

A STORY OF THREE

Ishaan Bhargava

It wasn't until the sun-kissed goodbye,
to the window,
That the trees hid the blushing face,
And still, I felt the warmth,
On my cheek.

I like this love story,
The one where the sun and the train's window,
suck every moment of that second,
When the sun had to leave and the train can't stop to say goodbye.

I don't know,
why I'm using the word "Goodbye".
It's never goodbyes,
they meet every day,
when the sun flaunt how the train carries the window around him,
And where the window just teases,
how the sun is just looking at the windows,
And sometimes losing sight to again see himself on her.

I think of all the three characters,
Oh sorry, I forget to mention me,
The narrator.

I did mention myself but see, how the sun's blush on the window's face blinds you,
to even consider me a part of this story,
And then you ask, how this can be a love story.
I say,
how can this be not a love story?



You sit inside the train and look at the sun with the same intensity
the window absorbs,
You sit and let yourself get enticed by the love,
As if you have never been a part of this story before...
And yet,
Yet, here we are, being the audience and the narrator at the same time.

This is not a love story of two,
But of three.

Yes.
Yes, I dare to count myself a part of this unstructured play.

This is what I aspire to have,
love.
Love that doesn't have a wall to hide what they share,
Love which can't be shattered because it's not contained but free,
Love that doesn't stop when the trees and mountains stand tall,
But waits...
Love.

You don't buy tickets to reach,
You buy them to get your soul enticed by the love,
Which is not contained but free.



Ishaan is a storyteller who thrives on café hopping, music, and finding magic in the everyday. A proud pet parent with a Taare Zameen Par-level sense of direction (minus the art skills), they live for good banter, better playlists, and honest laughter.

