

I WAS STRONG, WHEN I WAS LOUD...



THE WEIGHT OF FLOWERS

KRISHNA PRASAD

I wasn't dead before they began laying flowers on me. No, I felt myself slipping away slowly, buried under the weight of flowers brought by those who had once stood beside me, back when...

***I was strong,
when I was loud.***

They had cheered my voice then, proud of its boldness, but now they surrounded me in silence, already certain I was gone. I lay still, without a word, without a movement, as they accepted my passing without calling my name—

not even once.

The flowers began to cover me, each petal like a small memory, recalling moments when they were there but had never truly seen me. Now I was done—caught between worlds, somewhere halfway here.

***I tried to call out for help. But my voice was
smothered beneath their loud sympathies.***



They kept filling the gaps with more flowers and condolences..

A familiar fragrance drifted over me, a scent that stirred memories of times when my every word had been cherished. Yet their silence now was so deep, it became its own noise—a quiet so thick it hurt my ears. I remembered when this same space had been filled with laughter and conversation, a liveliness that had once embraced me.

Now, they stood here quietly, a silence loud enough to hurt my ears.

I wanted to shout, “Can’t you hear me?”

but their attention was fixed elsewhere, drawn only to the ceremony they had gathered to fulfill.

subtle faces everywhere , conflicting expressions that hinted at the pulls and turns of the paths that had taken them away from me.

The steady ticking of watches signaled that they wouldn’t be here long. Soon enough, they would rush back to their routines, leaving me behind, wrapped in the heavy solitude of my own reflections.

And yet, fresh sympathies arrived...



more flowers, laid upon me, and still more.

But something shifted.

This time, I felt warmth radiating from the flowers they had placed on me, and suddenly they were light, almost weightless.

No, Absolutely weightless!

Could I have been wrong about these blooms and the heaviness I had felt? Somehow, these flowers were lifting something deep inside me. They weren't here to bury me. They were reaching out, with a warmth that began to heal.

Everything else faded away.

I wanted more flowers.

I found myself longing for more roses and daisies, for lilies and yellows, for any bloom they could bring.

***“Cover me,”
I thought,
“cover me in every flower you can find.”***

And then... just leave me, let me lie alone, to be healed by this quiet magic, to be built anew.



THE WEIGHT OF FLOWERS

“Flowers, a sanctuary for the soul welcoming all emotions that take their toll. They drink deep from the well of our ache, growing heavier still, for our hearts' own sake..

We are the ones who let roses bloom in joy on wedding arches, yet the same roses mourn with us on funerals.”

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