

The Said Unsaid

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“Are you shaken or broken?”

“Neither.”

“You seem to be so.”

“To you only. None else cares.”

“Then what is the truth?”

“I don’t know. Do you?”

“I think so.”

“You think wrongly. Individual perceptions of men and matter may or may not be correct. Truth is beyond everybody, though everybody feels sure about what he knows as truth, for we all view or read everything from our personal suitability point of view, not impersonal or fair! Individual view, individual understanding, personal opinion of what others think or feel or experience does not reach the truth.”

“Then what do you have to say?”

“I feel fatigued and exhausted, though not sick. It makes me look reflective, and hence shaken!”

“I know you had had too much of life in the world-unloved, unkind, uncared for, deliberately misjudged by rash tongues spitting malice and venom; the more you explained, the more licentious they have been! I can understand how killing it can be for the sensitive! I appreciate your endurance. You tried to look the other way also and kept your face to face them all engaged in roaring monkey business. I noticed many times that a feeling of being befooled and betrayed pierced you deep. It is still doing so. You don’t learn or you refuse to change and the result is they gladly use you and you allow them. Swelling often appeared though the appearance often denied the shock of being shaken or broken. That too to your worst! You

could never relieve yourself of all this-tense and intense. The burden, none could ever see or understand; it was rather a subject of mockery. How long are you going to make it a lasting deception and play and enjoy stupidity?"

Neelesh was trying his best to awaken Shivam to the reality about him showing his own pain and deep concern for the misery and futile life he had been getting into by his own goodness and selfless consideration for everyone around. He tried to convince him that he should fairly use his sense of discrimination in showing his kindness and magnanimity. The world always pounces upon those who allow themselves to be cheated and looted leaving the protagonist to his crushed self. Neelesh was waiting for a response. Shivam whose eyes were digging deep into the earth before him or piercing straight into the blue above, didn't hear anymore from Neelesh and then, he turned his eyes to the anxiety and pain writ large on the face of Neelesh. He was fully to sensitive to what concerned Neelesh.

At the same time, despair and frustration had begun to peep through Shivam's ever-bright and glowing expressive eyes like the grey and dark clouds advancing in the sky on a sunny day at the very outset of winter. But nobody had the eyes to see that. Everybody around was madly lost in the race and rush of life; their only concern, seriously gloomy, was stray wanderings of their desires gone mad. His observing eyes saw this all floating on the or near the shores like trash and filth on the swollen sea of life, preparing perhaps for a tempestuous sweep or a hurricane. His placid inner being didn't revolt against the callous indifference he probably had never noticed or felt earlier at any time, good or bad, better or worse. Today it was becoming an excruciating pain he won't reveal or share. Otherwise also who was there to whom to reveal or to share with! His unbounded endurance and tolerance would forbid it to burst into anything. If anyone spoke to him, he would not utter even a word or a monosyllable and respond in silent gestures. This chirpy and boisterous talker! He was fast losing the natural buoyancy of spirit and the spirit of spontaneous laughter, fun and gentle irony was sinking into suppression, deliberate!

Neelesh was still looking deep and straight into the face of Shivam whose dim smile pinched him. But he didn't leave it there and tried to push him into the usual life moving on the surface before them. It was not their formal sitting at Shivam's home. They would often see each other here, there or elsewhere in their free moments. They were not childhood friends. They

felt drawn to each other while they were working in the same office of some PSU. It was almost a decade ago. They were colleagues working in different capacities, Neelesh was the Purchase Manager and Shivam looked after the Personnel Department. Both had close similarities of personality and even family setup. But they lived in completely different environment at home and in family relations. Neelesh had a genuine sense of belonging with Shivam and so was his family. They had family get-togethers also and were not strangers to sympathetic understanding. Today they were alone as Shivam's wife had gone to see her parents and his daughter, Shipra, had also accompanied her. That is why Neelesh wanted him to come out with the deep recesses of his heart. With all his sincere and honest faith in him, Shivam kept stubbornly his poignant self to himself. It was not for the first time. Neelesh thought it better to postpone it to yet another time, yet another time.....he got up without a word, prepared two cups of coffee and returned with a tray loaded with snacks, placed it on the teapoy; without being formal, he started drinking coffee and said nothing. Shivam also picked his cup, looked at him, had a bite of the biscuit and began to sip. There was no exchange of words. Neelesh also left informally after finishing and left with the parting words- "Bye then! Take care. See you soon!" Life for most of humanity remains unfulfilled, and even miserably unfulfilled in very many cases. It is least fulfilled also and where we see it fulfilled, even there, the prey can let us see the sign of yearning, may be with a smile. The lurking truth is that it remains a continuing tale, if not a long narrative or epic, of yearnings; these yearnings stare even in the eyes of a dying person whose unspeakable looks speak a lot when all others around prepare for his last. Ordinary people complain, and keep complaining, where and how things went against their wishes in spite of their honesty and sincerity; they cry hoarse to whomsoever they talk of their hopes dashed and dreams shattered in personal life, in relations and in their best performance. Such people rarely gain ground and make their yearnings, if yearnings, a ridicule and a silent mock. They don't mind even if their whining or whimpering fall on deaf ears. However, those who silently endure and their bosom is burdened with the best of non-fulfillments, work in silence to their wisdom. Perhaps they know and realize that their sorrows and pains of smashed hopes and shattered dreams are strictly their secret treasures and none is allowed to have a look or a peep into the wreckage. Such people alone are the reservoirs of human wisdom and they carry on with their headways, whatever be conditions, not known to anyone or even seen by themselves. This is

the unending ceaseless procession everywhere to be recounted and watched, of course, in complete earnestness for the movement has a meaning and a lesson that makes up the sum-total of life.

Shivam was in deep silent reflections and came to a poignant realization-

“How foolishly he shared his adversities and crudities of time with his loved and very dear ones! How bitter the truth was that even our shadow deserts us in darkness and the same shadow follows us at our feet in bright sunshine! He could not justly decide whether it was the will of destiny or his own miscalculations about men and matters in daily life. He was in a mood to fairly blame himself for the dreadful mess around as he thought of how he made wrong choices in life-long decisions under his own gentle and respectful behavior in spite of his sensible protests and warnings of the better sense. Other wise and god-fearing people say that gods themselves manage everything in their own way and we, human beings, have no options and have to surrender helplessly. What a comfort, a solace, a relief in mystical philosophy and mysterious working of life! “He became more reflective to unload his heart and liberate himself from the headaches and tears welled up in his eyes and began to roll down his cheeks, he heaved a sigh of relief and consoled himself- “Endurance builds up courage and patience as it is not possible to endure without courage and patience; courage under suffering is endurance; this is the silence of strength; it is from there that glow shows itself. Living through such a course gives convictions only great people with extraordinary gut and grit live with and light up the paths of life and beauty rules! This golden harvest which adores life has no meaning or value for the escapists who do all they can to encroach upon the happiness of others and such people mostly exist around you. These treasures have no material or metallic significance; therefore, they have no meaning in general life of only physicality. It is only in the time of faded grace in loss of artificial behavior and superficial affections that we see the dim shine vanishing into darkness that consciousness wakes up with a hard to come by regret! The stubborn charm of the earlier obstinate fulfillments becomes elusive; the spirit of illusion deserts the hero of yore, though life is easily coming to a screeching and grinding halt- a long-route fast train that left behind speedily the way-side small stations to the casual delight of passengers looking out to read which station had passed?