



A PREVIEW TO HAPPINESS

Description

Certain occasions trigger a kind of regretfulness and itchiness, leading to a quick dip into self-searching. This daydreaming nibbles at my moods, especially when I pass through remote villages where I try to frame the travails of the commoner in lush green fields or busy streets teeming with the toiling hard. It happens when I go off to my photo expeditions, imagining a great visual harvest.

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I'm an introvert. My fragile emotions have a charitable vibe, and I get upset at the sight of any deprivation. I come across many such instances in my eagerness to create colourful visuals of a few complex realities where people are preoccupied with their struggles to earn an honourable livelihood.

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I squint at them as I bring them into my camera frame. The unfolding of daily battles stand before me where I see them strained as daily wagers. Instead of pressing down the shutter, my thoughts would go like this. Perhaps behind their bouncing sweaty bodies lie their children's needs, education, welfare, or family health.

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Yet they seem to wear a wholesome smile when I request permission to bring together their hard-handed rhythms in their workplace.

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In contrast, though I assume myself well-off, my low self-esteem nails me down, always bothering me with imaginary trials and worries.

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Speaking about my mental status, which always troubles me by being in flux, going up and down in moody fluctuations. I always entertain many doubts like, "Can I be healthier in body and soul, and will I ever have a well-balanced perspective without asking the difficult questions of future securities?"

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I wondered, looking at their sweaty, confident build. I couldn't help but appreciate how casually they have accepted the reality, not complaining about their listless survival. And still, they seem to enjoy a blessed condition on their own terms. Oblivious to the setbacks and unyielding penalties to thrive and survive.

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Unlike me, they seem to be spending more time filling the days with happiness, working hard, and mingling with a sense of bonhomie with their co-workers. I felt curious how they could labor so tirelessly, untouched by any pull of anxiety and sullenness. They appeared as if they never cared to consider the future or empty and unfulfilled dreams.

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What I discovered on that day shone like a grand revelation. Being contended, so much involved in one's line of work is not something that happens as if programmed in them. It has nothing to do with external events but how they see reality as it really is and interpret it in a language only they could understand. I think it's grown as an attitude in them of controlling their private thoughts and defending their inner estimations as they find no one else to turn to. And despite this, they seem to surrender to the fact that what was worthy of their station in life?

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Packing my gear after sweating for three hours in the fiery sun, I drove back home, recollecting and analysing what I had witnessed. I felt that "People who mind less about their external realities, control their inner heartstrings, and show personal dedication to the work at hand, would certainly become masters of their own life and own the kingdom of happiness."

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Category

1. Places

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