

An old friend asked,"How are you?" And I forgot to reply but this is what I was going to say:

I'm good.

Still Alive.

It's September and it is beautiful but also painful at times that I still bite my nails.I get to work on time.I do not read books now,long back I forgot the smell of the pages,but I write more.I am eating fried chicken in one hand and probiotic drink on the other.I still go to KFC alone and sit at one corner with french fries in hand.Ma still asks me whether I am faithful to my meds.So I told her I'm stronger that I can save someone from it.Baba still asks whether I love what I do,and I reply him yes.My bestfriend calls and tells me how she had a bad day at work with a lot of work still pending and I can relate to mine.I want to hold her and celebrate sorrow together.Ma is telling grandpa is not keeping well these days and I'd choke my heart so I couldn't hear it.Men like me.Most who were half dead already and I see what their eyes tell.They pay more attention to how I look more than my poetry.And everything I want doesn't fit in the keyhole.I am tired but not complaining.I leave behind what hurts.I google more about city towns named after women and which haircut is in trend.But mostly my history would be about Nigella Lawson and how to keep skin lucid and pimple free.While I was writing all these I suddenly realized I was really late for office.

Every morning I will generally be the first one to wake up in a 1bhk of five people.Clueless about what to do with the extra time in hand, I usually spend a good portion of my morning on Instagram.Scroll, scroll, scroll. Tap, tap.Like.If you have wasted enough of your time on Instagram, you can categorize the types of people on the platform.

The sad ones & the ones, who pretend to be sad.

The artistic ones & the ones, who pretend to be artistic.

The people who spends time to write big captions, people who keep it short.

The people who edits photos they post,whereas the ones who keep it original.

Tired by the fancy of most, I would go to accounts of people, who write well.

I read a poem here, a poem there; I read a short-story,a haiku.

I remind myself that I should start writing again- and when I do, I should write more often.

I slowly start forming rhymes in my brain:

"Of all the plans that didn't come true

Of all the people who left us"

I stared blankly at the rusted mirror as I was tucking my sky-blue shirt beneath the black trouser.

"And all the moments we miss being around our loved ones..." In the mirror I saw that my shirt has developed a crease.

I think I need to iron it.

But I think, I can manage it for the day.

I have three meetings today.

I have to talk to my lead if she can consider extending the timeline.

When I come back home I have to do laundry and cook dinner.

I think I am running late.I might miss the bus at 10

Should I call my mother before reaching office?

Why do I waste my time on Insta?

I will have to skip breakfast.

Why is my laptop bag so heavy?

Why is this lift never on time?

I worry about money less now and feel happy even if there are moments which bothered me before.

I talk more these days to people, to strangers, myself so that the sorrows do not overpower. I observe more. I forgive. I try to show that I belong here. Because I really do. I always do. And the world belongs to me too.