

Nurturance

By Santosh Jha

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FOREWORD:

There has to be a humble admittance – Any word, however well meant and well spelt, is a possible suspect of misinterpretation. There is a simple reason. People are in different consciousnesses and culturally as well as personally inclined to a specific value-summation of utilities. As a writer it is a huge temptation to take liberties, with not only imaginations, ideas but also with the words, as against their common and popular use. Do kindly accept my latitude with language, choice of words and interpretation of contemporary realisms, as I understand, many times, they may not conform to popular usages and sentiments.

I share with you whatever is part of my consciousness and its honest innocence. All wisdoms say, what stays with you is what sinks in. Wisdom is what we internalize. I share with you whatever I have internalized in my life. This may not be mainstream, however, may have utility in some meaningful way. I believe, as a reader, you shall enjoy this novelty and pleasant awkwardness of the writing.

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Really... you get tired...

Oh! Let us not always euphemize realism...

Why not admit and say it categorically, loud and clear.... without a sense of guilt and shame – ‘Yes I am exhausted ...!’

It is not necessary that this fatigue and complete weariness happen because of incessant struggle...

It is altogether different thing that most people love to accept and actually live their lives as one perpetual struggle... worse; life can be such a mess at times that you can start feeling the stress of the struggle...

... people really think so... most have this obsession with actionable living and activity in life... they think, ‘one can get tired when one overdoes action... it’s no big deal... especially, when you are young... youthfulness is for incessantly stretching the boundaries of the horizon of all possibilities’, they think so... youthfulness has loads of stupid benchmarks...!

This makes people think – ‘how can a young woman, barely in her twenties get tired... and look, how fresh she still looks...’

... please! ... stop all this...

I surely am, a young woman barely in my twenties... very fit and healthy... I also love my work and toil it like anyone... may still look beautifully fresh at the end of the day... still, I can and I do get tired... rather, get exhausted...!

.... why can’t people accept things beyond their obsessive cultural perspectives and populist worldview about life-living realisms...?

I accept, this innocent and honest acceptance of things is not easy... this acceptance is very much conditioned... rather... this innocence and honesty too comes with a package deal... subject to market conditions and socio-cultural norms...!

... this template of simple stupid life and cool-calm living has become a huge hash tag...

For a change... if we have the allowance to this innocent acceptance... then the realism awaiting honest acceptance is –

... you get tired... you simply land totally exhausted... tired and even exhausted of your own intelligence... of your precarious yet multidimensional emotions – the perpetual weight of it... of profound sense of redundancy – a natural byproduct of market and culture benchmarking of utility and self-worth ... of the futility of objectivity of endless subjectivities... of the unpopular basis of every popular thinking and realisms... worst; you get tired of the routine of being exhausted and still pretending to living it...!

... anyhow... of whatever reason... irrespective of whether you are at fault or not... the fact and core realism remains intact and in stark perpetuity that you actually get tired and it needs to be accepted....!

However... this society and its popular cultures... and they have their own traditional wisdom... and above all, this bunch of humanity with big badge of success and king-size self-worth ... they have their own populist practices and postulations... they do not accept this all.... they are not cool with this idea of exhaustion...

... media is no more a prerogative of a few... it is everyone's empire... communication is everyone's mandatory muse and this ensures, intelligence and wise-words start pouring in from multi-dimensional media... even before you seem ready for them...

... ‘Oh! you get tired so easily, what’s up?’ ... ‘got tired so soon... you have a long way to go...’ ... ‘no..no... this won’t do... don’t give up... keep struggling... keep it up...’ ... ‘tiredness is loser’s first sign... be a winner... fight it till you drop dead...’

.... Often, you get tired of your patience with so much of subjective intelligence, with ultimate assertion to objectivity raining all around...!

.... Ohhhh...! Seems, people make a simple eventuality of weariness a crime... the blame and guilt line up and eventually, you get more exhausted... why is it that often, intelligence is unusually exhausting... also, when the need is to serve innocence and comfy emotions, why people do have this knack to dish out loads of intelligence...?

... why one gets tired, what makes one weary... does it really matter...? At least to the person who lands exhausted at the end of day... these analyses can be procrastinated... because, the simple realism is – it is normal, human and sometimes good to be tired...

