care deeply, to sometimes get hurt... and still choose to stay. That's the price of genuine connection. But it's also what makes love, trust, and companionship so powerful and I know my Bougainvillea pretty well, she got everything in her arsenal, what she needs is to take a deep breath and let go of her fear of being getting hurt. What I want her to have a bit of faith in me, to fight with me, to be angry on me, to be sad with me, to scold me, when or if I hurt her, not understood her, not met her expectations, or disappointed her – then talk to me, let me know everything, share everything to me, because I expects to do the same with her.

We being silent towards each other is not going to take us anywhere, we will just be passing people in each other's life. For me the most important thing in this whole unlabeled space between us is you, your happiness comes before any label, I actually don't care about label, I feel our bond transcends all predefined tags - friends, best friends, boyfriend – girlfriend, romance, plutonic.... on and on. I would the happiest boy in the world if someday you be my Pritha, but I will the saddest if I ever lose my Bougainvillea.

My Bougainvillea,

The one who is always kind towards me and everyone,

The one who lets me hold her pinkie finger and listens to every nonsense I got to say,

The one who shares everything with me with all her honesty and vulnerabilities,
The one who is sensitively emotional and gets teary eyed,
The one with most beautiful smile that melts my heart and the voice which I yearn to hear every day,
The one who is one of the best things, not good, but the best things happened to me,
The one I care about a lot, and will always care even if she ever asked me not to,
Always.

P.S.

'We are going to meet soon Bougainvillea, so be ready, because,
Every time we meet, I am going to hug really tight and won't let you go'

P.S's P.S.

I'm not the best at remembering things. I often struggle with communication. I'm not always emotionally present or expressive. My humor often misses the mark, not so good looking or smart, lack a lot of qualities as guy you might want, I know I've disappointed people before, maybe I've disappointed you too, but I hold on to what I have: honesty, and a heart that always keeps trying to be respectful and honest with my Bougainvillea. I might fail you sometimes but never going to hurt you in any way possible, ever. I will always keep showing up, imperfectly, faithfully.