

The Exodus Needs a Companion / Gouri Nilakantan



A home is without any doubt a safe space, an extant that has the infinite capacities to being ourselves; where our clothes need not be washed or ironed and made to be presentable all the time; our unkempt unshaven looks draws no contempt from the gazing mirrors; cutlery can be limited to eating straight out of the pizza box with greasy tissues thrown carelessly all over the floor; and leisure is our pass time and idyllic conversations the only competing games. The debate arises then, if we choose to keep this space out of bounds for others, however familial or close. It is the truth that only when we get this free entitlement to closing these doors of our room, shutting out those as being totally non transgerressable, barring these latitudes out of anyone's reach, do we get a veracious sense of belonging. The arguments arise loud and the cacophony grows louder only when we keep these augmented heavens exclusive for our winged flights, leaving others alone and far behind in what they see as their black earth.

Adoring such realities, one, is discerned to be “unconventional” or can I say “odd” to the normal public eye. However, if we all sieve through the thoughts running in our minds, we come to this realization, that all of us wish for an exclusive home, that only belongs to us and only to us. This hearth does not see the privilege only of the “single status” fancy holding few, but to all, men, women or children. All, I see as wanting to create an expanse of an unparalleled area that echoes our only headrooms. We then come to conclude that we are faithfully heard. Our tete-a-tete might be limited to the capacity of recording random intramural thoughts, however, inner, however wordless, or however out of tune for others, it forever plays as a beautiful melody for our ears.



We, unfortunately, are created as social byproducts and often have to assume suggestive capacity giving roles, inundated with responsibility and risk. The risk that we can carve out then, for our own employment seems much easier and much more responsible. If created exclusively for us, they are results of accurate victories as being free of failure in the eyes of others. As the endeavours sought are for our own purview; and we are un-mockingly forgiving towards ourselves, we sense a literal liberty. Thus being unrestrained from scorn, and disdain, we seek everlasting joy in solitude, and despite being born into a home, I see the human mind seeking and wandering eternally in the search of this unerring habitat. If our birth homes can define and allow such unconfined liberties, uncontested un-contemptuous ways, will only then,

this never ending sojourns of seeking of ours to belong, cease and stop to identify the true borders of a hinterland. Let's become companions to the exodus of the few and return thus to our realistic homes.