Important it is that when someone gets tired, he or she should have the right to feel so... there needs to be the allowance for anyone to be happily comfortable with the eventuality of weariness...

... this moralistic positioning, the judgmental voices and loads of wise-wordings from people may be procrastinated for a while... if not ignored completely...

Why I say this...? Is it appropriate for a young woman only in her twenties to work out an advocacy in favor of exhaustion-acceptance?

... leave it... drop this question for a while... do come out of this cultural and even male-centric worldview that has a singular acceptance about young beautiful women – that they should always look good, fresh, lively and ready for ‘action’... especially where they intend ‘it’ to be...!

You need to land completely exhausted to understand that when one gets tired, what he or she needs is not what usually is dished out by people... the simple, primary and singular need is to be left alone....

Someone said to me, ‘... you know, there are times when you need to stop pretending to be what you think you should project yourself as to the world...’

... I think, she was right... often, we get tired by our own projection of ourselves and expectations from ourselves... more than that, this over-effort – both physically and mentally – to toe the populist cultural benchmarking of good, right and appropriates make us more tired, rather exhausted than anything else... youthfulness may at times become a nasty asset... especially, when this youthfulness showers its blooming bounties on a woman... being a young and a well endowed woman barely in my twenties, I know it more than most...!

... I can say this... being a ‘young and beautiful woman barely in her twenties’ qualifies me more than an ordinary mortal to admit this... I know the toll it takes on me to always keep myself up to this populist socio-cultural benchmarking of ‘appropriates’ and ‘must-do-things’, whether I am at my workplace, in commute or even in my bed...

.... and.... this I need to ensure that I keep my fresh & happy pictures uploaded regularly on facebook and instagram... being in media-midst is important... being in good media works well... being in bad media does wonders for you... posting outrageously ‘happy and well-shaped up’ images of oneself qualifies for it...

... I really think, in the long-run, this narcissistically inclined, uninhibited and anarchic media misadventures could become far more debilitating than pornography... the later is already losing its sheen to this fast-growing ‘selfiegraphy’... the glitter and gold

shall finally shift to this new media... I am surely not being judgmental... just a fleeting sense of possibility... as the trends in contemporary cultures suggest...

Being a 'young beautiful woman', I carry so much weight of intangibles on my consciousness... the weight of tangibles is nothing... I am very beautiful deep inside and also with my skin and flesh my body symmetries and numbers may be brilliantly on the plus side of the populist benchmarks... still, they really do not matter for my overall wellness... this joy is not 'good enough' acceptance for me as I have to be beautiful and woman-like in loads of other ways, which actually tires me... saying it shamelessly – it drains the vitality out of me, sometimes beyond redemption...

... actually, for a young and beautiful woman only in her twenties, it is hugely liberating to feel tired and announce it to the world that as exhausted she is, she wants to shed all the fabrics of fantasized cultural benchmarks, branded as 'appropriate' for the label of 'young beautiful woman'...

This somehow comes up as a declaration of rebellion for the male-centric worldview about women and womanhood.... it shatters the populist mould of feminine appropriates for the male world... this male-centric worldview would surely label it unusual and even unwomanlike if they find a young beautiful woman barely in her twenties not inclined in any of the 'graphies'.... the p-graphy or the s-graphy...!

... I am a young and beautiful woman barely in her twenties and I had to learn it hard way as what they all think about which way a woman should be.... I had to ask myself – which way I am a woman... which way I need to accept to stay as a young and beautiful woman...

... the answers are not easy and they come with loads of scars on your soul...

... there is surely an easy way... the easy way of accepting yourself as a body and accept body benchmarks of being woman... even the notion of womanhood then takes shape and form from these body appropriates...

... loads of young women follow these benchmarks and spend hefty precious moneys on 'shaping up' their body parts, as per the body-benchmarks, stipulated by male-centric worldview, popular media and celebrity-madness... the selfiegraphy may soon add more benchmarks of 'populist appropriates' into it...

