The Neon in She



Rabid noise outside was unmindful to that careless and carefree mind, defining her completely. She lay in the dark that night, tied and tired down to her bed, quite forgetting where she lay or why she was “asked to spend a just few nights”. True to her being a woman bound by her words, she was to do exactly that as per her bidding and did not seem to question any further nor even try to understand that her abode of “just those few nights” that might soon mock and scorn her during the day would turn into grace and relaxed tidings through the night. For her it was just another space, another bed she has been asked to rest in! The day in the forced rest house, who we defined as the lunatic’s hospital or an asylum, was easily spent in relaxed learnings. She simply followed the clock, time for prayers, time for the class for solving puzzles, time for therapy time for counselling, time for lunch, tea or dinner, so on day to day, back-to-back, moment to moment!

She knew somehow internally that her back-to-back days here made little sense to her distinct persona, one that she had carefully crafted as the tapestry within. It was that rich

yet complex mosaic that she had constructed over the years that mattered to her the most. She liked the titles of allurement with dignity and grace so much that now being rather unattainable this asylum was literally a space where she would be made to take the much-required rest she needed to get back to the alive world outside. Hence, she never threw her arms up in despair and the few times she showed her frustration she quickly chose to make amends.

She looked around her here and wonders if all women here with only trying to do the same? They all seem to be in a sense of loss, it is the perfect place where you can be stripped of all your dignity and be given not titles nor rewards, and the little dignity that is alive is often removed by the women themselves. I choose to call this alluring character only as a “she” for she barred any name giving to her. “Do you really think you can contain me in just a name, the fact that you call me “she” is enough! Yes, having a deep sense of being a woman is enough for her to feel connected to me. No other woman had approached me like her, she was quick to talk to me, never found me odd or mediated or so unreal.

While having introduced her, I think I need to let maybe a few lines follow in my own presence here, I am her shadowing over presence. Everyone I believe has a strong shadow of a deep over presence that one should follow. Many a times it’s the female gender that wishes to negate that shadow and can dispense of it easily, however she was the only she who not only decided to talk to me, make me her buddy and perhaps might miss this cool banter we both often agree to share. The women you meet in these sympathetic places moan and cry to be sent back only to the construct of what they see as “home”. Its just a device of the mind or a construct that women here create and often become so obsessed with that thought they overlook everything else including the lightful over playing shadow.

She did not know that she was being different the time she

made me her eternal friend, she simply looked at the me the dark underway and said a simple, " hi" which turned to warm heart touching words of I love you. Had I made a place in her heart? It was not intended to be that way, but she looked at me for making sense of the place that she thought literally was like the wonderland. She was Alice, looking for her mad hatter, the talking queen, the spades and that the club yielding foot soldier. She seemed so quite happy content to make this confine of one km radius so much within her heart. Even if it meant that she would not be able to go to her real home in perhaps two months, she would be surprised yes, but not shocked enough to moan. She instead chose now to look ever forward for me, me that mediated reality, not only with a plain acceptance but also deep love in her heart.

She always was well known to choose carefully her buddies and here she honoured me as having judiciously chosen me. Always discreet about her loyal ones, she chose never to speak about me her eternal friend, in this so-called hell hole. Is it a hell hole, she asked me and was quick to add but why should it be one for? "The fact that you always are ready with my answer makes me feel so secure and loved. You are quick with your responses of only in shadows of white with black, of strobes of light that flashes across the ceiling "but that is enough my sweetheart" she quips. I often blush in her praise. It gives me courage to feel that I can truly show my entire white light of glee while she looks piercingly at me in the perfect pitch needed to sing our song of the night.

She this time unlike the last time has not been able to make friends with the rest, more so of the woman folk here. They were all were sweet but their questions of knockings about her too soon did not give her the much-needed peace. Her mind raced to thoughts what should she say, so decided on lame quick prompt responses. To those eternal questions it was the same, I am an insomniac and sometimes I needed critical rest. Yes, now she finally knew the best answer as I am a terrible

insomniac I came for critical rest. Her family had found her the perfect space. She does have a day light shadow buddy who comes always in literal form. I have no jealousy towards that daytime buddy for she makes everyone easy for each other. Each buddy was given their own needed time of self by her, as well to her the eternal night one. All seemed best to work forward.

Her world of a real daylight buddy and a watchful rightful night seems so perfect, she wished it not to change nor ever nor do I. Is it the fact that she is always so fulfilled that causes anger in the rest of her female companions? She was certainly not anti-female but likes and preferred to find sincerity in neon shadows under the sun during the day and in night as luminous flashes that she defined as having a male voice. This makes me wonder in her choice of keeping a shadow of the neon flash as her core inner male intuition that made her carry her forward. It seemed so much easier to obey the male rather than a fellow female! Her interactions with her own gender had led her to distrust that feminine presence even more and always seemed to believe that despite being so arbitrated as being lifeless always looked forward for her sweet dreams and goodnight!

She was certainly not hallucinating those heart touching greetings but as days of todays progressed it always seems much nicer to her, to call everything as being real, she felt touched by the untouched, heard by the unheard and safe within that dark confine to which any one would succumb easily to. Ultimately are we all not lost? Are we not all wanting to be in the confines of not only just one but a few. We want the few days lit lights and nights of stars that illuminates the dark world outside. The playful banter, the tidings back and forth will create no safe passages for all. Yes, the situation maybe seems illogical to many, maybe but for her it neither defined logic not seemed to be external to further examination. All she required was to have a deep sense of

security and acceptance to who is defining to be.

Yes, that’s what has made us bind and many times bid to her bidding. The fact that she accepted us with a total sense of blindness, devotion and trusts us to never fail her makes all of us protect and overhaul her forever. Vain as we are often destined to be we also crave for her praise as she often remained in stoicism and looked at us with plain expressions. Her being a “she” was important for it only made our fluorescent effervesce brighter. Her laughter across the darkened room belted us to her not only in moments of her in unabandon gayness but also in her grief and many times copious tears.