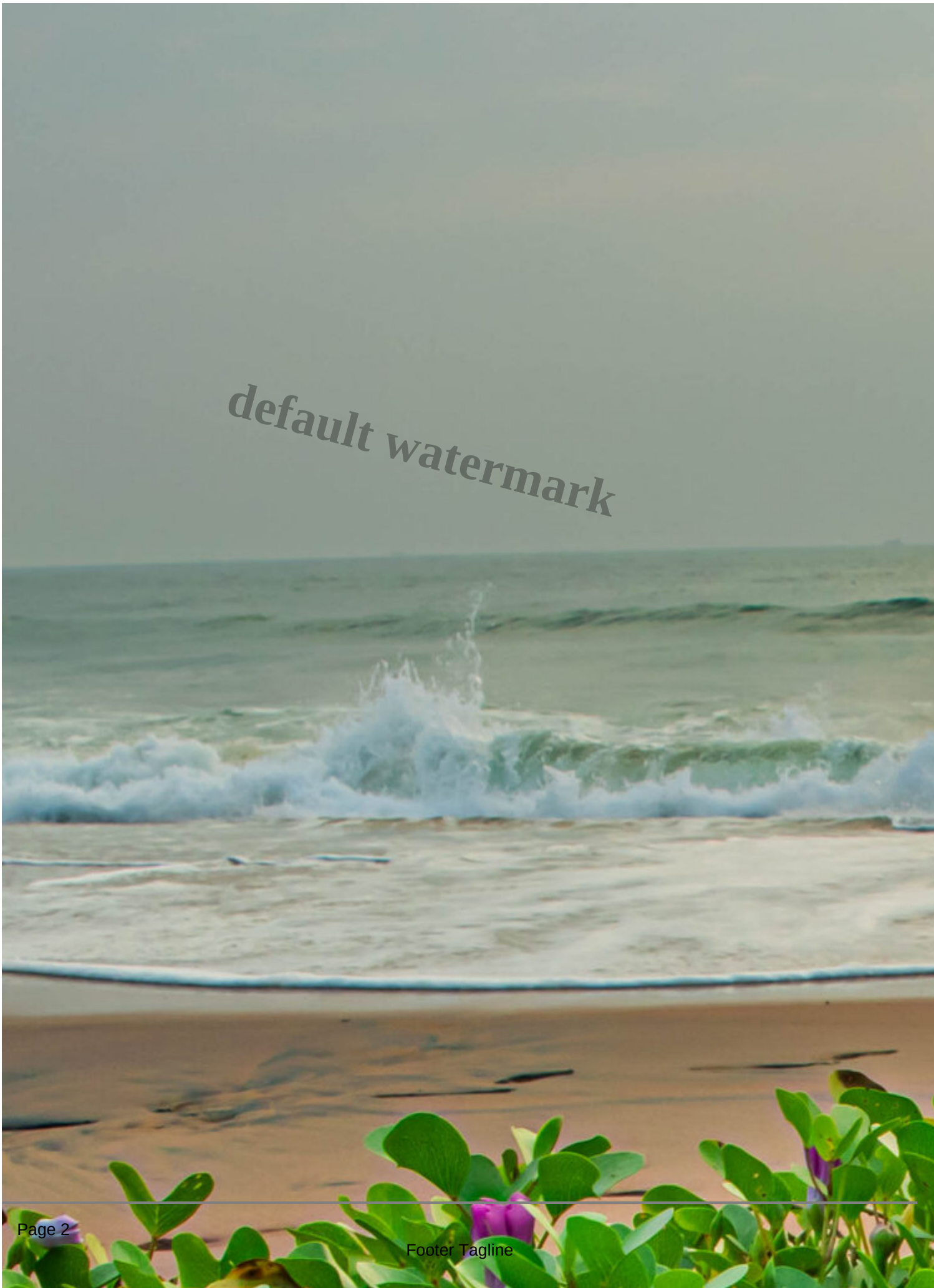


VIZAG VIBES

Description

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The get-together binge ran beyond late-night hours. The loud banter, uninhibited laughter, warm hugs, merry handshakes, clinking of glasses, shining baldies, and perfectly attired bonhomie reflect the wisdom gleaned over decades. I was warming up to the lively pleasure, itâ??s a chance for joy to be at the center of the Bapatla Agricultural College, Class of â??78 reunion.


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The nostalgic blend of 42 years of camaraderie â?? the gluing factor of our batch got ready for a long, humming, carefree evening. The shared fond memories unfolded the pages, reminding everyone of the golden years that have passed; eighty pairs of eyes twinkling mischievously and dancing, looking back at the timeless bonding that never got dampened.

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Holding the camera firmly and adjusting to the fading light, trying to catch the zing, I could hardly set my focus on the festivities at the point where the momentum was picking up.