Of course, the multi-million dollar business for 'shaping-up-women' tells you loads about how best a woman you can be if you get done this and that body appropriates...! ... it is easy, you just need some money... any stupid wealthy man can fund it for you... if you are ready for the action, where they mean it to be ...! ... all investments are futile if they do not lead to the fruition of the action....!

... the tough way however is to ask questions about which way I am a woman, which shapes me in lasting peace and connect with my elemental womanhood... I am a young woman and I do shamelessly admit and declare that I am totally exhausted with this populist and male-centric media-celebrity benchmarks of woman and womanhood.... the obsession with body of a woman... and this politics of the culture of action...

... can I ask, isn't it appropriate to be a woman, who asks for 'shaping up appropriately', the honesty, simplicity, innocence, trust and many such intangibles, all around in whatever milieus she moves... isn't it an inseparable benchmark of womanhood to seek a lasting system of sincerity... a strong and ever-evolving connect with wellness in society and cultures...

... why expect her to shape up her body parts only...? ... why this obsessive insistence on a particularistic symmetry and spotless shine in all things in a woman's anatomy...? ... especially where they intend the action to be....

... and this notion and choice of symmetry is entirely cultural, changing with times ... and then all over again, women are made to chase the new body-benchmarks... a certain celebrity with selfies showing her parts in a specific symmetry and size-number shall suddenly change the current benchmarks... and the rest of the world shall turn its choices to follow the new benchmark, like sheep in the herd.... the markets automatically shall offer all required expertise to have it....

... I really wonder... why this same media-madness and celebrity-frenzy never happen over the shaping up in perfect symmetry and shine of those intangibles in milieus for all women, the honesty, simplicity, innocence, trust and many such intangibles... ?

.... I am a young woman barely in my twenties and I admit I still have not succumbed fully to this pop cultural madness of loving everything symmetrical and shiny about woman anatomy ... but not anything about the elemental essence of womanhood...! May be, my thirties shall make me wise like most...!

.... I surely think, being a young and beautiful woman barely in my twenties, I dream of my womanhood blossoming and growing like a rose-garden.... womanhood must be like a rose-garden where every woman, especially the very sensitive and tender young women like me should be assured abundance of all possible micro-milieus of nurturance... this tender and assuring endowments of care and security...

.... I know, this is all wild dreams... miles apart from the dark realism... this male-centric cultural benchmarking of woman and womanhood, the celebrity-frenzy as well as the contemporary media projections have appropriates only for women to follow... and they feel exhausted upholding them...

Seldom in the history of humanity, the larger society and popular cultures have cared for nurturance of elemental womanhood... they all however have crafted masterly artistry of 'body-appropriates' for women... the sculpting artistry of yesteryears has now become more raw, rough, blatantly and brutally indiscreet about woman body in

contemporary porn world... the selfiegraphy shall show wider and deeper ingenuities...

... this artistry of sculpting of stones of yesteryears, to make figures of populist idealisms, has shifted business.... real people and their bare bodies are now being sculpted as per the idealisms of the contemporary culture of artistic appropriates...

... there is no harm in it... I am surely not being judgmental... why should I be... however, I am expressing my disapproval about the obsessive insistence on one-sided shaping up of women and womanhood... I am just saying that this is exhausting... there has to be a poise... a balance of sorts.... a holism of sorts... seeing womanhood in holism shall be relaxing ... the sculpting of holistic nurturance must also be there in equal measure...

.... seems, collective conscience of humanity never ever created a craft, which could stay as epic of nurturance for womanhood.... men write epics about a women, the mysticism and miseries of women, her body and love... wonder, why there is no epic written on the craft of nurturance-needs of womanhood, which every man must follow as essential appropriates... if there is any, I don't see it at bookstores... of men follow them, I don't know...

Therefore, it is for an individual woman, with all her genius or stupidities, to engender a world of wellness for herself... where she has all appropriates of nurturance... the society, the cultures, the larger humanity does not seem to be offering anything substantial...

This friend of mine once said to me, '... when you are tired at the end of the day, beyond this slim hope of bouncing back to rejuvenation next morning; you just want someone, there beside you, when you lay in bed exhausted... saying nothing... just

being with you... without being judgmental... without wise words of fruitless utility... without any pretension of being someone, he is not....!'

