

In Between all the Uncertainty.

*All this happened
By Navya Sah.*

Shall we please come together in times of
loneliness/displacement/ scatteredness/ aloneness/
feelinglessness/ emptiness/ chaos/ crisis/ unlove/
unknowingness/ uncertainty/ endangeredness/ vulnerability/
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What is the connection between me and the world?
Where do we meet and where do we part ways.
Who lives in whom?

(about me)

Why am I always hurting.

Knock, knock,
Are you there inside?
Are you here with yourself?

I feel like I'm shifting towards a change.

I am trying to finally wakeup.

Sometimes, I like to do nothing.
And sometimes, this nothingness can eat me up, swallow me down
and make me feel disappeared, dissolved and all cut up on the inside.

I feel all my good writing is sitting somewhere deep within me.
But I just can't figure out how to get there.
Why is it hiding?

I feel,
Let the pain swallow me whole.
Let me digest it down and poop it out.
And then, pain and I can have
a more synchronous relationship.

I'm sorry.
Sometimes, I'm not myself.
And I don't even get to know.

Sometimes, I feel like, I don't want to know anything about anyone.
And I don't want anyone to know anything about me.
And then soon after, I take my words back.
Because, I'm too scared of feeling lonely.

Can you try to give, and give and give?

I am curious about the things that people can't put into words.
The feelings that melt into their eyes and stay there,
Hoping to be found, resolved or
at least, spoken to.

I'm tired of missing you.

Maybe, I expect too much.

I actually don't like go-getters. I like patient aligners.

Note to myself. Please always give a choice.

And the days dragged on as I drugged myself to feeling nothing.

Whatever is mine, is mine.
Whatever has to stay, will stay.
Whatever has to happen, will happen.

(about the world)

Nobody knew what it meant,
Nobody knew where this would go,
And that's the thing about uncertainty.
It makes you feel powerless.
And accepting that is the hardest part.

Strange times call for stranger measures.
But also, for being,
simple and soft and sensitive.
Even with yourself.

Time stretched and dragged itself into creaking rooms and dusty corners,
To places where I could no longer reach and memories I could no longer find.

If you can know everything,
Figure out everything,
Control everything,
Where's the adventure?

You know certain things and you don't know many things,
In times of great uncertainty and vulnerability,
Maybe just stick to what you know for sure.

The rhythm of the world was swooning.

I know it's all wrong.
But, maybe this is right.
Maybe this is the time when we can come together, finally.
To feel.
To think.
To share.
To trust each other.

Out of all your versions, there is one that brings you closer to your center.
Some people bring this version out of you.
Identify them. Allow them in if you can
because when you lose yourself, they can help you find you.
But, if you have to let go, let go.

Some people will destroy your life, bit by bit,
Smiling at you. Unknowing of the power you have given to them.
And some will cultivate it,
Softly, smoothly, quietly,
Looking into your eyes a little longer. Perceiving.
Choose wisely.

Everyone likes a little tease.

How much is enough?

We are all funny creatures living orchestrated lives.

Don't believe what they say because they don't believe themselves either.

Let it b r e a t h e.

What's the worst that can happen?
Prepare for that.
Overcome fear.
And get on with it.

When you are “zoning out”, where are you actually going?
What are you zoning into?
Are you thinking about your food,
The love of your life or the pending chores.
Are you ‘zoning out’ or ‘zoning in’?

When you look within the within, what do you see?
If you are within the within, are you all in?
Can you see the outside from within the within?
Does the outside lie within the within?

About me and about the world.