

How Evil is a Part of Human Nature -*Yin & Yang*

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ABSTRACT

In the quiet spaces between words, we find truths we were too afraid to speak; in the silence of lost connections, we discover the strength to rebuild ourselves.

This narrative explores the suffering of the last one standing when group dynamics fall, when they crumble, when they fail so completely, there is no saving them. Just the old hope of counting the days until we won't have to see their faces again. It is never really reconciliation. Once you fall from glory, you can never stand among the revered. That is simply a fact.

Similarly, this paper is a trial and error at trying to explore the emotional journey of friendship unraveling and the subsequent process of self-reflection and growth. The story is not one of blame but of understanding. The protagonist reflects on the pain of slowly being pushed away to the periphery and then finally falling off the edge. And even though she falls, she sees everything happening after her fall as the **outside looks in**. Understanding the repetitive pattern and the misery they repeat and burden another with. It is a story of the questions that linger and the silent unraveling of once strong connections. This piece, draws the balance of the opposites and explores the nature of human relationships, how nothing in this world is permanent. In the end, the narrative is a meditation, almost, on the power of letting go, self-discovery, and the quiet strength of patience and solitude, but also of how everyone is replaceable, even a person the others thought of as their personal **punching bag**.

*I am found in silences,
I am found between memories,
I am found in hidden galleries on your mobile phone,
I am found in pressed flowers inside a book.
I am found in all the **moments**,
ONES THAT YOU CAN NOT LET GO.
ONES THAT MAKE YOU SMILE.
ONES THAT MAKE YOU WEEP.
ONES THAT MAKE YOU WANT TO HIDE.
Yes, the same ones that will haunt your entire life.
Hand on her heart,
Whimpers and cries on her lips.
Heart thumping- ready to burst out of her chest,
Lips cry out of pain.
Is this misery's another name ?
I call it abandon,
I call it evil,*

*And yet,
I call it human nature,
Lord have mercy.*

PART I

Fractured

I still love coffee,

I still love KFC,

And I still love Maggie.

And maybe I still love myself—

Alas, the last one. I rarely have the strength to accept it anymore.

Pitiful.

Does this mean I have lost you ? The question haunts me every waking moment, as if I have let something precious slip through my fingers. Friendship, once so certain, now seems fragile, slipping away from both our hands. And in this uncertainty, I find myself asking : *is this the way friendships always end ?* It is **imperative**. It is **abhorrent**, and at the same time, *truly mind-boggling* that I finally, really get to write about how the incidents unfolded. Well, *at least in my mind*. And unfold, they did. I am just late at putting it all down on paper. I mean, writing it all down makes it all the more concrete, all the more real, as if there is no chance of things going back. But it is not like I want to return to my misery— I am better alone, more peaceful. I feel more sane and emotionally safe, too.

It is not for me to say who was good or evil. This is not even being written to gauge that— this is simply **my story**. The story I heard, the story I made sense of, and the things I suffered through until I finally moved on. I moved on, *slowly, at the pace of a turtle*, And that is how I did it. The turtle took one step forward and **three steps back**.

Why am I even writing this, you ask ? Maybe because I see history repeating itself, with another friend as the target. Or maybe I need to analyze it— to pick apart the truth hidden behind the masks people wear so confidently. Like a detective piecing together fragments of a puzzle. I do not know, or maybe I do. **Sigh**. I feel like some detective. But I believe now more than ever that sometimes, things do not change. Nor does behavior. Only the *target changes*.

The target for **cruel jokes** and kick-outs from a group— A group that starts with five people and then slowly distorts into a *funny-fuzzy mixture* of personal comforts between two or three. And no, I am not talking about individual dynamics while being in a group. I am talking about being in a group and yet being invisible. Deliberately, I might add, because they do not appreciate, like, or need you there anymore. It is a sign to remove yourself, a chance to vanish politely without embarrassment, without making the others look bad for pushing away a friend they have known since the start of university.

In hindsight, what this slow detachment, without clearly stating that one is no longer really welcome, does to a person is *tear them apart*. It creates a **clear-cut duality** within them. The person who is kicked out of the group— removed, in polite words— feels uncomfortable every minute spent with them. It is the kind of tearing apart where they *can not be themselves* and must think twice about each step they take—*Tip-toeing* around anything they would like to share, for fear of being unheard or, worse, being judged with side eyes and whispered calls. One minute, they are thinking they should tell a joke, and the next, they are forced to wonder if it will be appreciated or even acknowledged. Or worse, if it'll make a joke of them just for trying.

