A CUP OF COFFEE FOR MY BRAIN

Description

I peeped outside my bed sheets, slowly opened my eyes. I saw at the window through the curtains parted enough to take a brief look. It was my lazy way to note the arrival of the day. Catching it a shade too dark or grey, or diffusely mild light or bright hot yellowish streams of light. Curiously, the colors waiting outside the window functioned as my daily alarm clock. How quickly I threw myself out the bed sheets depending on the colors outside. The milder the lazier I would be. Once I noticed the brighter shades, I hurriedly got off, to deal with my early morning dilemma. â??How Iâ??m going to organise the dayâ?•

My wifeâ??s death had been a severe jolt for me. We were married for thirty four years. Both of us are emotionally cushioned enough to take in the typical good and bad times. But I never calibrated that a time would come. That I have to carve out every day adjusting to day to day mood swings. I never calculated how much intuitive stamina was required to defy the void in my days after my wifeâ??s demise. Living alone was never in the scheme of our plans. Now Iâ??m deeply distressed to explain to myself how to untangle out of this daily baggage of barren days. Now she is not beside me. And she would never be â?? ever.

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Fortunate enough, Mani and I from early days on in our married life had forged for us; an unseen, overriding emotional hinge. Good enough, it had helped us to spread any awkward issues evenly between us. Helpfully, because of it, for us, clearing them, involved less conflict and littlest friction. Itâ??s like if she spoke and I agreed. If I spoke she nodded her consent. Hard days, events, snags would easily get sorted out between us as smoothly as gobbling up supple ice apples.

Generously considering, the day started for both, treating us with a few mind comforting activities. Yoga and music are our first priority. Both of us had given them as heartily as we use to sit for our breakfast. These were the twin treats I had shared with my wife. Today Iâ??m gratified that I chose both. I strived every day, to keep my self-esteem balanced. Saw to the fact that it allowed me to function in good geniality. Living in the silence of her absence.

Presently, from a little over a year, Iâ??m living alone. And I couldnâ??t avoid wake up to that dim reality everyday morning before I jump down out of my bed. I close my eyes tightly. And give out a murmur of appeal to myself. â??Today I would never allow bleak feelings to cloud me. I take it that my day will be OK. I somehow seek my day would wear the old charm I had enjoyed with my wife. I have to someway break out of these overcast moodsâ?•

It was Mani, from the early days of our marriage, who had encouraged me to practice yoga. Noticing, how my stubborn asthmatic bouts persistently troubled me. She introduced me to the intense breathing postures. â??This range of breathing of exercises will inflate your lung capacityâ?• and â??Daily regimen of thirty minutes is what it takes to give you good reliefâ?• She spoke to me with a reassuring feel.

I had indeed, not bothered back then to appreciate the reality and heart of yoga. But today, thanks to Mani who taught me how to appreciate yoga. Now I suspected that my mental sanctity would have been shattered without adhering to its miraculous value. Today, I sacredly recognized yoga as my alter-ego. I have a sentiment to believe it so. It had become a hymn of my wife: in which I see the style and beauty of yoga.

I practiced it every day with a devotion one attached to while sitting before a pious deity. Such is my belief immersed in it that I even have come to see it as my daily salvation. I selected my reading room for it. In one corner I lay a mat and on it, I spread a thick cushioned carpet. I still remember the red rectangular carpet which Mani and I had purchased in Hyderabad a couple of decades ago. Since then it has become a part of my morning ritual.

Yoga for me had become a special emotional courier to connect me, myself and Mani. Soon after my morning ablutions, I take my place on the carpet to commence my morning connecting â??My mind, body and soulâ?? ceremony. I do it with all my candor as if fantasizing Mani was somewhere supervising the whole procedure.

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The whole routine carried, truly, one meaning to me. For the last eighteen months. From the day Mani started her heavenly bound journey. I saw to it that I have incorporated one short prayer in my daily meditations. A sort of self-motivation.