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My thoughts and mind were distracted, and I was pulled away toward the seafront a few meters apart; from where the party was going on. The more I restrained not to look at the rushing white foamy crests carrying the gentle breeze brushing against my face, the more I felt a passing urge to pitch the tripod and capture the sea draped in the mesmerizing stiff darkness.

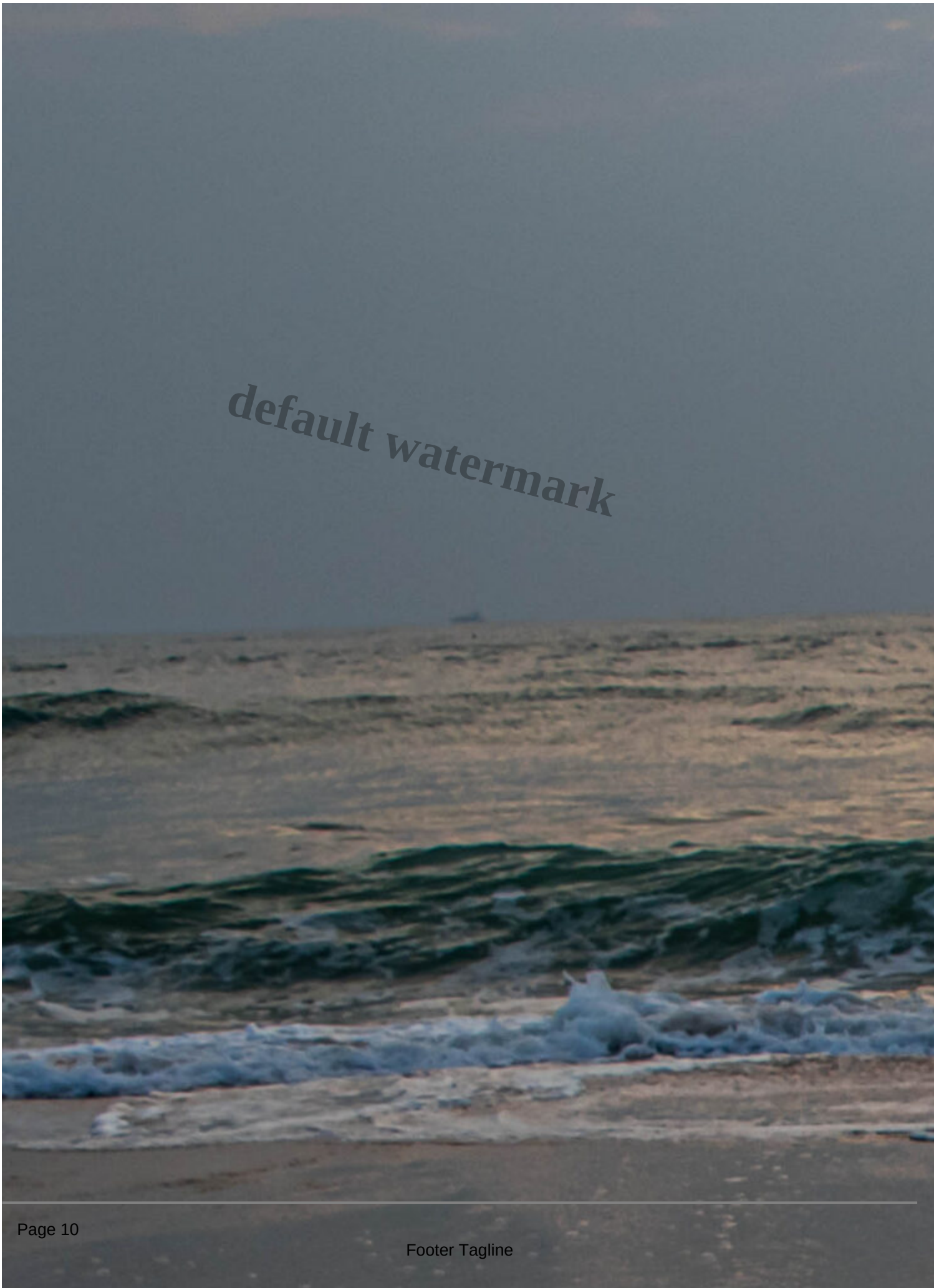
â??Let me stay, participate, and enjoy,â?• I said to myself.

