

WHEN ANXIETY TAKES OVER

Description

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I canâ??t come out of the blanket of a misgivingâ??a sort of uneasy hum that has been troubling me for the past fortnight, and I couldnâ??t pinpoint what it could be. It starts in the morning, a sensation of remote anxiety pulsing along. I feel helpless and donâ??t know why. Staring at nowhere, I flop and do nothing. When I wake up in the mornings, I feel chained to a pile of tension. I feel suspicious that all my physical and mental faculties have revolted against me.


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Strangely, I allow this gloominess to hug me for a week or more. But somewhere, in the remote hideouts within, I hear a thin murmur: â??Dust yourself, shake off these quitting jabs. This is not you; you have to trust your disciplined routine to push through.â?? Itâ??s a small but persistent effort to nudge me out of the comfortable fat layers of lethargy and inertia.

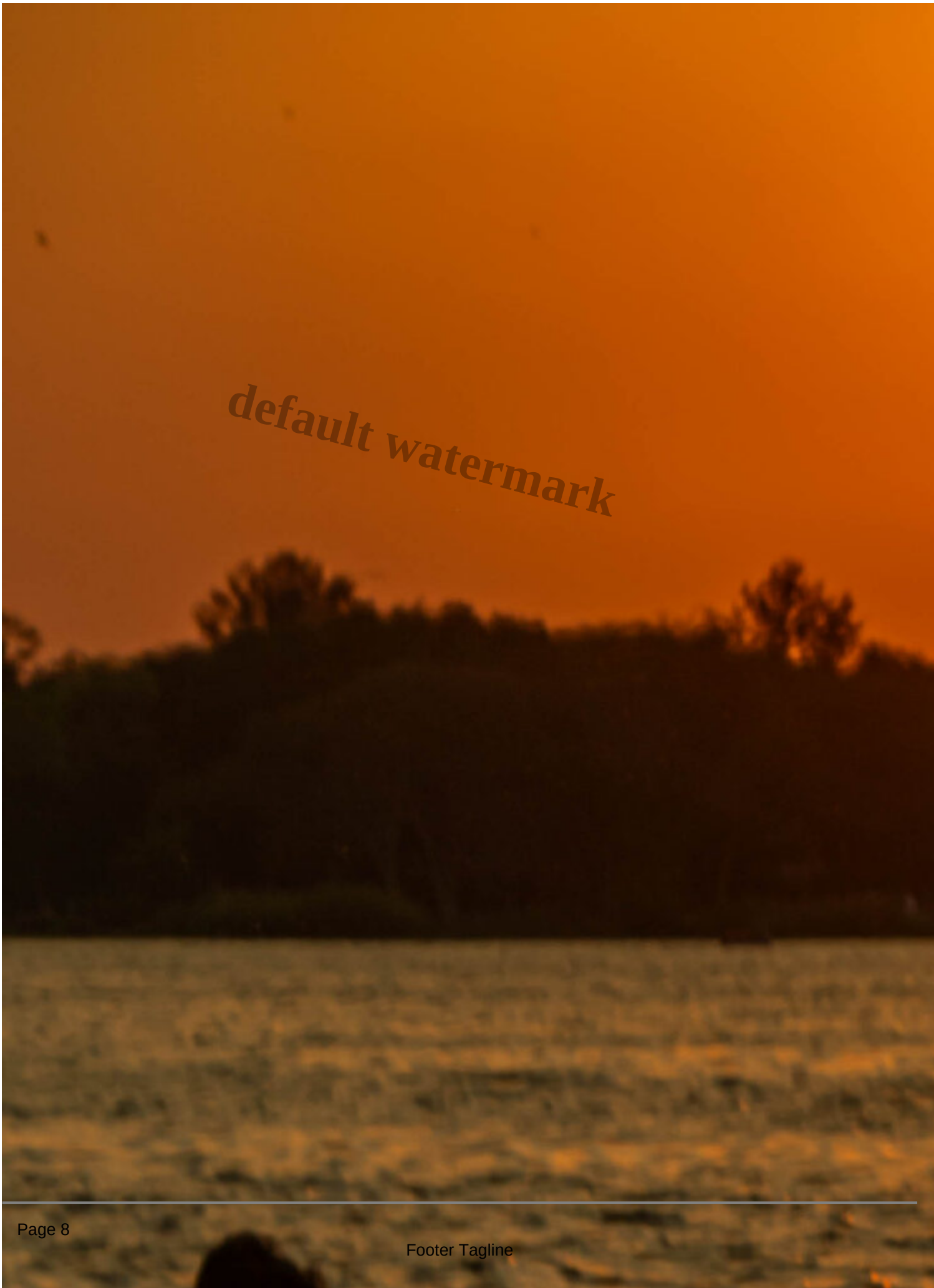
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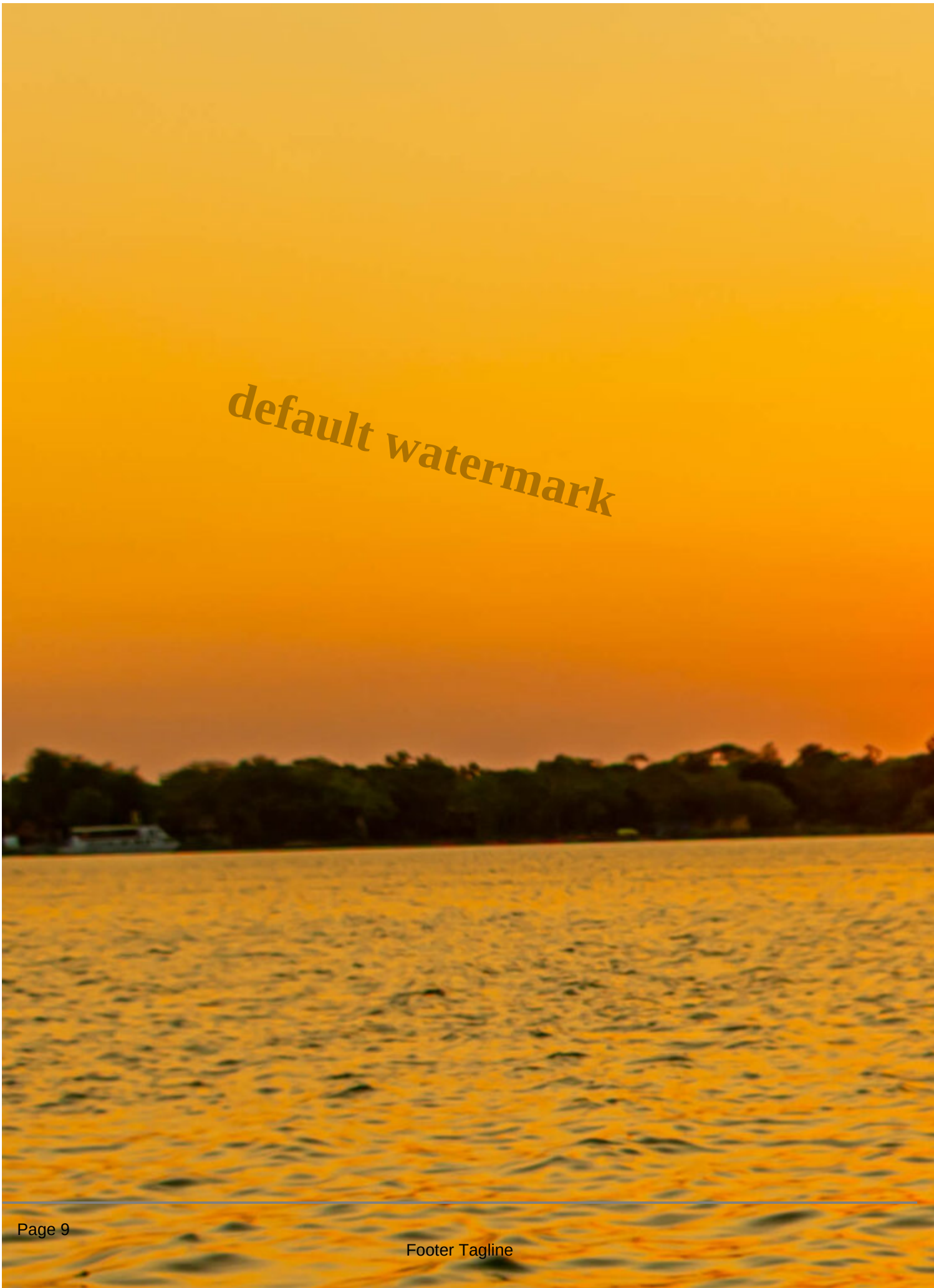

