

My Dream

I live to be able to have time for myself. That's my luxury. I dream of a life where I'm free to wander, to exist fully in the moment without the weight of expectations. It's not about running away from responsibilities but about finding a rhythm that's my own, living with purpose and peace. In this dream, I wake up with nothing but time—a rare and precious gift. Time to connect with nature, with my thoughts, but always on my terms.

Why didn't anyone tell me sooner that you can't turn people into homes? People are rivers—ever flowing, ever changing—and if you pour yourself into them, they will carry away everything you place in them. It's a painful lesson, but it's freeing, too. I've come to realize that while others may bring beauty into my life, my home doesn't live in their hearts. My home has a heartbeat, but it isn't locked inside anyone's chest. It beats inside me.

This is the essence of my dream: to live freely, to have the luxury of time to simply be, and to build a home within myself that can't be shaken by the changing currents of others. I dream of being a hippie, not in the cliché sense, but as someone who embraces life's flow without attachment to fleeting things. I no longer seek validation in others but have found it in the steady heartbeat of my own soul. This is my freedom, my dream, my home.

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