

The
San-jay

Namaskar/Hello/Sat Sri Akal/Kem Cho/As-salamu alaykum/Ninga ennan ullira. I'm a software developer, 25 years old, but I still act like a 10-year-old in my life. That's something I do. I sell dreams and peddle love to my people back home, who believe I'm the best closer this city has ever seen. If you don't tell anyone, I'll tell you I'm not, but that assumption will never go away.

I've also been made aware that there are many of you here who haven't seen my work, which makes me very sad.

That doesn't change the fact that I'm completely self-obsessed, as one should be.

That's when my intuition drew me here to talk about the future "you."

Naturally, I'm going to talk about the present me.

Because I truly believe that humanity is similar to myself.

It's an ageing person, struggling with all the newness around it, wondering if it ever got it right in the first place, and still trying to find a way to shine despite the odds.

I was born in a Bassein (Vasai) in Maharashtra, India's business capital. And my father is a structural contractor. My mother, like all mothers, is a fighter.

And, like the first Homo sapiens, we struggled for survival.

I lost my childlike innocence when I was in my early teens, which now seems a little careless of me.

But I remember a night when I thought I wouldn't wake up the next day. I

also recall the driver of a neighbour who drove us to the hospital. He muttered something about "dead people not tip well" and walked away into the darkness. And I was only seven years old at the time, with my mother beside me. And in the midst of her quiet crying, my mother looked at me and told me a story that made me smile & gave hope for better future.

I learned the basics of survival.

To be honest, the framework of life was very, very simple back then.

You just ate what you were given and did what you were told.

I thought celiac was a vegetable.

You were a techie if you could fix the operating system in computer.

I really thought that gay was a sophisticated English word for happy.
And Lesbian, of course, was the capital of Portugal, as you all know.

Where was I?

You went wherever life took you for work, and people were mostly
welcoming of you.

Most importantly, you were who you were and you said what you thought.

Then in my late 20s, I shifted to the sprawling metropolis of Bangalore, and
my framework, like the newly humanity, began to alter.

In the urban rush for a new, more embellished survival, things started to look
a little different.

I met people who had descended from all over the country, faces, races,
genders, money-lenders.

Definitions became more and more fluid.

Work began to define you in an overwhelmingly equalizing way at that time,
and all the systems began to feel less reliable to me, almost too thick to hold
on to humanity's diversity and the human need to progress and grow.

Ideas were flowing with more freedom and speed.

And I witnessed the miracle of human innovation and cooperation, and my
own creativity, aided by the resourcefulness of this collective effort,
catapulted me into the best closer.

I started to feel that I had arrived, and generally, by the time I was 24, I was
really, really flying.

Yeah. In this new world, reality gradually became virtual and virtual became
real, and I began to feel that I couldn't be who I wanted to be or say what
I truly felt, and humanity at the time completely identified with me. I believe
we were both having a midlife crisis, and humanity, like me, was becoming
an overexposed prima donna. That's all. It quickly became popular. It truly
did. Nobody could make sense of what was going on except me, and I didn't
care because the rest of the world seemed as confused and lost as I was. I
didn't give up at that point. I even attempted to recreate my identity in real
life.

A little more about the person who lives in the mirror. ME ?

I have a simple set of values.

I try to keep things simple and one-of-a-kind.

I never intentionally step on anyone's toes.

Another thing I'm not sure if it's worth anything is that I can convince myself
that I don't know much.

So I'm learning a little bit more.

I appreciate the importance of wanting to learn more, which is only possible
if you believe you don't know enough.

It may seem strange, but I am inspired by ordinary people rather than
special people.

It is not special to me to be special, but it is very special to be ordinary.

The only time I feel like myself is when I'm with Niriksha and Kushu.

That rings true to me.

That strikes me as extremely real.

So, if you ask me who the real Sanjay Lohar is, I believe it's not Tech Lead
is sexy, but Sanju is sexier.

I'm the most agitatedly peaceful man on the planet.

I am filled with peace, patience, and restlessness.

I don't have a lot of hype energy.

I have a very calm energy.

My energy will never make you feel uncomfortable; instead, it will make you
happy.

Finally, I am this individual.

Every time, I pray.

I pray every 24 hours.

In particular, at the temple, as well as at home pooja.

I consider myself to be a grateful person.

I've never asked anything for myself.

I only asked about one more life in my childhood.

Following that, I felt a sense of greed.

So I began social worker in praying.

If I happen to meet someone. Not that they need it, but I'll will end up
praying for their good will as they leave.

Until now, I've understood that words can be flowers or thorns, that they
can bring happiness or sorrow to someone. It is vital that we use our words
wisely so that they can spread goodness, truth, and happiness. Finally,
everyone should understand and feel valued.

Lastly I follow this.

