

AN EVENING WITH KAUSHAL

Description

default watermark

Follow my blog with Bloglovin

There was something electric spin at home; the corridor swirled with joy for the arriving treat. The doors, windows, curtains seemed expectant waiting to hug him the moment he bursts in. Itâ??s once in a two months ritual â?? a three-day stopover where the gloom in my home wiped shattered by Kaushal â?? my grandson â?? an eighteen-month bundle of portable energy. He was to move, dance, bounce, and shriek on the weekends he comes to spend with me.

On Sunday evening I decided, why donâ??t I walk him down the riverfront and see him squeal, pounce, and bounce in sunset colors. And I set my camera to catch the swing of his tiny hands, the sparkling eyes, and the smile wide enough to disarm any negative moods.

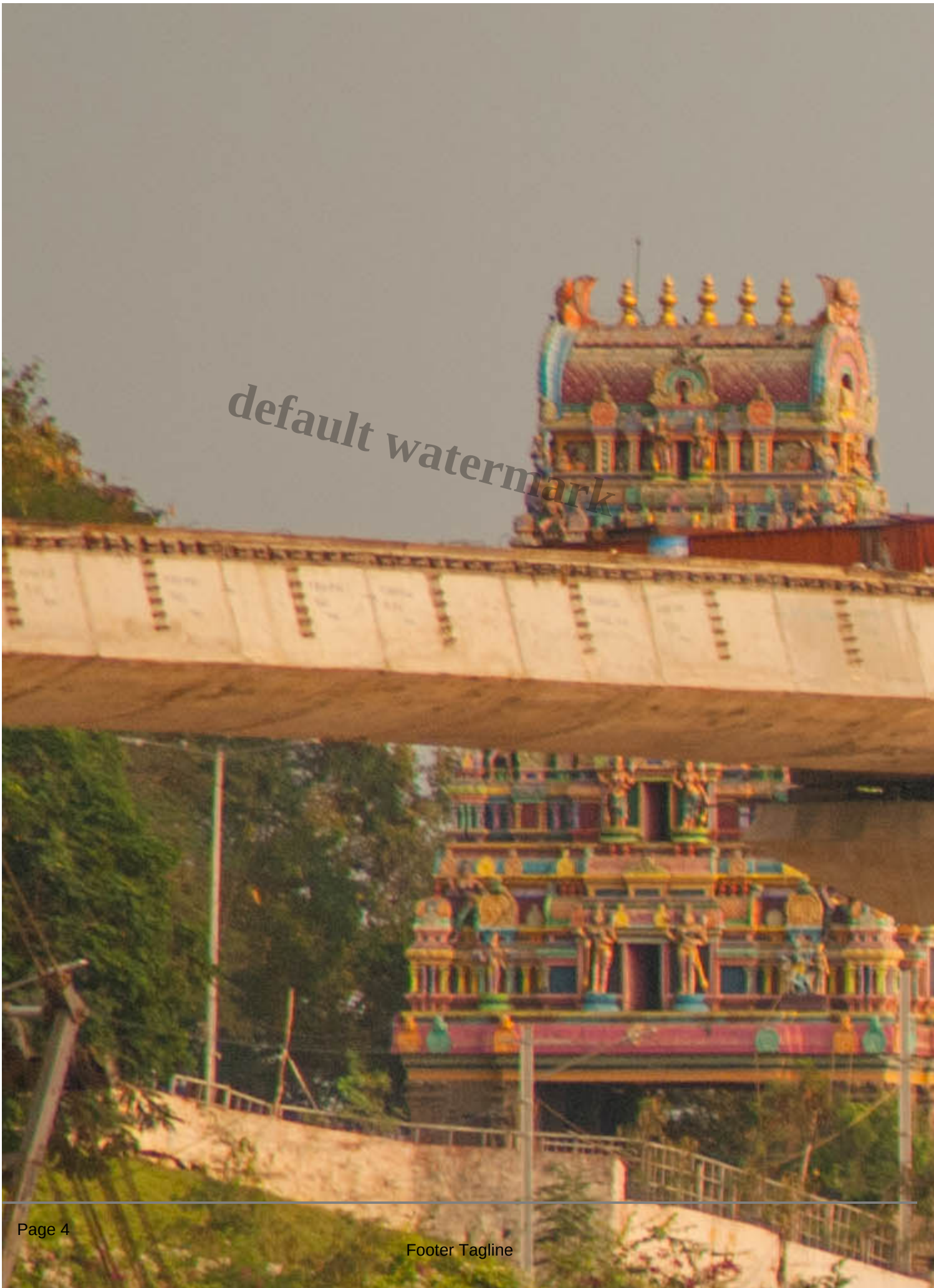
He moved on the river bank as if the tiny toes were fitted with wheels. It was impossible to restrain him; he was giggling all the while moving whichever way his soft feet would take him; unclaimed by fear he was like a squirrel let loose wriggling all over.

Meanwhile, I attempted if I can bring in a few frames good enough for my weekly blog. Like, speed boats floating at the shore, a fly-over bridge under construction, a huge flock of hundreds of birds flying in perfect formation (the sterling birds). I called it a day, bid goodbye to the Sun ready to sink into the river at the horizon.

(I live in Vijayawada â?? the city on the banks of River Krishna, Andhra Pradesh in India)


default watermark


default watermark


default watermark


default watermark


default watermark


default watermark

Category

1. Uncategorized

Date Created
2019/03/22
Author
eswarnadipalli

default watermark