Alas, I won't say this either : that she or I were without fault. We had them—**big ones**. But in the end, it was we who were left *empty-handed*, dry-heaving in the middle of the night too. We met our karma. Did we deserve it or not ? I think you can decide for yourselves as you read along.

Months ago, it was me, drowning in **nightmares** and what I call solitary confinement. And now ? It is her, with questions about why and how. But, I am no one to share her story, so I will share mine. Mine, with all its ups and downs, sorrows and heartaches, **nightmares** and **fears**, forever instilled inside me.

Thank you so much, you know who you are. The **crisis becomes me, then !** The crisis becomes me, and I wonder the ever-asked question : *Who am I ?* I am **free**. I am condemned to the fate I chose due to my choices.

As I grapple with these conflicting emotions, I can't help but think of the ancient concept of yin and yang—two opposing forces that, despite their differences, cannot exist without one another. Love, I've come to realize, is much like this. It thrives on contrast, on tension. It's a dance of contradictions : joy and pain, closeness and distance, certainty and uncertainty. This delicate balance is what makes love so potent, so transformative... love for your friends, and then hatred for yourself. And yet at the same time, the good and bad in yourself too. You have the **goodness** of your heart and yet the **evil** of the world.

No one is above mistakes in this haven of chaos. Sounds ironic, doesn't it ? It is meant to be. I am not saying yin and yang are simple or one-dimensional— they're not. They're **the dual nature of opposites**. The Chinese believed interconnectedness was the opposite of the natural world. Think **day and night**. Think of **man and woman**. It is pitiful too, to know the true belief in yin and yang does not directly represent the nature of good and evil. They believe both Yin and Yang are neutral, necessary aspects of existence, and their balance is essential for harmony. And perhaps the lesson remains: harmony is born from the balance of opposites, not their separation.

Anyhow, I'll also tell you— more like warn you— after finally realizing that yin and yang are not just two different identities. They have been, don't get me wrong. At least in mine. For a while in my story, yin was me, and yang was the person I thought of as **my brother**. But I later realized there's no such thing as yin and yang in two different people. The only yin and the only yang that will ever exist in your life, my reader, is you.

I wish I knew why I am writing this, but when your emotions are scattered like light through a prism, you can't do much but try and decipher how. I am just like that scattered light, writing and dissecting what I feel. Writing and trying to understand if I can move on. Trying to make myself understand there shouldn't even be an '**if**'. I must, as an individual, move on, because life does not stop for others after the death of a loved one, and in my case, that incident was far from true. Those feelings you get when any relationship ends— when you ask, 'was it my fault ? What could I have done differently ? Is my isolation a good thing ? I am trying to understand them.

As I sit with these emotions, I try to piece together what's left of the fragments I once considered whole. It's not the ending that haunts me, but the process—the slow, painful unraveling of a friendship, the subtle shift from warmth to coldness, from connection to absence. What is worse than being ignored ? Is it the loneliness that sets in when you realize that not only have they moved on, but that you, too, must learn to live without them ?

And yet, I realize that the unresolved is a part of life. It's in the broken relationships, the lost friendships, the unsaid words. We grow not by solving everything, but by learning to live with what we cannot change. The key isn't to forget, but to accept. To accept that things end, that people leave, and that we are all just passing through each other's lives, briefly, with our own struggles and stories to carry.

PART II*Absence*

No one owes you their time,
Not even the ones who once called you *friend*.
They'll tire of your laughter,
Tire of your stories,
And time will win again.

Heartbreaking.

It's a bitter truth : no one in this world owes you anything— not your parents, nor your friends. There will come a time when they tire of you — of your endless stories, your repeated jokes, and the things you used to say that once made them smile. What once felt like a bond will dissolve, leaving only echoes of what once was.

There will be a time when you share your most intimate heartbreaks, and your openness, once welcomed, becomes a burden. Your vulnerability, once cherished, will be mocked. Oversharing becomes a **joke**.

A joke,
The kind that will be *repeated* :

AGAIN,
And AGAIN,
And AGAIN.

And then, inevitably, you will become *the joke*. The one everyone laughs at, not with. Why you did something, how you did it, your reactions, your actions— everything you shared, laid bare, becomes fodder for their amusement.

A list, in their hands, divided into three columns :

Justified,
Over-reaction,
What a fool !