... I truly loved her words... rather, I loved more her honesty and innocence, which she managed to weave into beautifully innocuous words... I wonder why not most people are honestly innocent like her... sure, I too am not like her... I am a 'young beautiful woman only in my twenties' and this makes me wary of breaking the shackles to stand as nakedly innocent, as is desirably rejuvenating for me... but then... she has infused some confidence in me to go naked... bare myself off the futility-wears all over me....

I don't know whether she too had in some way faced this weary evenings of life or not and whether she had actually got a person besides her she talked about but I found her words true and honest... this I can say as I am really tired... this crime of being weary and wanting to stay as one admitting it has finally taken me in its suffocating embrace...

... I feel, I need to be with this honesty and innocence... I insist that I be allowed to welcome my weariness... it is a feeling that at least for a while, things need to stop... the purpose, the chase, the questions and answers... the obsession with populist cultural standpoint... everything must stop... even this redundant sense of me and its weight on my conscience should also be dropped for a while...

... how brilliant it would be if one's own consciousness could also be put off and hanged in the wardrobe like your used clothe.... at least for some precious time.

... this stifling onus of 'populist-self' on the consciousness could be happily seen hanging away... this nakedness I think would be truly emancipating... this fully stripped beingness should at least make way for a few feather-light moments of freshness and rejuvenation....

... sometimes I get to accept that millions of women, who wage a battle to be free to be naked whenever and wherever they wish to, must be actually wanting this emancipation not from their clothing... but from this fabric of fake and fudged cultural benchmarking of 'appropriates' for women and womanhood... I get to think that they feel burdened and exhausted by this male-centric worldview about women and elemental womanhood....

.... as I was saying... this freedom of hanging your being like a shirt for a while is however just a reprieve... not a remedy of the malaise of weary body and soul...

What is the lasting and truly rewarding thing to happen when you get tired? ... I don't know...! I may be a young woman barely in my twenties but I insist that this emotion and intelligence about elemental womanhood is embedded deep in my consciousness... I know and can say things about body-mind moorings of a woman....

... may be, late evening, when the white sheet of the bed soaks the tiny drops of water from all parts of my shining yet tired body, after I emerge out of the shower, someone sits close to me... he takes out a white dry towel and gently sweeps it all over my body... from tip of toe to the wet hair of the head... rubs the soft palms of his hands all over... says nothing but his gentle but reassuring touches ... the rightfully honest and innocent touches... speak out the epic of his intents of innocent nurturance.... his fingers slowly caressing the not yet dry tresses... they communicate the speech of silence... loud and clear – 'Yes... I am here... for you...'.... a sincere presence itself says a thousand words of assurance...

... may be... when this assuring presence of the one someone makes me cry... may be out of the need to feel more muffled by the warm blanket of his presence beside me... he takes me in... wraps him around my trembling frame... sort of wears me in like a shirt... pulls me so close to his broad chest that my heart skips a few beats... these

suffocating moments of synergetic intimacy and body-mutuality should do the magic... my instinctive womanhood assures me, they definitely should...

... the merger of beauty and sincerity... the fusion of intent and intimacy definitely has the magic and marvel... the mystical elixir to rejuvenate the body and soul... one would then feel unburdened by the weight of the scheming mind and stupidly active body...

... may be, this magic shall invite sleep... and beyond the sleep... I imagine... there shall be rejuvenating morning... a dawn of good and fresh beginning the natural template for the beauty and freshness of a 'young beautiful woman barely in her twenties' to fit in...

.... But... this is no realism... so sad... this is this stupidity of innocent metaphor building of wellness... this is just a dream... not even that... just a scheme of a dream that should be...!

.... The real life is tough and routinely predictable... there are little *shoulds* in reality... the reality is... you get tired and there is nothing that works right for you... the best you can do is just hang yourself – your weary self , like your shirt and pants... at least for a while... and then...!

... I had read a poetry in which a poetess wanted to become like an old oak tree... I think, it is also somehow like hanging your being, like your wrinkled and weary shirt... this symbolism of people wanting to become something objectively staid and in stupor like a tree is really strange... may be, I am obsessed but I really think, the poetess must also be tired and exhausted by all things – tangible and intangible around her...

