

With all the clothes and belongings, I packed few emotions, dreams and aspirations and I set out to achieve them.

In the rush of our life, we tend to overlook few things. Of the few, there are quiet surprises which never gets unfolded, sweet smiles which never express itself, a few tear drops that gently soaks into the piece of cloth. Of the few certain emotions got hid, few glances missed! The rush does not allow us to dive into the eyes of those who love us.

Flowers are pretty but it's the leaves that keep the plant alive.

Loving the need and needing the love has always been talked about.

What more can I add to it?

The rush never makes us realise the blossom of the new flower- the freshness that it brings, the way it plays with the bees.

We make new acquaintances. Slowly with the blink of the eye- we become friends.

In all the playfulness, we bond.

In all the love our individuality fades. The thin line between our lives fade into the other striking a new hue.

Slowly yet gradually we start loving the hue we have created. This love binds us together, promising us happiness even in the rush of events, promising us love and care even as we tend to overlook them.

In this expectation, we overlook the basic fact - we still are two different individuals with colours so different.

Sometimes I feel, overlooking isn't sinful, in fact it's Life! How many of us take a note of the smiles that comes with our success? The way our friend teases or support us? Or even simply.... the way they talk to us?

Let us dive to a newer essence of Love, of Life with maturity blend with innocence, forgiveness and sincerity.

Regards,
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