

# Pages from the Encyclopedia of Thoughts

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We have at least 30 thoughts in a minute which average out to 1 every 2 seconds. As the clock constantly ticks, our minds evolve with ever-flowing thoughts- pages of our unique encyclopedia rapidly filled.

I carry with me the knowledge about the history of civilization, the evolution of science, the rules of society and a thick bundle of the rest. There is even a page or two on the laws of physics lingering between the notes from boring introductory classes and late-night exam preparation. However, I often find myself reminiscing the most about the ones that fell from the lining along the way. I know they were beautiful but there is a piece in me that gave up on trying to save them, mend them and keep it close to my heart.

This essay is an attempt to remember them so I can weave them back into the story of my life.

## Art

It was the year 1889. A man walks into an art studio and unrolls his brushes. A painted canvas sits in front of him. A dazzling masterpiece brimming with colours, but he knows that it must be painted over. In another life, it would have been a revolutionary painting. Years later, students would have studied it as it hung in rooms much fancier than this, but at this moment, he knows that the painting will never have an audience except for the cleaner. He knows as he starts mixing the blues and the yellows. He knows as he looks around the room. He knows what he wants to paint, one revolutionary painting martyred for another. He is still captivated by the memory of the past night. The stars moved across his window as he sat, afraid to close his eyes. As the starlight lingered on his windowsill, life seemed enchanted after all. The night was more alive and richly coloured than the days he woke up to. So, he begins bringing together small things, creating something greater. The memory of the stars revolve around him as he moves across the canvas from one edge to another. The entire sky is captured by the brushes in his hands. The swirling blue brush strokes, bright yellow and white circular stars along with a crescent moon adorn the piece. Underneath the starry night, he constructs a beautiful town- the town he sees from his room, lies peacefully in the countryside surrounded by blooming irises, their smell he could only imagine.

Last night, the town slept; the oxygen in their lungs, the calcium in their bones and the iron in their blood were born in the heart of a star. Just above them, pieces of their own stardust floated as balls of gas in the universe. That night, he witnessed the creation of these elements, the creation of the complex human form. As the light from the stars twinkled in front of his eyes, souls were carved out from stardust. As the whole town slept peacefully, only the red-headed madman witnessed the magic.

Soon, the artwork was complete. He had painted a masterpiece, though he did not feel like it. He walked out of the studio and into the halls of the asylum.

Was Vincent van Gogh indeed the madman everyone saw him as, or was he the only person capable of seeing the magic?

## Childhood

With innocence wrapped around her soul and curiosity dripping every time she opened her mouth, it was anything but the incomplete and imperfect realm it is claimed to be. I think I remember my childhood, part of it is still embedded in my memory like a runaway sister who never calls. I see the pictures in my parent's house, the girl in the dress smiling back at me with her front teeth fallen off. She knew she was loved, even then, even like that.

The floor was burning with lava, turning even the soft blowing air to ashes and I was counting on my fairy wings to save me from falling. Flying from one pillow to another, I landed in the candy land at the edge of the door. With sugar on my tongue, light in my eyes and a balloon in my hand, I used to run around the porch, chasing butterflies. I used to dance in the rain, soaked in the ocean that came all the way to shower me with kisses. I don't remember the wishes, but there was a hopeful smile on my face when I closed my eyes and whispered under the starry night. Perhaps, they were about the monsters under my bed that ran away every time the light came pouring in or, winning that one game. Playing hide and seek around the tree. Waiting, count till 10.

I remember the folk tales being woven into my dreams by my mother's sweet voice as I slept every night wrapped in her embrace. The stories I was destined to pass down as generations did before mine. Every day was a blissful dream. My father called me an angel when he threw me up so high. Wind blowing through my hair, I never felt closer to the heavens in the sky. There is a memory of laughter in the garden, surrounded by the smell of Rosemary, starlight seeping into my stardust skin. I remember the first bag I ever packed, filled with all the dolls and the glitter dress, ready to leave the house I grew up in.

That fearless girl is treasured inside my memories. Her content smile, blind faith, sweet innocence and beaming happiness have a special place in my home, wrapped inside a frame.  
She was loved, she is loved.

## Girlhood

This was always going to happen. She's been dead since the beginning. Her story won't be told over and over again and the ending will remain the same. Every time she will play her part when the curtain will rise because we are doomed from the beginning of time. We can't help ourselves in any way. All we can do is memorise our lines and play along because our costumes fit. This is a pain we have inherited from the generations that came before us. All of whom sacrificed themselves to treasure their own tool of oppression.

This year for my birthday, my mother gave me the diamond earrings and the family heirloom- her ability to stay. I am a museum of her emotions, as I have both experienced and inherited them. Perhaps, this is why I have this need to blame my mother for my girlhood, for all the pain and insecurities she has passed on to me. But maybe that is because she is the only person who might have a clue about what it's like to be me, to be her. She once told me about her relationship with my grandmother. It is stained and scarred yet every weekend, my mother bakes a pie and takes it to her childhood home to meet her mother. I know I will do the same because this has been our family tradition- to love and hurt and come back home.