

A Conversation with Death

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Did I die today or was it yesterday? I cannot remember. It is hard to realize, because it feels as if an eternity was elapsing during every second of my life and each is filled with endless anguish. Death has never been a big deal for me. After all, an artist dies as soon as her work is deserted, and in the current age art is more often buried into the grave than erected on the ground.

I used to think that whenever I shared my art, I would give it a home, a family. But now my art is the same as me – an orphan. With her being gone, it has no one left to smile at it every day, to touch or caress it.

It makes me remember the first time I picked up my paint brush. By putting my one companion in hand, I was truly at peace with all the pain I have endured. But now my soulmate is dying. I cannot help myself; I keep blaming fate for depriving me of my dearest friend after all what we shared. Death is better than what my counterpart is going through right now. At least, in death, there might be some peace.

If only we hadn't abandoned art maybe, we all would be more at peace. Nevertheless, I am glad I got to live alongside my other half, at least for a little while I had a purpose in life. Oh well, we all must accept end sometime though.