*It is true that I'm a slave like dust,
Who has been trampled underfoot
but it gives us the same status
we are one in the eyes of god
God doesn't judge us by blood or colour... but by deeds...*

This is my side of the story
Only my side of the story.

The Love.

The people of this ancient land embraced me with boundless love, and I learned from them that neither power nor poverty can make your life more magical or less painful. I've learned from my people that the dignity of a life, a human being, a culture, a religion, or a place is rooted in its capacity for grace and compassion. I've learned that whatever moves you, urges you to create, build, keeps you from failing, and helps you survive is perhaps the oldest and simplest emotion known to mankind: love.

A mystic poet from my land famously wrote,

*Pothi Padh Padh Kar Jag Mua, Pandit Bhayo Na Koye
Dhai Aakhar Prem Ke, Jo Padhe so Pandit Hoye*

It's extremely difficult to remember. Which loosely translates into saying that no matter how many books of knowledge you read and then go on to impart your knowledge through innovation, creativity, and technology, mankind will never be wiser about its future unless it is accompanied by a sense of love and compassion for their fellow beings. The two and a half alphabets that form the word "**PREM**," which means "**love**," if understood and practised, are sufficient to enlighten life.

Self-Call.

17th Dec 2021.

Hi. I'm Sanjay Lohar. In exactly 165 days from now, you and I are going to meet. And we're going to fall in love. And we're going to get along and we're going to have one kids. And we're going to love them and each other so much. All that is 165 days away. But I'm here now, I guess, because I want those extra 165 days. With you. I want each one of them. Because I love you. I'm always going to love you. Until the end of my days. And beyond

The
Nirik-sha

14th Feb 2023. _ Valentine Day.

Fika [fee-ka in Swedish] a moment to slow down & appreciate the good things in life. So, I'm taking a moment from my busy schedule to appreciate your (Niriksha CP) essence in my life.

A kind heart-ed human being. That's exactly what she is. I discovered something "real" in the "editing" world. Capturing all of her feelings and emotions and conveying them in the most beautiful way possible with a personal touch is something I admire about her. In her own way, she makes everything so relatable that I can't stop watching her on repeat. And the best part is... it's all very simple.

That's where I recall the line "there's a lot of beauty in ordinary things," which I remember. Isn't that the point?

There's a Japanese phrase that I like to put: *Koi No Yokan* - 恋の予感. It doesn't mean love at first sight. It's closer to love at second sight. It's the feeling when you meet someone that you're going to fall in love with them. Maybe you don't love them right away, but it's inevitable that you will.

Sanjay & Niriksha rocking since 21st July, 2021.

The first day of 2023 and also the day called as new year.

Mixed emotions. Today I needed someone to share my feeling with.

Today started off with a new beginning and the reason is simple
Always tell someone how you feel, because opportunities are lost in the blink of an eye, but regret can last a lifetime.

All I wanted was to script my life **MASTERPIECE** with her.

Because, ultimately. I won't remember how much time I spent working or mowing the lawn. I should go climb the mountain.

Spending time with strangers has made me believe that nobody enters our lives bearing a special place in our hearts. We have to give them a chance to play a bigger role and surprise us with a whole bunch of possibilities.

What I wanted? – maybe

I want her to express.

To talk to me after we have spent the time together.

To talk about how am I as a person.

To talk about what will you do when we meet.
To talk about the things that made her laugh even though they were
embarrassing for me.
To talk about her embarrassing moments.
To talk all about how you felt as that will say enough for my side too.
To talk about all this before she leave.
Talk, just to assure me, that it was my love, not her body for which we were
here.

So what was I looking for?
Something I have that belongs to her.
What?
A certain void that is inside me.
That's what she was seeking.
The void that's inside of me...
if she were to fill it...
it would complete her too.
If we still lacked something in our lives...
I know it'd be fine as long as we are together...
but she would not miss anything because...this void would fulfill her...
and keep her feel beautiful and worthy always.

I wrote down everything I wanted to say goodbye to in the new year, but so
many of them are good things.
Why not simply... wave goodbye to the bad things?
I'm saying goodbye to all of the times I've felt lost.
To all the times it was a no instead of a yes.
To all the cuts and bruises, all the heartbreak.
Saying goodbye to everything I really want to do for the last time, but not
to this sweet little soul.
I should have the first whisky toasting my new life with her because it's a
good thing, and good things are always waiting for you.
We're all going to start over when the clock strikes midnight.
And I don't know about her but I think I can really use one.

The clock shows 2:24 AM.

It's not that I have some problems which don't let me sleep; the truth is I
don't want to sleep.

I hit the gallery button and scroll my way down to your photos that I've
taken while sitting in the cafe at MG Road.

I tap on the photo of you in a dark maroon pink sleeveless top with vertical
stripes. Those tiny dimples add to the beauty of your already smiley face.

That maroon lipstick complements you perfectly.