... I know, many people, especially those, who believe in actionable life and living and have their successes and self-worth defined in terms of their zeal for action-oriented attainments in life, shall label this metaphor of oak tree as absurd and fruitless... you know why...

... they may not be totally wrong... in popular sense of the term, a tree has loads of trouble to face... it has to stand in scorching Sun to extend shade to all... still, it bears fruits and never ever able to taste them... it is taken away by others... this tree is bare and when the seemingly beautiful blue sky dumps its deadly thunder and lightning, it takes it in, protecting those sheltering under the tree... it seems, all troubles of life are there for her and in turn, she only extends the goodies and fruits to all...

... there is however, the flip side of the whole chain of causality... there is definitely something very reassuring, very intensely satisfying, which makes some receptive minds to assert that they would have been better off as an oak tree....

... the same blue sky, which threatens the oak tree with thunder and lightning, also showers on her millions of tiny drops of dew in evening, and each drop wraps her in embrace of love, affection and absolute intimacy... late evening, when she stands in exhausted stupor, all her leaves still and tired, these dew drops and their very reassuring cuddles make her sleep in peace... making her rejuvenated by the dawn...

... by the night... the bright and brilliant benefaction of moon comes to her... he says nothing to her but stays so reassuringly close to her... wraps her in his magnanimity... his sincerity and innocence shines and she thrives on his glow of compassion... he sneaks past her leaves and reaches his soft embrace to her naked soul... muffling her with his calm and cool consciousness...

... late night, when she is asleep in the white shiny expanse of his presence, he slips in the silvery bright anklet, studded with diamonds of spotless affection, around her

ankles... the song of the jingle-tingle of the anklet soothes her subconscious being... readying her for a rejuvenated dawn...

... pre-dawn... the jaunty prankster breeze, gently shoves her out of her dreams and kisses her all over, she jumps out of her sleep and begins her day dancing to his tunes...

... and lo... the elegant birds start landing one after another and within minutes, the oak tree becomes a mega theatre of symphonies and ballets ... sometimes, even a wandering and tired man sits under the tree... rests there for a while and feels wellness squandered all around the tree... this man blesses the oak tree, hugs her before saying a thankful goodbye to her....

... This is why some people want to become an oak tree... this tree is just a poor metaphor of the whole spectrum of wellness support system, which makes one happy and fresh... this beautifully resplendent milieu of innocent and honest nurturance around the oak tree, even in the midst of all troubles and endurances, is the world of wellness, where every single creature of the world should live and prosper... elementally essential for a young beautiful woman... barely in her twenties....

.... But, tragically enough... this metaphor of a human becoming an oak tree is no realism... this is this stupidity of innocent metaphor building of wellness... this is just a dream... not even that... just a scheme of a dream that should be...!

.... The reality is pathetic... worst, a nightmare of sorts... and who else knows it better than a young beautiful woman only in her twenties... I am just that and ask me about that... I tell you what it takes a human like me to get exhausted....

.... and... there are no sincere, honest and innocent touches to soothe you at the end of the day... rather... all day, there are unexpected, loaded, coarse and flabbergasting

touches... the pain of these scary and threatening touches – both tangible and intangible, leaves semi-permanent scars on the body and soul...

... the intelligence of male-worldview and its insistence on its own skin-flesh brand of womanhood happily ignore the fact that nurturance, which blossoms a woman and her elemental womanhood is not a face cream or a shiny gel, which could be pasted all over a woman's body to make her look 'fresh and ready for the action'.... they refuse to peep into a woman's soul... it suits their action-oriented worldview....

... this somehow is the small price one has to pay... being a young beautiful and still in her twenties woman... there are loads of permanent scars... and... little balm to cure them....

... and the threats... the body, the soul... the deep subconscious existence feels and absorbs... all around, things are so damp and cruelly threatening to everything that is associated with being a woman – rape... partner violence subjugation... gender abuse... entrapment... inappropriate behaviors... even in highly civilized societies and acclaimed liberal cultures...

