

## **Love, A Bandage?!!**

It was a beautiful piece of work that I had come across in the internet. About how love takes you off your heels and the next moment might drop you hard on your mouth. And how we never come to accept our defeat in love. How we never learn to adjust to the words "No, I don't love you."

All through the dark alleys of our life, through the unsolved equations of relationships, we feed ourselves lies. All we want to believe is that similar to the likes of fairy tales, love always repairs us; makes us tolerant and loving. We never want to look to the other possibility. The possibility of getting halved. Of becoming a lovelorn monster. Of drowning ourselves in a pool of tears. Why we are so afraid to agree that love is not always a bandage? That it has its version of AK47 and Swiss knife as well?

If they don't love you back. or worse, not the way you want them to, it's a problem, yes. A problem, just like every other one in your life. It doesn't need you to take out your armoury and destroy yourself in the process. It is okay not to be loved back always. It's not the end of the world. So if someone doesn't love you back, don't force them to. That's barbaric. They are not the only candles and you for that matter are not a moth. You have got wings though. So dust off yourself, cry till you lighten up and then fly away. Heal.

'Happily ever afters' are perhaps not for every story, but they surely are for everyone.

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