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From Darkness to Dawn

Here I sit near the window, comparing the turmoil in my head to that outside the window.

A strange thought flashes through my mind, bringing a series of rewinds—

Rewinds of the time I used to giggle, and my body would jiggle. Flowers sang, and trees danced. Friends were ten, and all clapped. Food was fresh, and the air was sweet. Clothes were bright, confidence was tight, and grass was greener.

Did all this change when I slept?

Thinking of this, reality flashes in my mind: I am sitting near the window with no one by my side.

There is turmoil in my head and lightning in the sky.

I better survive. I must survive.

The next day, I went downstairs to count the stairs.

Counting carefully, ensuring I didn't miss one,

I was praying I had missed one—

So, I could climb it again, instead of jumping, as I had done earlier.

I have already borne the consequences and don't want to repeat them.

But then, I lost the count again, and reality led to my defeat.

There is turmoil in my head and clouds in the sky.

I have no other option but to say goodbye to the stair I missed.

The next day, I went to my balcony, counting the fallen petals of flowers.

Though they had fallen, their aroma was not erased,

Depicting opportunities to come back.

As I was thinking about this, a ray of sunlight flashed into my eyes.

The dark clouds disappeared, and I was glad I survived.

Now, there is no hurricane in my mind.