.... and the global media reporting loaded with their 'colored visualization' of the imagery of scars and wounds of women.... how all around the world, when a worthless and mentally sick man or even a group of men have to prove a thing or two to the world, he and millions others of his ilk unleash violence on women... the terrorists... the fundamentalists... the opportunists ... the extremists... the populists ... the celebrity-sensitivities... and even religious pundits... they all choose to lacerate the body and soul of a woman to show to the world how 'mighty' they are.... how can one expect them to write the epic of nurturance...!

.... tiredness... the complete exhaustion is seldom a physical realism... especially for a young woman... the wellness of women needs a milieu of commensurate nature to sustain and thrive... look at the oak tree... I am a young and beautiful woman and I

am naturally a happy system in itself... but the milieu around me is so threatening... the people around me are so coarse, insincere, fake, dishonest and culpable....

... and the macro elements of nurturance seems nowhere in the milieus... not even the tiny bits... not even a pretension of it...

.... It takes a whole village to make a good man out of a small boy... however, it takes the whole society... the entire nation... rather the whole universe to make a truly happy and beautiful woman out of a small girl.... for a young woman like me, nurturance is cosmic... and I need the whole colossal chunk of it.... not in small measures but in perpetuity....

... yes... , it is true... the women, especially the young and beautiful woman like me should never feel exhausted... the exuberance and wellness of women are huge billboards announcing the wellness and excellence of the socio-cultural milieu....

... but in this male-worldview of populist benchmarking, they are interested only in the wellness of a woman's skin and flesh... the soul may ever live threatened, suffocating and exhausted... even when huge billboards of women, exhibiting everything about her skin and flesh... the freshness and shiny lure of it.... splash the urban skylines... there is little about nurturance in the air...

... there seldom have been milieus ideal and appropriate for women's wellness and happiness... this surely is not a comforting realism, which one can even dream of... the world shall always remain the same stupidly brutal to the soul of a woman... especially a woman as young and beautiful like me...

... however... there must at least be one person, who should be there... with his golden touches and warm embraces... with his innocence and sincerity... with this eclectic assurances that he is there for me... showering million kisses of therapeutic intent all over my body... especially where they are needed the most... the ruffled up

nerves and subconscious are where exhaustion has crept down to... they need to be rejuvenated... they need assurance... the touches of assurances... and not in small measures... the perpetuity of it...

.... I am a woman... I know it all well and need to say that it is the mechanism of the woman... the way her brain and body-mind bio-chemical homeostasis has evolved... women need to have an overall and lasting connect with general and collective wellness of the physical as well as socio-cultural milieu, they live. There has to be a wellness-system functional and doing excellently all around her for her to remain happy and lively... she needs love, care, affection from all quarters.... the family... the society... the nation and beyond....

... and, the mainstream as well as the sundry media must also be like hundreds of violinists playing together to enhance the acoustic impact of the symphony of nurturance....

.... this critical element of nurturance is core and cardinal to the wellness of a woman... ideally, this nurturance should come from all persons and all sections of her milieu... but... I know, this is now a dream... a reality lying in the dream realm of *shoulds*...

.... what is practically possible and what I think, every woman should have as bare basic is one someone, a sincere, honest and innocently receptive man, who understands the elemental make-up of a woman... has the artistry of registry of his higher consciousness that nurturance is an energy that emanates from male side and must find transference to the female side...

... and what the man gets back for this nurturance is truly beautiful, refreshing and divinely transcendental... I can say this... I know this... I am a young beautiful woman only in her twenties and yet so tired... exhausted ... and in anticipation of the one someone...

... I am a woman... I know I have my own share of nurturance dole out... I have my womb and this womb is the core of the primary and primeval nurturance... I am a woman and my womb shall give the immortality to my man... his genes get immortalized in my womb... this immortality I nurture... with my blood and life... and that is why, my man needs to garner the whole cosmos of nurturance for my wellness... this he has to do for his own immortality... I so desperately wish... my man is innocent enough to see this crude realism, beyond his populist intelligence and fill me up with his sincere nurturance...

... I am a simple and common woman... I am not a poetess... I appreciate the metaphor of oak tree but I want to be happy as a woman I am ... happy and exhilarated the way every young and beautiful woman in her twenties wants to be...

