

CREATIVE WRITING

Short Story

A Tale of Two Tongues

Viraj was the heartbeat of his family, holding their trust like a fragile treasure. His gentle wisdom guided them through every big decision, and they leaned on him with love. But beneath his steady exterior, Viraj was a dreamer, his soul woven with the threads of poetry and emotion. He cherished literature, losing himself in the quiet whispers of his heart, tending to his feelings like delicate blooms in a secret garden. Each dream he nurtured felt like a piece of his very being, and he never imagined that following those whispers would lead him into a storm of doubt and longing.

Then came Sumi, a woman as sharp as a blade, her mind carved from logic and tradition. Her family lived by reason, and Sumi was their mirror—brilliant, unyielding, and precise. She was everything Viraj wasn't, yet when their paths crossed, it felt like fate pulling them together. Her presence lit a fire in him, and his heart sang with a hope he hadn't known before. He thought, maybe, just maybe, she could see the beauty in his dreams.

At first, their connection felt like a miracle. Sumi's strength inspired Viraj to turn his fragile dreams into something real. Every thought he had was laced with her, as if she'd breathed new life into his garden, making his heart's flowers bloom brighter. "Sumi," he'd whisper to himself, "you make me believe I can do anything." He poured his soul into his efforts, hoping she'd feel the same spark, that she'd cradle his dreams as tenderly as he did. But Sumi's gaze was different. She questioned his choices with a cool, measured logic that stung like frost. "Why follow your heart when your mind knows better?" she'd ask. Her words built a wall between them, and Viraj's chest tightened with the ache of being unseen.

Desperate to bridge the gap, Viraj tried to speak her language. He wove reason into his stories, crafting solutions with the precision she admired, all to show her he could meet her halfway. "I'm trying, Sumi," he'd think, his heart heavy with effort. "I want to understand you." But just when he thought he'd reached her, Sumi shifted. She began to speak

of feelings—soft, vulnerable things she'd once dismissed. Her voice trembled as she said, "Maybe there's more to life than logic, Viraj. Maybe the heart matters too." It was everything he'd longed to hear, but it came too late, like rain on a parched field already cracked. When he poured out his emotions, she'd retreat to her mind's fortress. When he offered logic, she'd counter with the heart's unpredictable rhythm. They were two souls dancing out of step, their words a tangle of missed meanings.

Frustration seeped into their talks, each conversation a bruise on Viraj's heart. "Why can't we just meet?" she'd wonder, his voice breaking in the quiet of his room. He felt like he was chasing a shadow, always a step behind. The pain grew sharp, a deep wound in his chest, and he wondered if Sumi felt it too—or if her heart was untouched, safe behind her walls. The weight of it all left him hollow, his dreams wilting under the strain. One evening, beneath a moon that seemed to hold its breath, Viraj couldn't bear the silence anymore. He faced Sumi, his eyes glistening with unshed tears. "Sumi," he said, his voice raw, "this journey we're on—it's tearing me apart. My heart feels like it's been crushed, like every dream I've shared with you has been trampled. I'm lost, and I don't know if you feel this pain too, or if I'm alone in this."

Sumi's eyes met his, and for a moment, they shimmered with something soft, something vulnerable. He braced for her usual sharp retort, but her voice was a whisper, trembling with emotion. "Viraj," she said, "I've been afraid to admit it, but I'm hurting too. Maybe we're too different to ever truly see each other's hearts. I've tried to be what you need, but I keep failing. Yet, what we've built—this messy, beautiful thing—it's ours. No one else will ever feel what we've felt."

Her words hung in the air, heavy with truth and sorrow. Viraj's throat tightened, a tear slipping down his cheek as he realized their story—of love, pain, and the desperate search for understanding—was theirs alone, a fragile thread no one else could touch. They stood in silence, the night wrapping around them like a bittersweet embrace, their hearts aching with the weight of what might never be.

Under the stars' quiet gaze, Viraj sat alone, his thoughts swirling. His heart, though scarred, still pulsed with hope, fragile but unbroken. "Maybe this isn't the end," he whispered to himself, "but a pause, a chance to grow." Their story remained unfinished, suspended in the stillness,

waiting for dawn to reveal what lay ahead. And in that waiting, Viraj held tight to the seeds of his dreams, believing they might yet bloom again.

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POEMS

Death, my Friend!

Death, you are not a foe!
You may be scary and dark.
Some believe you linger.
in the woods and
sit on the mahua tree,
Not in the park.

You appear at midnight,
When we are half unconscious and half asleep.
Not in the morning,
When sings the lark.

You are denounced for being friends with
the fox and the owl.
Owls hoot, snakes rattle.
And bats flutter to show your mark.

But my grandfather whispers,
You are not a foe!
He makes amends for the past qualms.
And stops you like an old pal,
You were forgotten because you were far.

Take me away to that blue-brimming Baitarani river.
I am ready, he says.
Take me to that last ghat of the world.
Oh, let us be united today.
Death, my friend!

On the Banks of the River Ganges

On the banks of the river Ganges,
When the moon lowers its gaze.
The rooster crows and the mongrel barks.
The sluggish breeze suddenly grows sharp.
There goes sage Gautam to take a dip.
From his crown to the toe tip.

Ahalya warns it is still midnight.
The moon still shows luminous and bright.
An ominous day on a call,
Sage's fury, like ripples, was to rise and fall.

Deceptive Indra plays his card.
Entices Ahalya with a disguise and a smart speech.
Sage Gautam witnesses the water sleeping.
Withdraws his steps and
Stands near the window, peeping.

Surprised, Ahalya was to see the twins,
One outside of the holy thatch, the other within.
Who are you? She demands,
Indira flees when he hears the chant.

Brimming with fire, the sage stood on the door.
No odds for mercy and implore.
He curses Ahalya, set in stone.
May you forever live alone.

Diksha

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