I move on to the next photo by swiping. You're looking down at the floor with
a shade in your baby-cut hair. It makes no difference whether I call you a
baby or a baby by your name. Both have the same meaning.

That moment, I find the entire life's happiness. I know that after seeing these
photos, I'll be in a horrible state. But for that one nano second of happiness,
my heart can lose anything. Absolutely anything.

The photo-staring session ends and I keep phone besides the pillow. I close my
eyes and visualize you.

Either on the land.

Or in the clouds.

It's always be with you.

The great moments in your life will not always be things you do; they will also
be things that happen to you. Now, I'm not saying you can't take action to
change the course of your life; you must, and you will. But never forget that
you can walk out the front door on any given day and your entire life will
change forever. The universe, you see, has a plan, and that plan is always in
motion. When a butterfly flaps its wings, it begins to rain. It's a terrifying
thought, but it's also quite wonderful. All of these little parts of the machine
are constantly working to ensure that you arrive exactly where you should
be, exactly when you should arrive. At the right place and right time.

I'm a man with more emotional endurance than anyone you'll ever meet.

It had been a long and difficult journey.

Luckily we arrived.

It may be a long and difficult road at times.

But I'm glad it's long and difficult because the lesson wouldn't have been as clear if I hadn't gone through hell to get there.

You see, I knew from the moment I met her...

I have to love this girl as much as I can for as long as I can, and I can never, ever stop loving her.

That lesson stayed with me through every stupid fight we ever had, every 5:00 a.m. wake-up call, every sleepy Sunday afternoon, and every speed bump.

Every pang of jealousy or boredom or uncertainty that came our way, I carried that lesson with me.

And I carried it with me every single day.

Even then, in what can only be called the worst of times, all I could do was thank God, thank every god there is, or ever was, or will be, and the whole universe, and anyone else I can possibly thank...

Will I see you tonight?

Well, I'm pretty drunk. Look I know the odds are, the love of my life isn't going to magically walk through that door at 2:43 in the night. But it just seems as nice a spot as any to just ... you know, sit and wait.

...that day I saw that beautiful girl in that cab, and that I had the guts to open the door, see her sitting next to me, taping her on the shoulder, opening my mouth, and speak.

Hey Hi.....!!! Ahh. Niriksha...!

What you seek is seeking you.

Funny right how sometimes you just... find things...!

In English, we say, "*You have beautiful eyes.*"

In Urdu we say we say

"Teri surar se ye alam main, baharo ko sabahat. Teri aakho ke siva duniya mein, rakha hi kya hai".

That are my thought as I looked into her eyes.

I wasn't looking for her when I met her, but now that we're together, it feels like a part of me always wanted her. My heart stopped looking for anything else when it came across these eyes.

When they cry, it completely breaks me down.
We'll swap seats in life, you watching the world and me watching my world
I.e *YOU*.

"It keeps coming back to that," I said . "What am I going to do with these hands?" "I don't know what to do without you," I said. "I don't know where to put my hands," I said, and when I said, "What am I if not yours?". "What should I do with my hands now that they're just hands?" "What did my fingers do before they held you?" I asked. What did my heart do with this love?"

Simple yet significant.!!!

Sometimes home is a person & for me it's *YOU*.
There's something so delicate about the phrase "this made me think of you" or "this reminded me of you," as if being known is scary, but when I see fragments of you in the world around me, I can't help but share that love, and I think it's beautiful in its own way.

I loved her against reason, against promise, against peace, against hope, against happiness, against all discouragement that could be.
What a beautiful thing it is to be someone who heals a wound that they did not carve. I did my best to be that person & shall continue till my last breath & beyond.

Writing letter is so intimate. Like, imagine giving someone a folded piece of paper. Watching their expression change from that of perplexity to pure joy and adoration at reading something cute you wrote. Bearing your soul to someone in the form of ink and paper, and then their keeping your soul safe on their favourite book. It's all just so intimate.

Dreams.

I love penning down those dreams.
Although it has been a long time, penning down those dreams makes me feel
like you're just besides me. Though you're nowhere near, I can feel your
presence.

I'll begin with your birthday, 1st May. I had dreams about making it the most
special day of your life. We would go to the beach and sit under a coconut tree.
I would hand you a basket filled with your favorite chocolates and some short
letters tied up with satin ribbon. My eyes would glisten as our bodies would
break into a hug. I would extend my hand to cut you the cake but would
smear it all over your face instead. You would chase me all over the beach
which would end up with me winning the chase and your forehead getting
kissed.

Here comes our life, you would stand outside your office, waiting for me to
pick you up. The moment I arrive, you would tell me to drive to the super
market. I would frown to see the plan of long drive getting canceled. We
would go to the supermarket and I would find you running all over the place,
grabbing the things that our household chores demand. You would bargain
with the vegetable vendor, threatening him to cut down the price. "A typical
Indian girl." I would giggle to myself. Despite the fatigue, I would smile to see
'my home' taking care of our home.