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I hear yet another pestering input: â??Hey, man! Why donâ??t you inspect your inner good self, the trust that belongs to you? Thatâ??s your backup reserve, your armor to seek the desires and goals beyond this chaos of bad moods and the unavoidable complexities of coming to terms with the void caused by retirement.â?•

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Two days later, I noticed a stir of awakening and holy sentiments, giving me an upbeat cleansing. It was quick enough to drive out the spell of weariness and replace it with the drifts of cheering I was waiting for. I wasted little time thereafter reminding myself that my life is not only a journey of accomplishments and self-discovery; I also have to put up with a few sure-to-happen self-imposed spells of laziness and rest.

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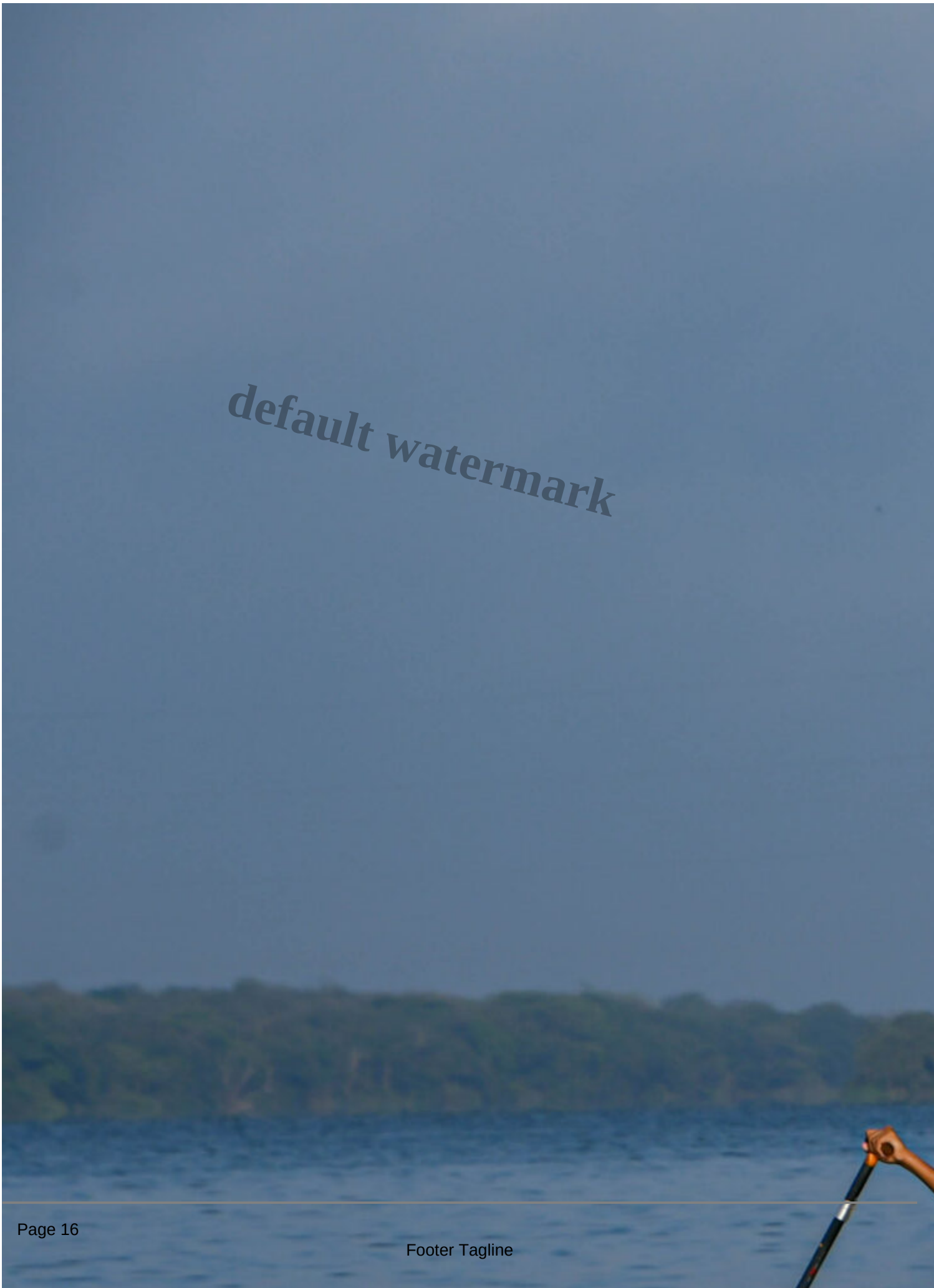
I bounce back, take stock of the situation, and hear a resilient voice adding a few coats of cheer: â??Go about giving time to beautiful ideas, self-discovery, memories, and dreams. Imagine yourself as a â??heroâ?• with a small fortune of gifted artistry. Do yourself a favor, find your feet, stand-alone, lead from the inside, and lean on no one. And trust the fact that self-control and self-regulation are signs of our brainâ??s maturity.â?•

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No sooner did I find my bearings than, with a get-up-and-go feel of a push, I galloped with my camera off to the banks of the Krishna River. I was about to pitch my gear in the late evening summer glow when my eyes wondered at the vibrant scene playing on the golden waves.

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A bundle of youthful liveliness as boys and girls, some older ones too, kayaking joyfully across the waters, silhouetted against the dipping sun. I stop my preparation to set for the shoot and feel amused, surprised at the sight â?? the kidsâ?? dripping in the deep waters following their determined regime, mixed with rigour and playfulness. The scene hit hard at my lethargic bones, and my weary skin hid in shame as the kidsâ?? laughter and spirited shouts swept toward me.

My camera also felt so excited, enjoying a surge of happy colours, and I wish the visuals played my calmness and gratification.

Category

1. Places

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