In Cricket – Look before you take the leap

The most important feature that everybody should bear in mind is that if you opt for cricket as a career then not being successful, is not an option and you stand nowhere.

The Universe within the Womb / Gouri Nilakantan

Does the cold womb speak to the warm vagina, are we meant to be bound and knit into the body, so much so we do not seem to belong, not to have any identity ever? The guess is not in the mystification nor in the pontification of the “female” in the eyes of society. Nor it it amongst the peering eyes of manhood and by keeping them as some elusive or exclusive superior race. It lies in the individuality and the recognition of the self amongst all. For once let us not see ourselves only through the wombs , the vaginas, or paling breasts but only as having separate yet same voices. This through which we can declare strongly enough to be defined as all belonging to each other.

The time to be in categories of gender has long gone, it needs to be attacked and discarded as worthless. These binaries and super binaries that do not see women as individuals first but use the safety net of phrases of gender are to be shot down as fallacies. We have been honoured enough by given powerful names by our ancestors. We have been given recognition for

sounding phrases strong. Enough of gendering, enough and more than enough, it’s time to think ahead, as “you and me”, and “we all”, “as all of us” that belong entirely to each other.

This will allow us to love unconditionally, to let go unconditionally and remain forever within the societal definitions of a “ wife” “mother” “ daughter” or “sister”. It will thus also not negate the man as a “ husband” “ father” “ son” or “ brother” and bondages will only only grow stronger and stronger. Such singular terms of unity therefore allows one to outgrow force and coercion that often come within societal relationships. The urge here I see to all of us only as me and you and forget the male, female, alpha male, alpha female etc. The society will then accept unconditionality in loving and wanting to be loved.

For once live only for you and me and forget all expectations from each other, not because god says so, or you have enlightened and seen Buddhahood, or emerged victorious from the caves of inner meditation, but only because you truly and truly believe in the selfhood of each person. Wombs will then create the universe with its totality and spirit of mind. Enjoy and embark in this unconditionality of living and letting to live.

Where Time is Non-Existent / Sanjiv Bobby Desai

As I waited with Tripti, I looked around at all the rest of the passengers waiting with us. Some were squatting and smoking, some chattering, some busy on their phones, some cooing and chatting with the baby and her mother. 15 minutes

of this. Once the driver announced the all clear, we all got back into the jeep and set off again

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Tete-a-tete with the Sighting Shadows / Gouri Nilakantan

Shadows of course are hazy, difficult to pin as someone true, and further becomes even more not worth a glance, if it belongs to mere passerby. However, for once it is important to..

Memories of the Recitative Past

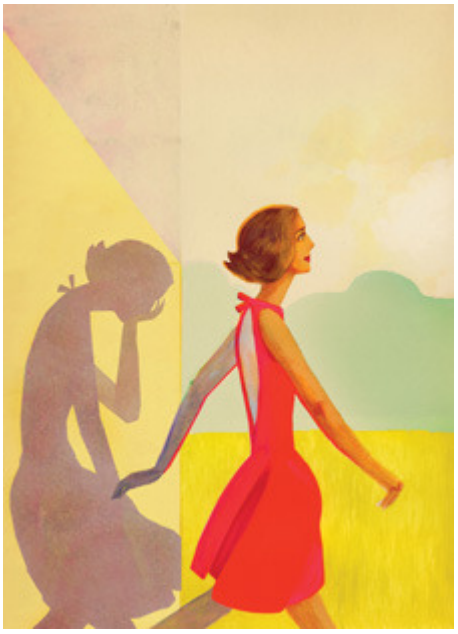


All of us are born with memories that we wish to forget and discard like faded photographs having hazy blurry images or the thrown pennings of blue inland letters and creamy pages fading with endearing attachments. We would rather regurgitate the past than carry it within us. Are we in the real sense of failing to remember or do we wish not to hear the words of the recitative past and not get the truthful recollection of the echoing sights? To be called only as a witness is easier than to bear and pour out the visions we wish not to see. The ability to see things as they are, are so difficult to break, that to escape into the light hearted day seems much easier and much more uncomplicated.

No one wants to resound pain, express trauma or grieve for a loss. The identity of the self to happily live only within the confines of the day, going from hour to hour and knocking down the doors of the minutes that dissolves then into seconds, is true serenity and peace. However, many times we need to challenge the tranquillity we have falsely created and listen to the polyphonous sounds of the dead and buried. The graves of the bygone as much as you bury, as much as you decide the deepest depth the coffin should lay, needs the embalming, only and only to cleanse your soul.

To gain the convincing reincarnation of this lost spirit, is only possible if we allow ourselves to cry, lament and mourn for the forgotten memories. Just by dismissing the bygone and not evoking the emotions of sorrow, by not shedding the salty reservoir, we are creating only adulterated personifications of what we term as today. Its reason is enough to moisten the sodden earth of the buried past, so that the watering down can reach the submerged coffins. One has to sometimes open to see the enclosed skeletons and beat one’s breast to lament for the faded photographs or tethered inland letters or torn creamy papers that are screaming to be heard.

So, hear the cries within, grieve for the past, sob along with the beats of your heart and let your tears become the pulse. It will only allow the recitative past to become beautiful, melodious verses of songs of your life you will want to hear again and again.



The Exodus Needs a Companion / Gouri Nilakantan

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……

The Prosaic Names the Profound

Vibrancy comes not from creating something new and novel all the time, but in the unchanging ways we have adapted ourselves into. The ordinary is the one that creates the true promise of the……

The Dance of the Hyperbole

Let us not even once, then, discount these as mere undecorated flecks, but as gigantic astronomical atoms, that pinpoint to the immense creativity and churning in the human mind. If just one of these little mites gets charged, we create a gigantic reaction in our minds. That chemical reaction is sure to explode, not to destroy but ….

Myth of Social Media / Gouri Nilakantan

This self indulging practice that we are consumed with, becomes thus our daily practice show, our daily practice rehearsal, and our daily practice “for viewership and arduous, colossal, consumerism”.

Power of Saturn by Vishwanath Hiremath (Astro Vish)

Whilst Chaya was pregnant she was too confused handling the secret that she was the shadow of and not the true wife of planet Sun due to that burning heat of planet Sun and she being a shadow Lord Saturn was born very dark, So planet Sun doubted at Chaya that it can’t be his child due to dark complexion and didn’t accept him as his son, Saturn quickly gazed at his father and turned him