

The Lady in Black.

I had known of her existence through my cousin.

Never saw her even once, never met her, never spoke to her, never thought of her and forever would I regret that.

In fact I first chanced upon her when I was at my cousin's wedding a few years back. She was in all splendour and awe-strikingly beautiful in a gorgeous black sari.

Black is a beautiful colour, but on her, it took a completely new connotation for beauty. I am no poet, but if I were, she would have been my muse of inspiration.

I never even got a chance to talk to her, but for one occasion during the wedding when she called out for her son.

Talk about God playing practical joke on a hopeless romantic. I was "heartbroken" to know that she was married. In fact, it was my wife who told me that the object of my admiration is married.

What's with the shocked expression? I was just admiring a Beautiful Lady and mentioned the same to my wife, which I guess did not go down well with her ☺

Well, time passed by, I became single once again (felt as if a Life Timer had been given parole for sometime ☺). The memory of the Lady in Black remained with me, somewhere deep in my heart, not completely forgotten, but like the light fog of the early mornings that slowly fades away with the rising sun only to come back to haunt the next day.

It was my birthday and I was feeling very thrilled and blessed. No let me rephrase it. I felt like a Rock star giving in to the adulations of my fans!!!

And while I was in my imaginary concert stage, soaking in the glory of the day I was born, I received a voice message.

It was a very soft, well-toned, husky voice singing out the birthday song to me. The Rock concert stage gave way to initial shock and then elevated me to a higher plane of serenity.

It was a message from the Lady in Black.

Post the shock aftermath, I called her and OMG, she does have a beautiful voice. Don't get me wrong, I know she is married and has a kid, a husband and blah blah blah. Come on it is my birthday, give me some "me-time-with-her" and I am just chatting! Yeah I do like her, but that is another story.

The short talk ended up with frequent messaging. It was mostly voice texts.

Before going ahead, let me ask you something. Have you ever had a one-on-one talk with yourself? No, I am not talking about your psychotic psychiatric sessions, but those very, very important “introspection talks” you have, giving out your needs, aspirations, and any feelings.

Ahh, see, now you got it.

So yes, talking to her, was exactly the same thing, talking to your mirrored-self.

The mirrored self is a very understanding, jovial, sporty and fun loving self. Oh did I mention, superbly beautiful too!

With every passing day, I am falling in love with her, I know she also knows it, but like they say, some things are better left unsaid or understood.

In our society or be it any society, what I am experiencing is sacrilege, however allow me to present my case as to why I adore and love the Lady in Black.

A major factor, which tilts that balance of the heart towards her, is that I see myself in her. Every behaviour, every response, the craziness, the eccentricity, make her fill the deep void, that I have always felt in my heart, even when I was married.

Talk about obsessive self-love ☺

I talk to her almost everyday, and the dedication that she has put forth for family, sacrificing a lot; to see them happy fills my heart with pride, respect and immense love.

Something I could have got, only if... Sigh

In all these years, only she has been the one who could make my heart go on a Grand Prix High.

I find in her, a beautiful and pure soul, not to mention a crazy reflection of me. I get astronomically elevated on her knee-weakening voice and lovely deep eyes that has a perennial mischievous gleam.

When I chat with her, I feel like that butterfly that sees the first flower of the Spring season and feels joyful of all the beauty that will be spread over time.

When I read her texts I feel like that teenage boy who has a secret crush on his neighbourhood girl and is seeing her walking towards him and is breathless.

When I hear her voice, an immense rush flows through me just as a baby hears its mother's voice and feels loved and wanted.

All in all I feel like I'm in love for the first time, every time her name blinks on my screen.

However I leave this an incomplete story for it was never meant to be, at least not this lifetime and she does not believe in another birth (damn). However in between our talks, she did, mention once, that she wants to be born a guy if there is another birth.

Trust me I wouldn't want to trade my orientation for her "new-him".

So yes I would always regret not meeting her much earlier, for I believe it would have been a crazy joy ride in the theme park called Life...