

Death of our dreams

I am going to talk about the few lines that inspired me and changed the way I look at the world and events that make it.

Why I begin from here, I really cannot say, but it is best to begin from somewhere which does not have any boundaries leaving one open to have endless imagination.

It is a sultry night, not a star in sight and the leaves hold very still, lest their presence is felt. The voices seem loud in the otherwise silent night and the words seem to hang on the edge. The conversations seem to have long pause. Very seductively a gentle breeze touches me and along with it comes the delicate scent of Jasmine. The reverie gets broken as I hear the word "Pash" which I am told by my friend means fragrance in Farsi.

The evening refuses to draw to an end and comes alive with this one line- "Most dangerous of all is the death of our dreams".

In the midnight glory, through words, I am introduced to a person, as I sit riveted just like the plants in the garden, wanting to know it all. My mind had become an infinite void and as I start hearing, the impressions of the "Man and Poet", the words start chiseling my imagination and perceptions. I feel I am in a sacred space, the breeze blows once again and in the recital of the following lines, *Pash* comes alive.

Most Dangerous

*Being looted of one's labour is not the worst thing.
Nor is police torture
Even betrayal out of greed
And arrest without warning
Are not the most terrible
To be frightened into silence is bad
But not really dangerous
To be drowned in the noise of corruption
Even when one knows one is right is no doubt bad
Reading in the feeble light of a glow warm
Going through life with a frown are also no doubt bad
But they are not the worst
Most harmful to oneself is to reduce life to passivity
To lack intensity of desire
To bear everything
To become a creature of routine
Most dangerous of all is the death of our dreams*

(Translated from Punjabi by Tejwant Singh Gill)

Pash was to be the one soul mate that made me restless with his lines and I wanted to know more about this person. His real name was Avtar Singh Sandhu who became more than a man or a poet, like a force, he kept growing within me.

The glory of the poet would have been lost if I had just listened to that one line and allowed it to die there.

However the inquisitive nature, nurtured over the years made me chase the rest. How important it is to take one end of the thread and keep opening the knots to get to its other side. The quest for discovery and the excitement of finding something new is a habit that has to be nurtured along the way in life. The pause held in the edge of a page, the excitement of liberation, all captured in mysterious black colour.

How sometimes in life, a few words, a book, an author, gets imprinted in our memory and keep playing over and over again provoking us to think, to reason and at times to ignite in us a passion to know more.

Pash gave me hope and encouragement to keep on dreaming, to keep trying different things and finding out new places, meeting people of varied cultures. Through him I learnt creation of wonderful spaces where we can continue to learn and enrich ourselves and establish values in life.

His poetry encouraged me to discover other writers and their understanding of life. When I look back, I realize something new had opened up and through his poems, I found a tremendous revelation. They made me hungry to pick up more stories that lie scattered. I started feeling a part of their story. Having read and experimented with new and old, bold and mundane authors, my appetite just grew.

I hope young minds develop this attitude that encourages you to seek, to pick up the thread and give you the patience and wisdom to untie its knots. It is important to be full of ideas, keep experimenting and making mistakes. It is imperative to be truly alive!

Pash never really died for his hopes rest on the belief that in his words he will continue to inspire minds and ignite hearts. I too believe that we should carry forward his dream and not allow them to die.

As he says in one of his poem,
*Friends!
Hold on to my concerns
After I have passed by*

Do not end it here; know more about the Man and Poet. Who knows, like me, you too may find your inspiration.

Will you keep his dreams alive? [CC](#)



RAHUL GUPTA



(The author runs his own company by the name 'Inova Naturals', an expert in landscape designing. He also works as an adjunct faculty member at Pearl Academy)