

The Life Partner

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the rare and true attributes of a life partner that I found in my Life Partner as well



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It was a Sunday afternoon, when the train of old memories was crossing the tunnels of my brain and heart. It soaked my eyes, and looking at the empty lane by my window, I was crying with the thought of my old unknown fantasies. My two and a half year old son was playing beside with his toys and crayons. And possibly, my constant sobbing sniffs attracted his attention, and he gazed at me with his curious eyes. I truly was not bothered to notice him in reality as I was then roaming in my realms of teary pleasures of pain and tried to post-mortem my pasts. I was lying down on my bed with my pillow all moist in tears. Suddenly he threw himself on my chest and held me in his soft tiny arms, which could not complete the circumference of my shoulder. He placed his tiny head, which smelled alike his typical cute babyish body aura, on my chest and tried to hold me tight, probably to create a comfort zone for his mother. I was amazed by his behaviour. I came back from my perturbed platform of paining pleasures and held him back tight too. He chinned up to look at me, and I found shades of discomfort clearly reflecting on his face and eyes. He looked so down with his sorrow shadowed over and his eyes were watery too. My cheeks were still shinning with my tears; he extended his left palm, to wipe my face, and tried to sit firm on my chest to kiss me on my forehead. His tiny thin fingers touched my skin softly in such a matured way, that I could not imagine heâs so small! He acted like my guardian and a perfect life-partner, to share me his apparently tiny shoulder, to leave my tensions over the wall. He held my face with all his ten little fingers and looked at my eyes firmly; he wanted to be sure so that not a single drop of tears should rest upon any of the eye-blades of his mother. And then when he was confirmed, he gave me back a trillion dollar smile! Then, he knew, the black clouds had left the sky to shine upon with the streaks of golden sun, tearing it: no storms anymore!

I donât know how time flies by, and everything falls into its place so quickly and positively. Sometimes it looks like everything is perfect and beautiful. And so it is...Life is beautiful. My son has started to react to stories. I remember how he was laughing and blushing on that day to know, how I managed to take him out from my big ballooned tummy, by the help of a doctor! All the way he just had only single confusion, if I had any pain to get the incision done and bring him out. Possibly, his innocent mind could only dig up one worry of the lots...ââ the well-being of his motherââ, his only mother! He could not imagine that a bottle of milk could even suppress him when he used to cry at the middle of the nights. To see his reaction to the story, only thing I could do was suppressing my laughter, reconfirming him with the facts and their truthfulness. He was getting silent and sometimes even frowned his shinning eyes and tried concentrating if whatever I was telling, could have been true by his utter shock! He was shocked to see a small babyâs photo and imagine it to be himself...his own babyhood, as if now he is a fully grown up man, to take care of his mother, to guard her and to save her from all the odds and ills of this World.

The world is vast and large. A lot of things in ample, are scattered and left, of which some to be picked up, some to be just peeked in, and some to be always ignored. Closing our eyes sometimes can spare us from what we donât want to see, but then nightmares appear when we close our eyes. The thought itself makes me restless abundantly, if all the paces on the unruly earth and all the flights from the ground towards my desire will be the right decision every moment.

The way he closes his eyes in pain, is truly so unbearable for me, when at times I get angry and scare him with the words, âI will leave you alone and go away far off and you will never find me anywhereâ. His bright face immediately changes colour to a pale stale look and he shuts his eyes so tight feeling unwanted by his so beloved mother. I get angry for his naughty jobs that he keeps on plotting, time to time and execute them at the right chances; but again I just get so low, when he stops himself for not doing anything notorious at the corners and lying down on the bed, when he is not well. I then literally want him to continue his pranks to

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enlighten my house as always with his angelic smile and noises. He is the one to install life every morning with his drowsy eyes, his big shining smile with my morning kiss, his whining cries not to brush, and his unseen magic wand at his fingers to bless me and instil strength in me to move on and on, with new hopes and dreams for every new day.

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