Being, just *being*, for me was like existing in a shadow. I knew I was there, but I was never truly seen. Slowly I became invisible. It's like being both the yin and yang in one—complete within myself yet torn apart by exclusion. Love and hatred coexisted within me, clashing in a constant battle. Just as day could not exist without night, I could not exist without both of these emotions crashing inside me. I'm free. I'm **free**.

Yes, **because** now, I can breathe without their shadows looming over, without memories constantly plaguing me !

Don't be upset, I'm here, sharing with you the raw truth of **human nature**, and how **mockery** is woven into it. First, we mimic them, trying desperately to fit in, to belong. Then, suddenly, we crash— at the speed of **193 km/h**. Yes, I googled the speed of a car crash, that's exactly how it feels.

Airbags exploding, **mirrors shattering**, **ribs breaking** as my chest jerks violently against the seatbelt. My body crumpled, my mind in a daze, **bedridden** for days. It's a **mental accident**, a **self-inflicted coma**. And before you know it, weeks pass, and you're **walking dead**. **Not the good kind**, but the ugly kind, the kind they show in **zombie movies**.

Oh well, that's the nature of cruel endings : a free fall into the void.

To avoid it all, I hide. To avoid it, I shrink. To avoid it, I give up the things I love.

Don't go to the coffee shop in the evening ? - CHECK.

Don't arrive at the university too early ? - CHECK.
But don't come too late either ? - CHECK.
Start learning how to cross the road ? - CHECK.
Learn how to align your research papers ? - CHECK.
Go out during breaks, eating your food alone ? - CHECK.
Take the metro alone, coming and going by yourself ? - CHECK.
Now, I love these **checkboxes**. They've become my **survival guide**.

PART III

Shadows

Freedom tastes bitter,
Sweat, tears, and loneliness,
A seed of friendship I nurtured,
Only to see it wither beneath the weight of silence.
Is this freedom, or just an escape from the truth ?

Lies.

But here's the thing about newfound freedom : it tastes **bitter**. It tastes of sweat and tears and years spent yearning for comfort. And at least two of those years were spent watering a seed of **friendship** I thought was as strong as brotherhood.

Have you ever walked into a full room of people and felt like a **ghost** ? Like the world shifts around you, acknowledges your presence, and then refuses to interact ? That's what freedom tasted like. Somewhere along the way, I realized it wasn't freedom at all. It was **an escape**. And in my escape, I built **walls** so high that even I couldn't climb them. How poetic. Now I am somewhere between isolation and the constant chitter-chatter of the friends I still hold close to my heart.

There will always be a **duality** in life, to some extent. Whether it resides within you or outside of you, there is no **good** without **evil**, and, as such, no **God** without **Satan**. Mankind, if he were to believe in the good, would inevitably create evil. In search of good, we often **became evil**. We became evil. We changed for the worse, and moved forward with a zeal that would embarrass even the most pathetic of people. So what do you think constitutes evil in human nature ? I think it is the experiences we face and how we deal with them.

And we can ask, how big has your mistake been ? Another question we might ask: was the other person in a mental place that allowed your mistake to be corrected, your apology accepted ? Or was all this time you spent trying to talk, just you trying to make a wall understand your pain, your fears, your heartbreak, your horrors ? Sometimes, we can see both sides of the mirror.

Alas ! No one is beyond apology, and no one is above **forgiveness**. In my view, those who forgive are **Gods in their own right**, rising above the immoral influences of others. Do you not know who you are forgiving ? Of course, not everyone deserves forgiveness, but to stretch out the hand of hope only to pull it back— that, to me, is **evil**. The **evil** I speak of is the evil of false hope, of the light at the end of the tunnel that I thought was the sun, only to realize it was the light of the **fire**— the fire that burned the village I built with my own two hands down to the **ashes**.

And me ? My morbid, hollow, utterly devastated self breathed in all the **smoke** and **shadows**. I choked on it, one breath at a time, so that I might finally be able to **expel the bad**, to perhaps, move on.

PART IV

Endings

I was a willing sufferer.

This is my final attempt to bury them.

And if you are reading this,

I pity you.

I hope it does not consume you whole.

Devouring.

I was a **willing sufferer**, burdened by **hatred**. Perhaps I was wrong— each time I took a step forward and felt the wound form a scab, seeing others happy made me peel off my own progress, and there I stood, **back at square one**. But then, one day, I stopped noticing them. I stopped looking at where they sat. I moved on. **I can not** tell you the exact moment that I moved on, unfortunately.

