

COLOURS OF DISAPPOINTMENT

Description

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The visit to Kakinada evokes a special excitement. My preparation would include more groundwork than anything I do for my travels to any other place in the way of waiting and anticipation. Itâ??s because I breathed my first breath sixty years ago and let out my first cry in this port town.

I look forward to loitering around on the most rustic seafront and the crowded, vibrant, lively fish market, where I would love to go with my camera.


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The main purpose of this trip is to cuddle my grandson Kaushal, who is turning eight, and to join in the small family treat to mark the occasion.

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â??Let me rearrange my program,â?? I thought so that I would have enough time to pack my camera gear and drive before dawn to catch the bristling activity, to see the hordes of boats reaching the shores and the sweating, shining fisherman unloading the dayâ??s catch.

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I have in store what I have gathered from my previous visits â?? the many snapshots, impressions, vantage points, the edgy mood of the sellers and buyers, the rush, the thick curious aroma of a variety of sea â??life and the din of bouncing flux of crowds. Though I was on a tight schedule, I felt a compelling urge to revisit and replicate the same pursuit today.

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I had some difficulty after an appetizing birthday dinner; sleep didnâ??t favour me, and I lay half-awake the whole night. I know my age entails its catalog of health and stress issues, but I imagined it would spare me from my early morning resolve.

My smartphone was loud enough and prompt enough to ring me awake before five. I got up, readied, picked up a water bottle, threw my backpack in the back seat with all the shooting paraphernalia, and set out for a thirty-minute drive to the seashore.

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The daylight hadnâ??t yet taken charge, but in the shadows of the grey light, I saw that the road was impossibly crowded because of the Sunday market. I couldnâ??t honk much, lest the early shoppers might get offended. â??This is crazy,â?? I said in mild irritation. In that brief pause, my eyes caught a glimpse of the curious spectacle of the busy customers. I couldnâ??t escape noticing a queer aspect that was on display when I peered outside. It was about local townsfolk hanging about so excitedly, so early in the morning. I saw the hustle and bustle heaving with a vibe and life of its own in an hour when most werenâ??t even out of their beds. Their profiles suggested trim young couples cozying up and upwardly chic teenage boys and girls moving about as if they chose the place to reach one another. For a moment, though taken over by eagerness to get to the seaside fast, it surprised me to wonder if the romantic fumes could light up and spark fond vows in such misty daybreak moments and at such plain public shanties. I felt too old to infer about these romantic encounters and the hurries of the breezy Gen Z generation.

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After a while, I cut onto a long, deserted, winding road adjoining the navigation canal. I knew this road would take me to my destination. Suddenly, something didnâ??t add up to the usual commotion I expected to see. The whole place was devoid of crowds, and on the waters, all boats, barges, and vessels seemed silent and moored as if constrained by an imposed curfew.

As I reached the coast, the situation looked so disappointingly empty. There was no bang of boats hitting the coast, no sign of fishermen, and no roar of a bustling market selling marine life. It looked abandoned and vacant, similar to what I had witnessed during the coronavirus lockdowns.

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My camera curled inwards, perhaps feeling let down, thrown into a situation with nothing else to act and click. I, too, let out a huge sigh. Suddenly, I felt helplessly drained. I expected something, and it looked like I was trapped. I didnâ??t know what to do and struggled to draw some insightful sharpness to inspire my camera and me.

Later, I learned that there are orders banning fishing in the sea for the next two months to avoid the disturbance caused by trawlers during the breeding season.

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I resolved; let me not waste the day. I went around the empty spaces, staring at the boats: vessels anchored half on the sandy bed and the other floating in dirty, salty puddles, a few fishermen tending their nets. It felt like a ghost of a place with a vast empty sea, as if it, too, wanted to stay away, flowed back deep into the horizon. So was the sky, pale and blank with no nest of clouds. My early morning feat turned out as bleak as the day that stuck teasing before me.

â??Donâ??t you worry, Iâ??ll redeem whatever I can and try to spot, frame, adjust the settings, and see that your visual esteem doesnâ??t dampen,â?• said my seven-year-old trusted Nikon gear. I trusted its faithful digital value and roamed around, catching on to a few good snapshots.

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Category

1. Places
2. Uncategorized

Tags

1. #boats
2. #fishing
3. #kakinada
4. #nature #photo #smile #photography #photooftheday #naturephotography #photographer #photoshoot #naturelovers #travelphotography #instaphoto #photographynature #naturephotographyð??·
5. river

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