It is tough life for all of us, especially for a young beautiful woman only in her twenties... The world you live puts you in a perpetual drift. The normal life, household issues, jobs, the markets, society and culture... everything seems so replete with fakeness and fudged realisms....

There is little option for you and your peace.... you have to be deep into it to survive and excel. Success in contemporary world is high-priced, as it takes away a lot from your life. It lands you in an uprooted consciousness... with so many scars on your template of wellness... This is especially true for young women today, who are not only alone but also lonely.... They have to make a mark in this tough world and that is why, they are in infinite battle with society, markets and culture.... as if the battle with her own self is not enough...

In such a world, you can be lucky if you have one someone, who is there for you, when things get down to really exhausted proposition... if you have him... if you know, you have a person with you in your bed, who does not fake himself... his innocence and honesty is as assuring and true as his sincere touches... and who knows

you as good as yourself... you are then relaxed and feel secure... assured and relaxed to be naked – shedding all burdens and pretensions of your being....

It is such a relaxed feeling of wellness to know, there is this one someone close to you, to whom you have safely and profitably surrendered, all fears and troubles of your body and mind.... He knows every bit of your troubled past... your misadventures with life and your current life struggles.... It is so rewarding to sleep hugged to him in night... being happily sure, his special mind is scanning every heartbeat of yours to know anything, which I may never myself understand and accept.

... I must say this... when I was 12 years old, my mom would tell me stories about fairies and princess... she would say, ‘every girl has her prince made by God and he shall come someday riding an immaculately white horse, in same white dress ... shall take her hand... pull her gently on the ride and take her away to his kingdom, where everything shall be perfect... full of beauty and joy.... this prince shall love her madly and never ever leave her alone... they shall live happily forever ...’

... then, I got bored as I knew that these stories were never true... only now I understand, I never understood and accepted the true value of my mom’s womanhood and her stories...

... now, that I am a young beautiful woman barely in my twenties, I understand, how important it is for every woman to dream about and believe in this mom-story about her prince... who cares for the veracity of dreams... dreams are not for believing... they are there for energizing your wellness hopes... they keep nurturing your consciousness with this comforting desire that there is at least one man, who has it all to be her prince... this one someone has everything, which a woman’s nurturance-needs must have... this white horse and prince in white dress is this huge metaphor of the touches of innocence and honesty... the spotless one... that womanhood must always be bejeweled with...

... and, this dream story is passed onto every young girl... as the metaphor of the real world, where she shall have to step in someday, all alone... this story makes her aware that the real world is dark loads of grey entities all around.... and the only white hope is the prince, who has everything white and pure for every woman...

.... hey mom... where are you... please do it all over again... I need your bedtime stories more now... how come you not know this... you too were once young beautiful woman barely in her twenties like me... do it now... give me my white prince ... at least till the time, when this one someone really comes to me.... let the dream linger till....

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Accept My Gratitude

Writing something is a daunting task as there is always a lurking apprehension of it not being in utility for some readers. I however feel at ease, because of my faith in magnanimity of readers. I am happily sure; you shall forgive if my efforts could not be up to your expectations. Thank you so much for being with me and allowing me to share with you. Wish you an empowered life; with the prosperity of the consciousness.

**

About The Author



People say, what conspire to make you what you finally become are always behind the veil of intangibility. Someone called it ‘Intangible-Affectors’. Inquisitiveness was the soil, I was born with and the seeds, these intangible-affectors planted in me made me somewhat analytical. My long stint in media, in different capacities as journalist, as brand professional and strategic planning, conspired too! However, I must say it with all innocence at my behest that the chief conspirators of my making have been the loads of beautiful and multi-dimensional people, who traversed along me, in my life journey so far.

The mutuality and innocence of love and compassion always prevailed and magically worked as the catalyst in my learning and most importantly, unlearning from these people. Unconsciously, these amazing people also worked out to be the live theatres of my experiments with my life.s scripts. I, sharing with you as a writer, is essentially my very modest way to express my gratitude for all of them. In my stupidities is my innocence of love for all my beautifully worthy conspirators!

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