It goes like this: â??Give me freshness for all I need to do. Give me vigor where in my decisions would be fair and thoughts coherent. Allow my creative energies sparkle. Let my experience guide me, never permit my depressive past to blind me from todayâ??s promise of goodness.â?• At this point, I struggle a lot to calm my mind not to run capriciously. Once it was done when I slowly opened my eyes, still in kneeling position, hand folded in supplication. The moment I opened my eyes I make a reverential nod to two huge portraits set before me one is Maniâ??s and next is my fatherâ??s.

One high note of my synchronicity with my wife was our love for music. My wife was classical singer and a dancer. My choices went around Indian fusion and western pop. But I can say that we were through many of our tough times because of our common love of music. Music, after all, is a great leveler of negative moods.

It isnâ??t that we would listen to music sitting together. When things arenâ??t going in an expected smooth manner. I secured myself, listened to my kind of music. She subdued herself by finding her spiritual music in a safe place. We someway had found our calmness and balance from the deep melodies of music.

I believed music expresses that which we cannot put in words. When carried by its subtler form we tend to drift and float in a glorious clarity. It gently blows away our cloudy tempers. The melody disarms us. The rhythm makes you crawl into calmer retreats. The lyric lets you feel soft and balmy. They go on to lilt you to massage your stiff minds and unhelpful nerves. I really believed that music made us happy.

Pondering less on negativism in the aftermath of my wifeâ??s premature loss. I have given an altogether a solaceful spun to my cyclic routine. As if by design or by her spiritual intuitiveness she left me with two crutches to hold on to myself. Not to collapse under the weight of loneliness. Two subliminal, rational crutches â?? the life of yoga and the love of music. They are like the hot cups of coffee she had served me, every day, early morning for over three decades.

â??Everybody at one point or other in their lives is bound to bump into a bunch of bad days. Each one has to find a way to deal with it. But my wife had taught me a simple habit with which the stubborn issues could be dealt. For my good health and peaceful life. She told me, honestly, â??enjoy the magic of music you loveâ??â?•.

My favorite selection of music was very limited. A few of my own and a handful of my wifeâ??s picks. Which I kept listening when mornings dragged slowly, minutes weighed heavy. Music had helped reversal of loneliness into something bearable, something buoyant.

I served on myself with the soothing melodies as my background chant during my yoga sessions. Or when Iâ??m behind the steering wheel on to a long drive. Alone. Or to break the spell of my long marathon writing sessions.

The respite, I have been appreciating was spectacular and astonishing. As I entered into the mood of music I become one with the rhythm and melody. I just discard everything at the moment and filled with the harmony of instrumentation. â??In one elevated moment, everything pauses, feels uplifting, a clear calmness settles insideâ?• In that instant of serenity, the racing thoughts halt. My mind floated in tranquillity. I â??was all by myself with my own quietness. Still enjoying the euphoria, I speak to myself, â??Happy people were usually assured, confident, disciplined peopleâ?•.

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The essence I enjoyed while application of these two pursuits especially in the last eighteen months had one healing incentive. I was more alive and mentally vigorous: devoted to focus on reading and writing.

Personally, for me seems like every day I face a stiff situation. See myself confronted by one or several knotty tasks dangled before me. Firmly, I resolve to brace to face the everyday challenge. Big or small.

Immediately, my next task would be to stay alertly mindful. Of to align my commitment, my inner voice, and my expertise with my habits and discipline. Further, at the end of the day to get the feel. That I have fulfilled my appointed task. All through, I shouldnâ??t falter. I would have to ensure that my mental alertness never ceases to pause.

Would these small steps rescue me from my disturbing bouts? I believe definitely, yes. Is there an alternative possible? Supposedly no. I have trusted my wifeâ??s advice. I have adopted yoga and music as a psychic power to get back my active life and to live over again. Put together serving my terms and my needs.

Everyone has problems: For someone like me, I felt the gamut of its force was a bit stormier. More relentless. Choosing to bother less, I have been romancing my two obsessions â?? yoga and music. Iâ??m fairly rewarded not to let those problems seep and taint my little efforts to be cheerful. In spite of their ominous presence. Because of which I enjoyed my daily boosts of therapeutic inspiration. Itâ??s like following one advice, â??Put your problems in a pocket with a hole in itâ?• And later wash them down with a hot cup of coffee. Every day, every morning.

Category

1. Uncategorized

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