But still, I wonder, *did I truly move on, if I am writing this ?* Maybe not. And if I am writing about you, and if by some chance you stumble upon these words, **I hold no grudges**. I simply wish to, one last time, **bleed my emotions on paper**, and bury these things in the past. This is how I move on. Sometimes, it is a poem and I am done; sometimes it is something else. This time, the chaos was too overwhelming, boiling over time and again, even when I swapped places with someone else in the middle. So, here I am, unraveling **too many unresolved emotions**, bit by bit, through this.

And if you are a third party, a reader on the outside looking in, I pity you. I apologize to anyone who dares to read it. You might find yourself **dragged to the bottom of a pit**, a pit where countless **nightmares** have taken root.

PART V

Dissolution

July 29th, 2024—

A mere prelude,

To the agony that would consume me.

And so, days bled into months.

My blood. My misery. My pain.

Dissolution.

Anyway, **July 29th, 2024** was just the prologue to the mental anguish I would endure for months. On that day, I hadn't even realized what was wrong..... except that something wasn't right. But *what wasn't right ?* I couldn't understand until much, much later when I lost the **Burnt Orange** in my life. Cheers.

Apology— oh, how filthy it feels. Not everyone deserves one, and not everyone who deserves one gets it. The only person I have come to realize, who truly apologizes, is the one who wants to keep a **ship moving**, even through the waves of the ocean that threaten to break the pavements of your ship. That is true for every ship. Keep in mind that the word **every** is important.

My ships ? **Doomed from the start**. The moment I made the mistake. And the problem with my ship ? I did not realize that I had caused the **tide**. The reason my ship did not sink was because two sailors kept me afloat while four others worked to drag it under. **Side eyes. Cruel, loud comments. Ignorance.** Everything that can break a person's heart into a million pieces— just like it broke mine.

Well, it would be a lie if I said my ship never sank. It did. But I never tell anyone that. It would be impolite, you know? Imagine standing by a friend when no one else does, and they claim to have been *all alone*. That would definitely hurt. But what people fail to realize is that no one can save us but ourselves. We are so **mentally distant** from anyone who could save us that their voices turn into **echoes** and their faces into **blurs**. So when I say the only person who can save you is yourself, I am being a completely **serious**. As for the others? They are **the journey towards the light**. They'll wait for you as you cross the tunnel, gathering you in their arms, and holding you upright, but you must find your own way out. Stumbling, tripping, falling, getting hurt, throat parched, *on your own*. And once you're out of the darkness, when the worst of it has passed, they'll be there to listen, but you must find yourself.

PART VI

Reckoning

First, the sky blazed with a burning fire—
Then, the earth bloomed, lush and higher.
A fleeting warmth, then shadows deep,
A hollow silence, where secrets sleep.
And finally, the stillness, vast and pure

Renewal...

By the time **August 21st** came, I was a **shell**. A living, breathing shell who dreaded going to university. For the better part of a week, I tried **rowing the boat alone**. But how long can you row when others are not even trying? First, let me introduce you to the people in this tale.

Burnt Orange - The person who had helped me through the heartache of broken friendships before was now the one on the other boat, a boat that was not sinking. And I? I was left to float, stranded in the ocean of unspoken words. The person and I? Well, let's just say I thought that I knew him, a protector, a brother. But, this time around, I did not get the chance to say everything that had been weighing on my mind. No closure, no final conversation. Just silence. In the end, it felt like a scene from *Fast and Furious*. It came hard and fast, like we were racing down separate roads, like *Paul Walker* and *Vin Diesel*, never looking back. Well, the brotherhood never came. Pity.

But when the walls finally fell, the dust settled, and I saw a man- not a savior, but a flawed being, much like me. This was not the first time I'd watched bridges burn and friendships fall apart. But this? This was the third time— and I hadn't realized that the burnt orange would also be one of the ships leaving. Was it his fault? No. This time, I saw him for who he truly was— a human. Not always the sensible older brother figure I'd imagined, but also a person, flawed and prone to mistakes, just like I was. And maybe that was the hardest truth to accept. That we were both humans, fumbling through life, trying to make sense of our choices. But unlike me, he knew how to cross a road, and I didn't.

Green - But not the neon green that blazes in your face, sharp and abrasive. No, this green is dark, rick, almost royal— a color that whispers of loyalty, one that stays true to whatever it binds itself to. Her story? It's as tangled as mine, but hers fell apart because of her own choices. That I can say with certainty. I've watched it crumble in real time, piece by piece, until there was nothing left but the wreckage of her decisions.