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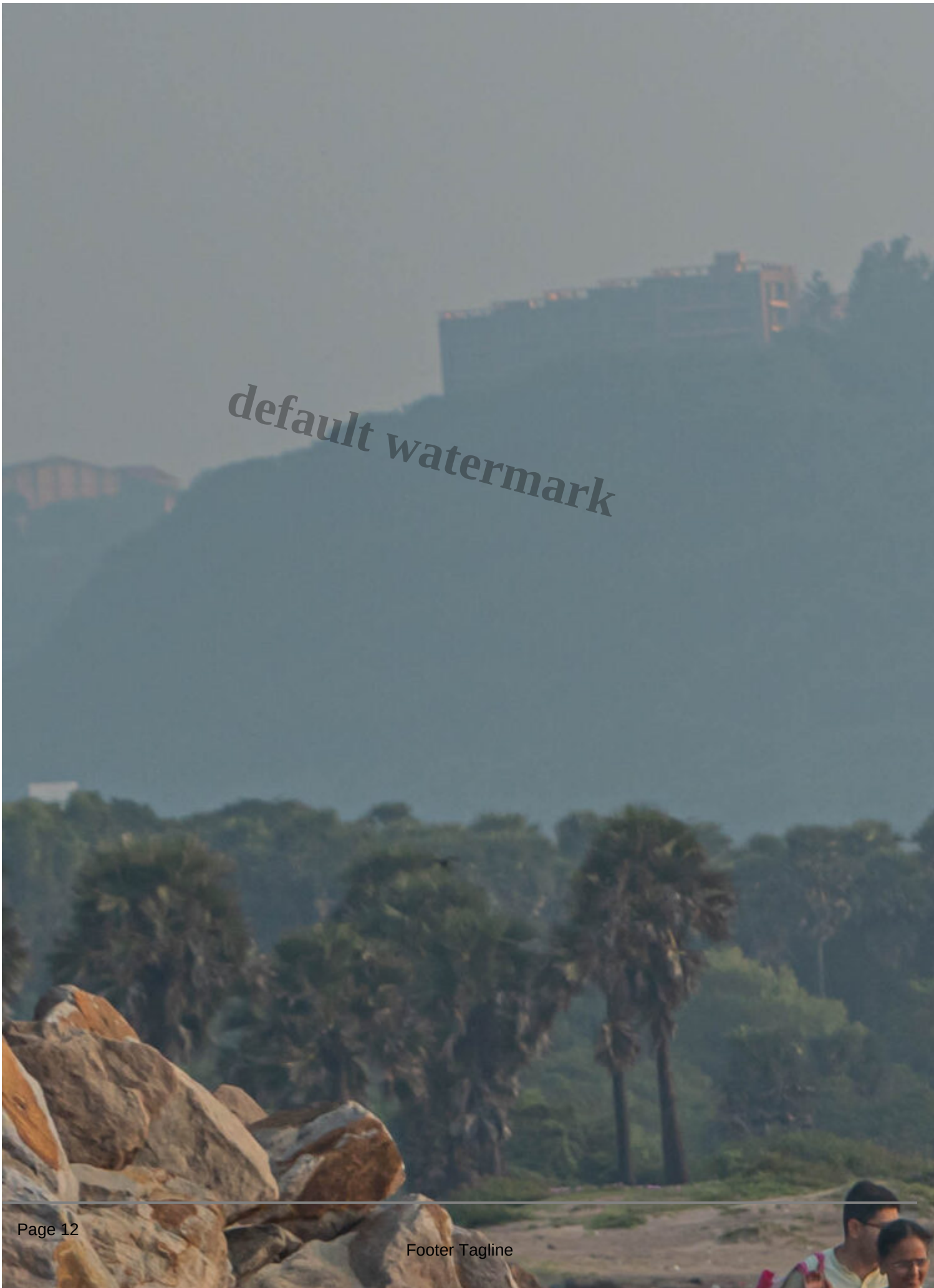
I canâ??t betray the gushing emotions running to and fro among my buddies. How can I allow my passions to dominate the intimate Bromance that grew during my four years in the college, marking the most remarkable formative years?

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Even then, a few hours later, risking the late-night restrictions at the shore, I tried a few attempts at the long exposure captures, but I found the outcome not good enough. Unsatisfied, that I couldnâ??t complete the planned task, I quit as the rising tide scared me off. I hoped I could find a favorable ambiance the following morning.

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I was up early and looked out through big glass doors. It was still dark except for the roar of the invisible waves; there were no signs of dawnlightâ??s arrival. Anyway, I picked up the camera gear and headed toward the symmetric chant of bubbly waves ready to receive me. I felt glad, readying the camera and eying at the faint golden hues of the sunrise slowly assembling.

At a distance, among the scores of joggers, couples in their romantic snuggles, and some of my buddies busy posing for selfies, I could see the city buzzing and coming to life for its daily grind.

