

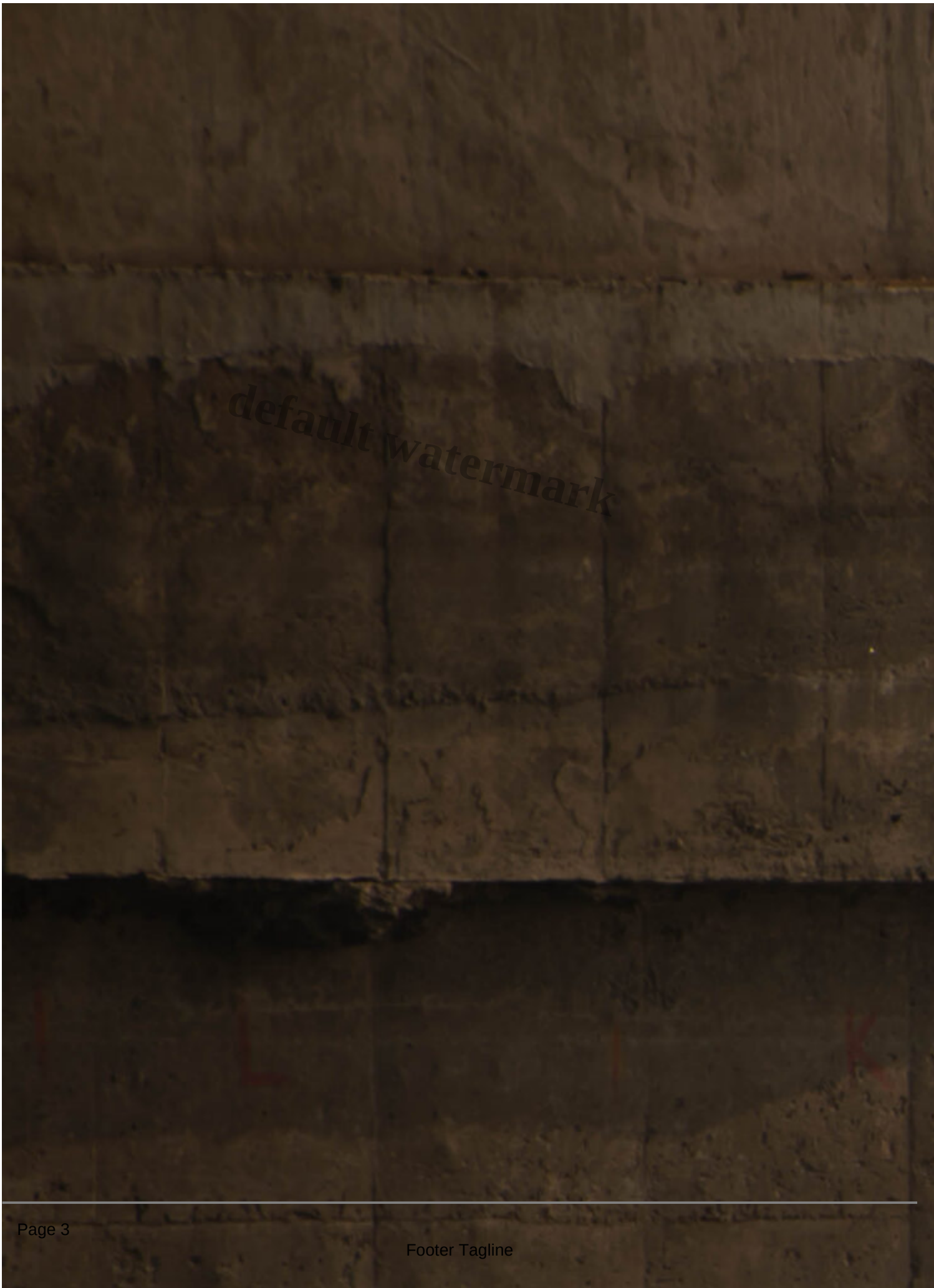
FREE AND CUSHY MINDS

Description

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An early morning walk along the banks of Krishna River is an invitation to delightful scenes of hard work and innocence. The hard work is evident in the shining wet clothes and taunt muscles of the fishermen rowing to the bank with their harvest fresh and ready. A little away from me, there is a display of naivety. I see through the grey shadows and floating mist on the waterâ??s surface, giving a dream-like realness in the hanging morning glow, some blurred faces and dark bodies of young ones splashing in calm waters. And their outlines shine in dim yellow tones, taking in the diffused blush falling behind them.


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I watched the kids from a distance. I could only see their silhouettes framed with supersized, glamorous bridges hovering above them, giving out shaking metallic noises, maybe a train entering the city. A little curious, I focused my camera on them. The zoom lens brought them closer into a frame. I saw their indistinct faces; there was no worry, no fear. Itâ??s just dipping in sheer joy. Their loud, excited innocence stirred a smile and pep upon me.

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I felt surprised to note that nothing disturbed the boys. I recognized a girl also. They are playing so unmindfully, with no sign of leaving the fun off. Behind them, at a distance, I see the mist-covered, bustling business city waking up to its chores and a day of heavy lifting. But I suspect it doesnâ??t least cut off their laughter and endless cries. In an oblivious chorus of the ripples bathing them, I observed the happy-minded pack felt secure checking on once in a while a couple of adults, perhaps parents, who sat on damp sands guarding them from a safe distance.

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Time did not matter to them; with the abundance of their innocence and cool water hugging their bare bodies, the river became their world this Sunday morning. They splashed and shouted their frolics against each other. They felt no burdens; the future doesnâ??t prick them as it does for us adults. I silently wished I didnâ??t know why, but I whispered inside, â??Let the world be kind to them, and let life become easy on them, and good dreams talk to them.â?•

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After a while, I pulled away from the scene, but my thoughts remained held up, wandering back to that group of kids. By now, the full day had opened up and was bright enough, with hints of early summer â?? hot and uneasy. I closed my eyes, settling in the cool comfort of my car; I could still hear the rings of ripples of water, the peals of laughter, and the whispers of innocence. I have to go home to see how I have preserved the striking impressions of those mischievous, happy souls.

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Category

1. Places

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