

ROSES OF RESILIENCE

Description

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Some days, I feel this knot deep inside me, twisting and turning, and I canâ??t quite fathom that burden of impatience into words. It throws off my pace, ignoring my mental tempo and making me feel like Iâ??m racing ahead faster than the faculties I can call for. I have dreams and ambitions that Iâ??ve been after for over a decade, but I keep tripping over obstacles I canâ??t see.


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Though my passion shouts high and deep, my body, exhausted from years of wear and tear, is not allowing the momentum I wish to carry. In my mind, the ideas hum, vivid, and alive, no matter the hour of the day. But my energy wavers; my health limits me, and sometimes, that emotional tug-of-war warns me to slow down just as I get all set to work forward.

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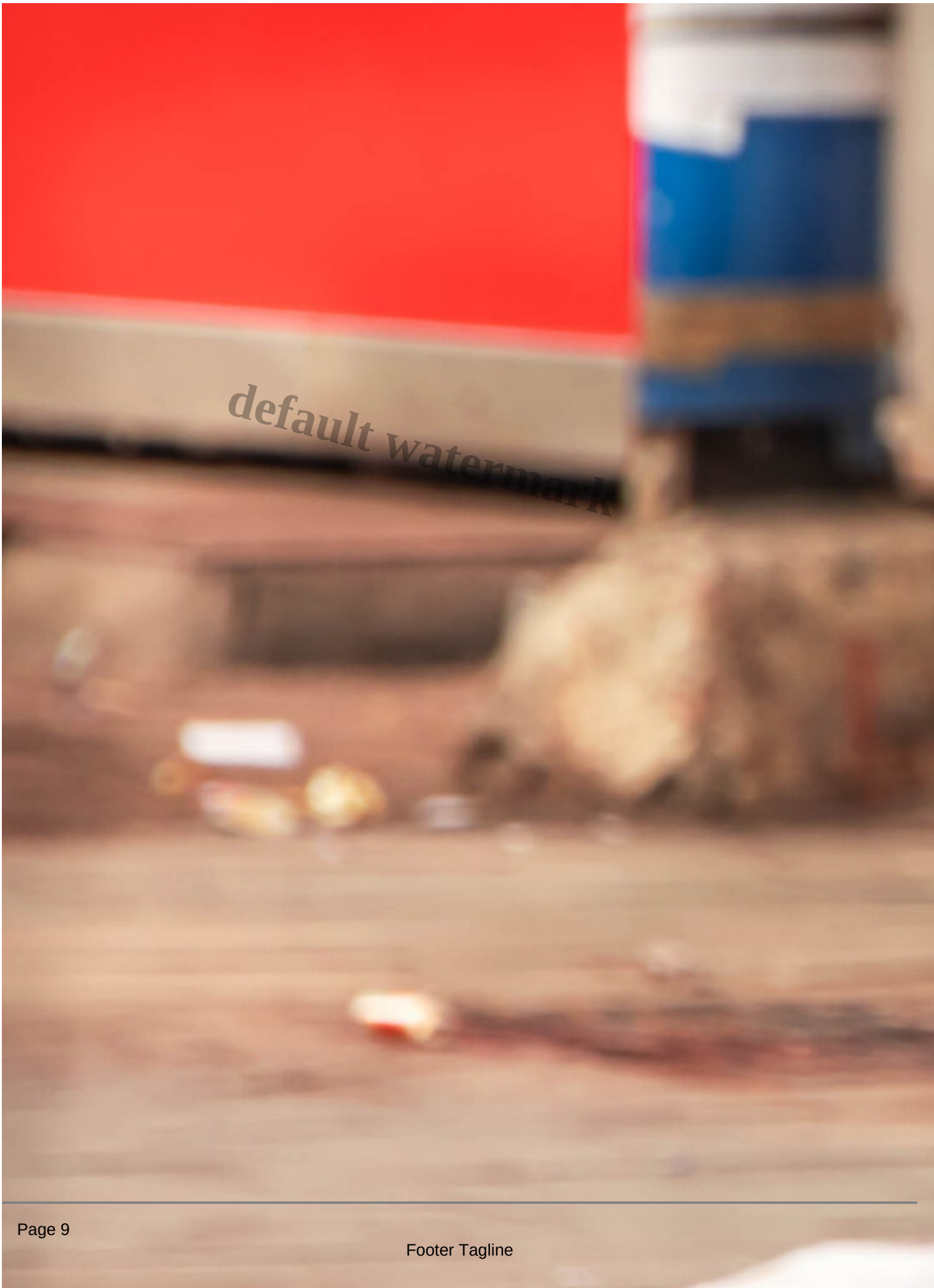

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The state of my feelings has a puzzling influence on my right-minded intent when I step outside with my camera, and suddenly something intuitively shifts. Photography has become more than a hobby. Itâ??s my window to reality beyond my lazy eyes, the austere impressions that humble and anchor me to a sense of rationality every time I see the troops of street vendors through the lens. I see themâ??men and women, young and old, braving the odds, carrying heavy loads, working tirelessly to keep their families afloat. Their hard work, I could see etched on their faces: the lines of fatigue, their sweat of hope, and the surprising grit to see a glint of an optimistic way forward. I canâ??t explain why, but the plainness of what I see stirs a deep assessment within me. Could I call it a quiet guilt creeping in? I donâ??t know.

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When I watch them with my version of a guilty sense of respect, I feel two things at once: curiosity and a shameful ache blown before my face. I know I can never measure my tenacity up to the bumpy steps they take daily. Their resilience inspires me; their struggles remind me of my past, those professional days when I also worked hard to carve out a career for myself and my loved ones. But today, I find myself resigned to the sidelines, and I am no longer a part of the grind. I tell myself Iâ??ve earned this rest, but I canâ??t help feeling a pang of not doing what I wanted to do, what I dreamt. It shames me to imagine how I could relax in the shade of my quieter life when I pitched to frame their ceaseless struggles in vivid colours that my camera quickly registered. I want to do more, to help myself, and to be more effective, but the question of how weighs heavily upon me.

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Itâ??s not just my guilty sensations. They are also my true reflections. Watching these people sweating away near the holy monument Charminar, under the sun or in the rain, makes me think about human existenceâ??s fragility and an unnoticed incredible strength. For a moment, I try to make sense of my endeavors, contrasting each in its own way. For them, itâ??s through hard work and survival. For me, itâ??s through capturing their stories and later to forge them in words and images that will outlive me.

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Still, thereâ??s a fire in me, no matter how faintly it burns. A part of me knows that my story mattersâ??that every image I take, every word I write, is my way of giving back. Itâ??s my way of saying, â??I see you. I see me, and I understand beyond me.â?• Itâ??s my way of connecting to reality, permitting me to carve myself a balanced identity even though it feels like Iâ??m just a small, fragile being trying to stay grounded in this challenging emotional chaos I get caught in sometimes.

Category

1. Places

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