

The Forbidden Fruit of today: CLOSURE / Ojaswini Trivedi



The eternal jigsaw.

There's nothing in this world even remotely close to what most may call – **closure**.

We spend years and years trying to find answers to the half spoken sentences and mid-air collapsed promises. The night teases us to **insomnia**, trying to replay the tape of those incidents, moments, gestures. What could have been, what should have been. Were we real then? or are we real now?

We rage and grill ourselves. We hate and condemn ourselves.

Toss and turn with that withering anxiety of the unknown .

What did I do? What had I done? The uncertainty of the consequences we, at this point are not ready to either accept or let go of.

The actions, that are followed by the tell-tale signs of how bleak or bright the future may be.

And this struggle gets more and more aggressive with time, when one incident after the other forces you to believe that the problem lies with you.

When after each altercation with yourself, you find yourself bleeding and pleading for comfort. For faith, for acceptance.

Seeking that **solace** in the pauses, the unsent messages, the U-turns, the walk-aways, whiskeys and cigarettes, drugs and women, people and their optimism.

You nurture that thought. Save it. Protect it. Grow it. Embellish it. WORSHIP IT.

Till it consumes you to the very core and leaves you anticipating the sinful life you've led consisting of "clueless grievances" you've given to people. The open ended commitments you made, the forsaken narratives you played to ease your broken heart that is out there to seek vengeance and thrive on hate and is desperate for blood.

My darling.

For how long, do you intend to walk barefoot, with cracked heels and lips. Your aching eyes, tired, seamless, need to close. You need to rest. You need to breathe.

Breathe.

That road will never end. Like a mirage that follows, it's an abyss staring into the sky.

Closure is a myth.

You keep running and running only to find that you've been chasing a balloon at the edge of a cliff.

The anxiety stems from the thrill of damage you've caused to yourself in the process and the reckless continuation of the same in the yearning for solid, concrete answers. There aren't any answers.

Since there were no questions asked.

Since our hearts never lied.

We always knew.

You. Always. Knew.

There is no confrontation, as we stood against each other.

We think we deserve to know the truth.

We'll never know it. And that truth is clenching the thread of the balloon in your fingers and standing at a safe pedestal.

That, my dear. Is the time to forgive yourself.

To truthfully hold yourself together and forgive yourself.

We're not running anyone's races. Not living anybody else's life.

People aren't answerable to us. We aren't entitled to them.

Closure is not a peaceful abomination of your relationship with them.

It's the last gravel thrown in the grave..by YOU.

YOU are your closure.

All this while we've been chasing the invisible, trying to conquer the unknown, measuring the abyss, justifying the inexistent.

Stop.

Please stop.

It's just you. It's always been you.

Find yourself, trust yourself.

We'll get through this, together.