And the last of all, about our little runt. Despite you being 'my life' you would
gift me another one in the form of 'my carbon copy'. I would spike his hair
just like mine. That 3 year old would giggle to see his Dad dressing him up.
You would come running from the kitchen. "Don't make him look like the
monster you are!" You would yell at me, flattening his hair. I would roar with
laughter and hug you both together, silently thanking 'my life' for gifting me
these lives.

Honestly, life would've been so perfect.

It was your birthday. I left my office, walking towards the railway station. My phone rang and I was greeted by her grumpy voice saying, "We have a 9:30 show to attend. For goodness sake, come home as early as possible. ELSE, HELL IS SURE TO BREAK LOOSE!" I looked sideways, there weren't any trains. I gazed at my watch anxiously. "It's 9:15!! Yes, hell is sure to break loose." I told myself. I hopped into an OLA, praying that I'd make it.

As expected, I couldn't make it. I reached home by 9:45 and she was there by the doorway, waiting to pounce on me like a hungry leopard. "YOU!" She roared and gave me one of her lethal pinch. I went into our bedroom and saw her new black dress lying on the bed. "Damn. She was quite serious about the movie plan." I sighed. I peeped out of the bedroom, she was on the sofa, and her eyes had gone red. "Time for my surprise." I giggled to myself. I unwrapped a tiny muffin and lit an equally tiny candle over it. "Happy birthday..." I sang. "I'm not talking to you. Hmph." She said and looked away.

She grinned like an idiot. We gobbled up the cake. "Damn, I can't even hate you." She giggled and rested her head on my shoulder. "Wait wait. Another surprise awaits you." I told her. With that, I ran into the bedroom and brought out the guitar. I held her hand and we both sat in the balcony. I hadn't changed my clothes and was still in my office attire. I sang, obviously messing up the cords. She laughed to see me fumble but that was enough to bring a smile on her face. I went on singing, her cheeks went pink.

The balcony light was dim; it made the atmosphere more romantic. She brought me closer and I laid my head on her lap. "I love you so much." She sobbed quietly. Even my eyes had gone moist. My tongue hunted for words but it found none. "You know. I prefer dying this way. On your lap." I sighed.

And that day,

Our hold grew stronger.

Eternity was proven right.

Death fell a victim to our love.

We are not a forever thing we are something beyond that.

You're my first thought every dawn, my last thought of the day.
You're the best part of my hectic hours, the comfort of my exhausted soul.
My grumpy mornings are a result of your absence; the loveliest times are the
ones I spend with you.

A day without you is no good day.
You calm my quickening nerves and my brain that works overtime all the
time.

You help me escape to peace and happiness; help me dream to my heart's
content.

You take me to another dimension that I never wish to escape.
My big heavy head and sore feet crave your touch on those lovely, quiet nights.
You encourage me to work hard and make me look forward to heading home
at the end of the day.

Dearest sleep,
People say 7 hours of you are plenty, but I never seem to get enough of you.
Being the reason of her smile, even if we are separated by miles.
I will always be grateful to you to not denying this stranger the opportunity
of getting to know you.

I don't talk to that person for hours nor you have any idea of what they are
currently doing in their life, yet you desperately pray for their well being.
And that's something beyond relation.

I swear it is physically impossible for me to read without immediately having to hold back tears. "you do not have to be good" and "someone I love once gave me a box of darkness. it took me years to understand that this, too, was a gift" and "i don't want to end up having simply visited this world" and "to love what is mortal against your bones knowing your own life depends on it and "It is a serious thing / just to be alive / on this fresh morning / in this broken world.

*If you're not scared, then you're not taking a chance. And if you're not taking a chance, then what the hell are you doing anyway?
Do not waste your time being scared, Niriksha. Fear can make you run away from things that could be good — great even.
Things that are supposed to be a part of your story.
I have been in love, I have been single, I have been everything in between, and the only decisions I regret making are the ones I made out of fear.*

♪ ♪ ♫ ♪ ♭ ♮

*All my days are spent
All my cards are dealt
Oh, the desolation grows
Every inch revealed
As my heart is pierced
Oh, my soul is now exposed
In the ocean's deep
In the canyon's steep
Walls of granite, here I stand
All my desperate calls
Echo off the walls
Back and forth
Then back again
To believe I walk alone
Is a lie that I've been told
So let your heart hold fast
For this soon shall pass
Like the high tide takes the sand
At the bitter end
Salt and liquid blend
From the corner of my eye
All the miles wrecked
Every broken step
Always searching, always blind
Never fear, no, never fear
Never fear
No, never fear
So let your heart hold fast
For this soon shall pass
There's another hill ahead...*

♪ ♪ ♫ ♪ ♭ ♮