And though our stories have not ended, I can not help but think hers is far worse than mine. I see it in the way she moves through life, as if she's haunted by her own mistakes, bound by them like a shadow. People

in pain are bound to hurt others, and she hurt me. The truth is, I never expected her to be the one to say it, but when she did, her words cut deeper than anything I'd heard in a long time.

"It's all happened. It's all played out. Things can't go back to how they were, you should move on."

That day something inside of me broke. Not in the way that things fall apart slowly, but in the way something vital shatters in an instant. Those words- they weren't just dismissal, they were a death sentence for what we had. The more I thought about them, the more they clung to me, invading my dreams, wearing me down.

And yet, in some strange way, she and I are somewhat of friends now. I can't explain how we got here— how I ended up forgiving someone who had caused so much damage. But I've come to see her differently. She too suffered, in ways that mirrored my own, though not in the same way. The funny thing is, we can never truly learn from someone else's experiences. We only learn from our own pain.

She has her trauma, as do I. And maybe, in the end, that's what bound us back together— the shared understanding of what it means to hurt, to fall, and somehow rise again.

Yellow - Which brings me to yellow— the light in my darkest of hours. Wrong. She wasn't. She was just a colleague, a good one, but a colleague nonetheless. It's often said that people who have no business poking around in others' lives are the ones most eager to do so. That was yellow. A yellow that made my stomach drop. A yellow that I hate now.

Hate is such a raw emotion, isn't it ? But it's not necessarily a bad thing, I think. Maybe it is not hate at all. Perhaps it's simply the opposite of love. But I can't say it aloud. Because in doing so, I admit that she ever held any place in my heart.

And then there's Green. I'm sorry. It was you who added her to the "Best Friend Zone". You, who paid the price for bringing her in. Best friend.

But, oh Lord ! How can I not make fun of you ? And of myself ? You made her a best friend. I had but made the same mistake. I had made a brother ! Shame ! Shame ! Shame ! Shame ! On us both.

Taar/ Charcoal - I fear that writing about you will only make me seem like the most hated person, but I can not keep it bottled up any longer. You feel like a replacement, perhaps even an improvement, and that hurts deeply. It is like someone rubbing salt in an open wound. If I weren't already learning to let go— understanding that I only have a few months left to endure your presence— I would have run away, avoiding even a glance in your direction.

You could not hold your ships, so you pushed me off of mine ? Is this what happened ? Did you push me away when you couldn't hold your own ? Or perhaps it was not you, but I simply need someone to blame, someone to deflect the weight of the shadows that seem to follow me everywhere. Being in the same elevator with you and Burnt Orange was like a diamond down my throat— except, diamonds are as sharp as they are poisonous.

I still can not clear my heart of the heaviness you left there. I do not like you, and yet, I put on a smile and bow my head in greeting, pretend everything is fine— being polite when all I want to do is lean away, clutch my stomach, retching. How horrible that sounds, but I won't lie. You're the bee in the moment when Amber Heard said, "my dog stepped on a bee" — It was harsh, but somehow it felt right.

Black - And then there was Black, who seemed to personify the shadow of everything that was wrong. It wasn't just the actions— it was the coldness that enveloped everything, like a deep, unyielding darkness that swallows you when the world feels like it's closing in on you.

The story of being the last one standing, on the sinking ship, with nightmares of all my fears crushing me into the ground. How I suffered for months, unable to find peace in sleep. And yet, there are times when

I wish I did not dream— if it meant I could escape drowning in the **black waters** whose horrors only heaven truly knows. If only the ship had been sturdier, unyielding to the punctures made by well-meaning sailors. In the end, from a rainbow of hope to the darkest abyss of the ocean, a place deeper than the Mariana Trench, I made my return journey. Isn't it duality ? On one hand, I speak of drowning, and on the other, of a rainbow ?

And now, I tell myself I am free. I convince myself that I'm over it— at least to some extent. Unlike poor Green, who still lives out the pain of her experiences. It is hard to live my life all over again through her experiences and eyes, so I stay..... at a distance just far enough to not lose myself in it.

Golden - When life gives you lemons, it also gives you a lemon squeezer. Mine is Golden, adorned with beautiful flowers painted all over it. The lemon squeezer brings life to this otherwise dry and flavorless water. The person who made coming to university bearable even on days when I could have easily given up. The one who taught me to hold my ground, to not let the actions of others define me. Or let myself fall due to the deeds of others. Afterall, why should my life be shaped by their reactions ? The Golden is the ear I turn to in my hardest times.

