

LOST LOVE

by Amit Kumar Singh



* * * **It is a purely fictitious story. Any resemblance to it is purely coincidental.**

“You never realize death until you realise love “

I could not understand this **quote** until I met her. Yes! There is death because love gives you a new life. I too got a new life, a life full of love and full of wish to live till eternity. I remember when she first entered in class and I, sitting with my back bencher friends was looking so vigorously. I would not say that it was love in first sight but still it was something I never felt in my whole life.

Time passed. My heart got strong to convince me that I was in love with her. My eyes, who were so obsessed with her image were witness. My mind which always remained occupied with her thoughts was another witness. Realizing the sensitivity of my being and strong convincing facts provided by witnesses, I got the final verdict from my heart that I was in love.

“I am in love... But does she like me? Would she love me?”

These were questions that were pinching and trying to bleed my heart. More often, to cover our weaknesses we turn into philosophy. I became a philosopher. I was happy realizing that love is a state; it need not be mutual; at least nature has given us freedom to love anyone and this is the best gift to mankind.

I saw her when she looked away. I still don't know why I was not able to see directly in her dark expressive eyes. May be , I was afraid of me; I was afraid of the word 'love'; I was afraid of rejection. Finally the day came, we were in farewell party. She looked stunning. But a subtle layer of melancholy was in her face. My heart was beating fast; I could not imagine how I would live without seeing her. I thought that I should express my love to her. But fate had some other things to do; I heard that one of my friends had already proposed her. I was dumbstruck I did not ask what she did. I left the college and tried everything to blot her out from my mind. Five years passed. I got selected in IIT-JEE and got a good job. I had to visit my native place. I got in the train. I was reading the newspaper. Suddenly, I got shocked on my fate to see her, sitting in front of me. I wiped my eyes many times as I was not sure it was mere my imagination or a reality. She was looking more beautiful in her red Sari. I was very familiar with her dark expressive eyes and it was reality. How could I forget those eyes which were once mirror of my love?

Oh, what was that...She had a *mangalsutra* around her neck...I was shocked...

"How longer have you been married?"

This was the first question, I ever asked to her in my whole life.

"Oh, you remember me. I thought you would have forgotten me. "

"Two years! You know, Rahul, he is my husband."

"Oh, it's great. You had better invite me. I would not have missed it.
"

"Really, I never knew you would have so much time to come to my wedding. You were so busy in school days that you got no time to talk to us. But anyways, I would like to invite on my son's birthday, would you like to come? "

"It's my pleasure. I would love it. Oh, I really did not expect that you would have son too."

"Tell me what are you doing? When is your training going to start? "
I was dumb struck how did she know about my training. I even did not tell her about my education or job.

"Training..? It would start from December in Pune. By the way how do you know about this?"

"Everyone is not like you. We have some time for friends too. "

"Friend"... *I was like in heaven when she called me friend.*

"Friend...? "

"Oh, I am not in a level to be your friend."

"Please...don't say this...really! You see me as a **friend**."

Silence...there was a pin drop silence...

...This was silence before the storm...

Storm came. It rained. Salty water trickled through the corner of her eyes... moistened her rosy face...she did not speak a word...but her eyes spoke a lot... I could see what I had lost in the tears of her eyes... we got off the train but I am still in the train of her thoughts...

