

Sensitive Ears When Lying In Bed**Shobha Diwakar**

Good humouredly I ask “Haven’t you all read Robert Lynd’s ‘Back to the Desk or A.G.Gardner’s or Hillaire Bellock’s some similar interesting /humorous anecdote or piece of fiction? Well, I do hope I’ve got it all set right. I mean the humor I seek to venture upon since the nostalgic feelings of my childhood seem to tickle my nostrils after it seems a generation of upheavals witnessed time and again for no particular rhyme or reason but that the shadows appear and disappear like a cloudy day wrapped in eternal bliss.

Sometimes, when I look up at the sun making a meek attempt to spread a soft smile upon the harsh surface of the earth; I notice just a wee bit of dried up wriggling strained up shrubs indulging in playful humor with the soft touches of the breeze in pursuit like a ghost; whistling away dried up brown russet leaves: the mind meanders into the green valleys of yesteryears. Those were the days. Yes, indeed they were. How like Alice in Wonderland you fell asleep and opened up into a beautiful reverie to be the little Alice or a giant one scampering after the mad hatter; the queen repeatedly ordering ”Chop off his /her head”, and what not. Going up and down into alleys of imagination; drinking some potion presented honorably by Puck to diffuse your memory; to fall in love with a donkey / supposing him to be Oberon, and making a thorough fool of yourself. Oh, but wasn’t that fun?

Now imagine ... supposing you simply lay in bed doing nothing but majestically stuck your mind, heart and spirit, not forgetting your ears of course to this gorgeous blaring TV, called the idiot box. On second thoughts, is the TV an idiot box or those stuck to it? What would happen? With doors and windows hinged, the heater humming like a bee delighting you with its warmth, would you be able to survey the external world with tampering, scampering feet? Of course, you may not be smart enough to do so. Perhaps you have horse glasses strapped across your face that compels you to look straight into the void ,so you do not kick someone else’s behind, yea, but what about your own? Are you quite sure, there’s no one behind your own?

Of late I’ve encountered people entrusted with X-Ray eyes,’ sonographically’ scanned eyes, ears and brain reservoirs that can dive right inside your precious virgin body to rape your thoughts, dissect your talks and what do you call that..... eh? Your mobile rings and whom you are talking/gossiping with, though you may be unaware of the predator(s), and be outside the range of sensitive ears lying in bed? Sleeping, dozing, dreaming, snoring or meditating into space? Oh, heavens, I plainly forgot to add prophesying, ranting sermons, remember The Sermon on the Mount? Jesus, is the list never ending like a hissing anaconda?

Well, to frankly spit it out, these are people we call super, duper genius. This evanescent, mingling, evaporating world, dashing around with colored butterfly wings, self-destructive in its naïve wandering currents conceals nothing. Like an overriding tide, it not only gathers stones, gems, conch shells but also mosses and lichen. Do you understand my point of view? Yes you are right... the throw away dirt! So those who have sensitive ears and lie in bed roll the tidal waves, grind you, your thoughts, your very being with their tempestuous doodling, ramping, trampling tidal waves to churn your spirit. Their sharp internal cochlea and their floating bone rings and floats till the cord is struck to warn them about some messy secrets a brewing in the witches' cauldron. Does that remind you of the dark forest that walked and the witches stirring a broth vigorously to agonize and ignite the 'vaulting ambition'/ ego of honest Macbeth, the King's most commanding, trusted General or Brutus, Caesar's most honest and trustworthy friend who stabbed him from behind? When the great Roman emperor fell all he uttered was "...and you too Brutus?"

So wasn't Caesar betrayed (that too), by his own most trusted friend? Yes betrayed? That is the word I've been foxhunting. Who says insiders do not betray or wash dirty linen in public? Heard of Vibhishan / Kaikaei/ Manthara, in the Ramayana? Rubbish. That we believe is the affair of 'external ministry,' yet the truth of it all curdled my spirit like sour milk when I realized most painfully that those nearest to you are the first to dig your grave. Sensitive ears when lying in bed wildly run their imagination to weird corners of their brewing fancy to downtrodden you contemptuously. Snarling like maddened dogs fighting over a bitch, or hissing creepily under the bed like a snake in the grass to sting you like a poisonous cobra, and then announcing outside the tragedy you called upon yourself by treading upon one.

Beware dear ones reading this for they are your very own kith and kin who stab you from behind. Too many Brutus', Macbeths', and Hamlets as well as Ferdinands' reside in the vicinity of your four chambered heart. If you have not read go ahead and read 'The Duchess of Malfi' to get to the root cause of all-evil. Get under the skin of Bosola, learn how to evesdrop, carry tales, I mean 'tails,' a wail...uh...uh... avail awards, credits and 'Padma Ratans' for washing dirty linen in public. Bravo for all those good 'Samaritans' who oblige the external world with their sensitive years/ ears? Although I thought what the right hand does the left knows not and those who pretend not to be able to hear ... I mean are deaf, can distinctly overhear what is said behind closed doors. Sensitive Ears, uh, uh don't muddle my head.... Bee your Years. All your fingers are in the hard crust pie.