The Golden is the shoulder that holds me up when I feel like I might crumble.

The Golden is why God turned water into wine.

And me ? I'm ever so grateful, ever fulfilled, and in my best health and mood when I am truly heard. The strong sailor of the ship whose Captain was buckling under pressure, whose Captain needed support, and the Lord sent her a full support system. A one-woman army— full of sarcastic burns and jokes, with nicknames for others, all of it to make me feel not so lonely, in fact, never lonely. Even keeping me company when my thoughts turned dark, when they spiraled downhill. She is the cocoa in my chocolate, making it sweeter; the metal ice in my cold drinks, keeping me calm, but never diluted.

White - And when you get a lemon squeezer, you also get a cup— the prettiest kind. White is the cup, ever pure, yet incredibly strong. Strong in the way it holds everything together, strong in the laughter and the full-blown grins that fill the air. She is the vessel that cradles the chaos, the laughter, and the tears.

White is balance. She is the soothing calm, even in the loudest of ways, keeping the storms at bay. And when the noise inside of you becomes overwhelming, you need her. You need her playful banter, the way she calls friends in funny accents, her infectious spirit. *Zaebdeeeee*, aren't I right ? *(Grins loudly at that.)*
Yes, I shall keep it here.

She is the silence that listens, the pause that heals— the reminder that even in our most broken moments, there's something to hold onto. For me, my white reminds me that there are millions of tiny, beautiful sparkles even in the black abyss of the universe. So, I can tell people to not be afraid.

PART VII

Duality

I have come to understand,
Evil does not dwell in hatred alone,
Nor in cruelty's cold grasp.
It lingers in the soft moments,
It is silence that lets it fester.

Insidious.

In retrospect, I understand that **evil** is not born solely of hatred or cruelty. Evil lies in subtle moments— when one chooses, **indifference over compassion, silence over understanding, distance over**

reconciliation. Evil is part of human nature, but so is good. We are neither one nor the other. What we are is a cocktail of maddening emotions, shaped by **intentions, actions, and regrets**; the kind that leaves you drunk in the middle of the night, a tinge of heat at the back of your neck, hands out in the darkness, trying to find your bed.

And perhaps that's what **yin** and **yang** have always symbolized— not two opposing forces, but one singular existence. One can **not** thrive without the other. **Light can not exist without shadow.** The **burnt oranges** in our lives teaches us lessons **in absence, in yearning, and in self-reliance.** They force us to confront the evil within ourselves, the part that clings to pain and lets it fester.

*Light claws at shadow.
Shadow devours light.
Life coming full circle
Through losses and fights.*

*In the moments in between,
White bleeds to red in the sky,
Only for the morning rain
To clear it and make it shine.*

*What are we but shadow and flame,
Flickers of light in a world untamed ?
What are we, if not both cruel and kind,
Our own Yin and Yang we hold inside ?*

CONCLUSION

It is in this quiet place in between words, I found my truth and I became bold enough to speak; through those lost connections that I rebuilt myself through all the strength I found there.

In the end, the journey through loss, pain, and self-discovery is not linear. It is a dance between the forces that shape us—between what we must shed and what we must embrace. As I stand at the crossroads of the past and the present, I realize that the struggle is not just to understand others, but to understand myself. The duality of human nature is not a curse, but a gift, for it is through this very struggle that we grow. The light and the shadow, intertwined, define who we are and will continue to shape us, as we navigate the unpredictable tides of life.

The process of letting go is not a singular act, it is multiple acts, multiple tiny machines working on that one act to make it successful. It is in the duality of nature, the coexistence of light and shadow, love and loss. It is how we find the strength to move one.

Standing at the crossroads of the past and present, I see now that the hardest part of moving on is not forgiving others but forgiving yourself, and it is also not forgetting others, but keeping them in your memory as a thing of beauty which was good while it lasted. The art of letting go is an art of learning how to drown first and then resurface for a breath of air, and only then can you understand the preciousness of it. And perhaps, in the end, it is not about how long it takes to let go but about the strength we gain from holding on just long enough to realize we can not; not forever.

*The Art of Letting go,
Is the aftermath of the Art of Drowning.*

*Always remember that.
And everyone can let go,
After how long ?
It is just a matter of time and patience, that can tell.*