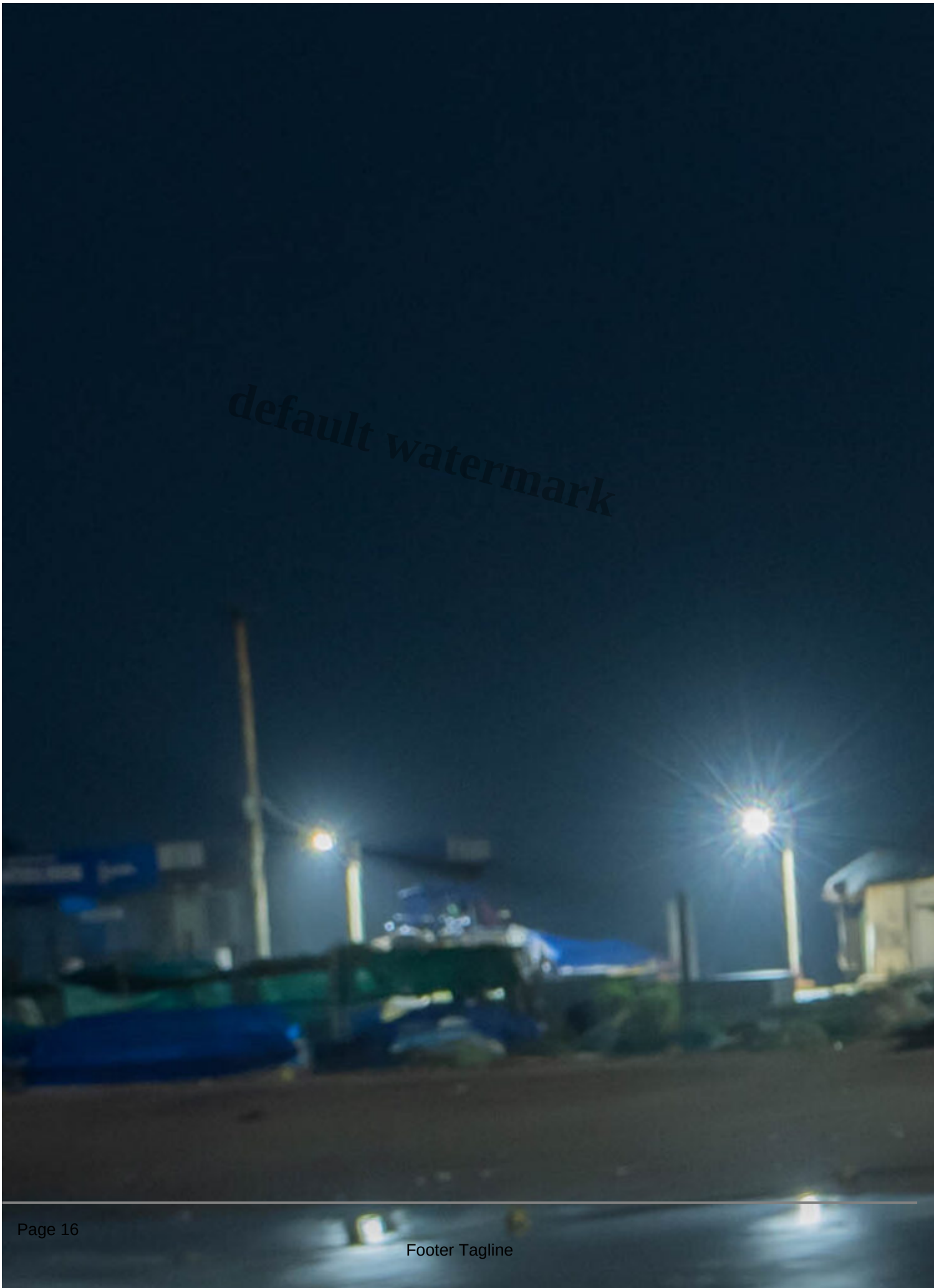
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As daylight unfolded, I saw the fierce sea painted in hues of gold and simmering yellowish orange. Itâ??s a captivating sight; it felt like time had paused for me to reel in as many digital murals as I could wrap up.

The scent of freshly brewed coffee wafts from the kitchens of the resort where I was staying, mixing with the ocean air and evoking the blissful times of yesteryears. I recall my visits with my wife and two toddlers, taking snaps as they played on the wet sand and built castles. These memories squeeze to hurt me for reasons I can only discern.

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Each frame I peek and study through the lens felt like a journey through time. Itâ??s a mix of past and presentâ?? personal nostalgia, a glimpse into past events etched in my mind like a dream that keeps returning, tearing into my well-guarded calmness. However, with its serene presence and gossamer beauty, the seafront, at the moment for me, becomes not just a place but an emotion, a canvas for reflection, where the frothy waves seem to whisper the secrets of the sea and my lingering memories.

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Category

1. Places

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