

# SKY ALBUM

ANUSHA SRIDHARAN

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*Sky is beautiful.*

*I adore it as a photographer and writer. For the consistent inspiration that it provides me with every day, I want to dedicate this photo album to sing praise of the sky and pay my sincere tributes.*

*All the pictures part of this album are taken by me, You can find more of them on my Instagram handle : [piece\\_of\\_irony](#).*

*I would like to convey my earnest thanks to my family and friends for constantly encouraging me to write.*

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Sky has seen it all, heard it all.

We often fail to recognize the voice in which it conveys to us, the answers, to the questions that we have. We rant, we crib, we rejoice, we grief, and the sky being a major chunk of this journey, it has known us all, all through.



Although, non-deterministically it has always been with us and for us. Sky is a secret bud that is surely visible but it is of a kind that's rare. It is a variable and yet a constant. It has seen us age and has grown through ages with us. Ages, so long that we come and go, and yet it stays there, as is.



Sky is the master of seasons, it shows the shades of weather and is like the messenger of a forecast.

The ancient and the world to be, sky is the transitioning block that builds the entire world into one.

Every time that you gaze at the sky, it always has a story to tell. Only thing to ponder is that, are we ready to listen to what the sky has to say?



This question has always troubled me. Almost all the time, a quick gaze is all we take and move on. The sky has the land of stories immersed in it, and we are just those ever-changing exteriors that dry with time.

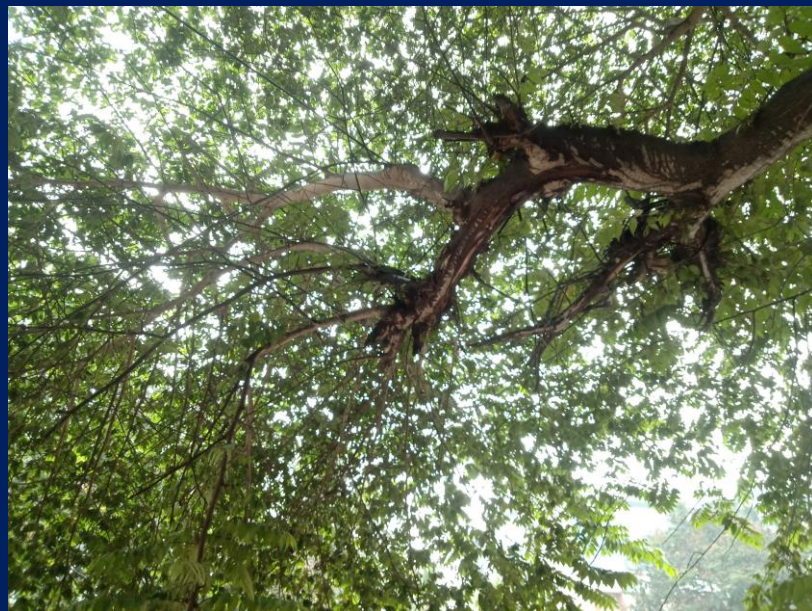


The time of dawn, twilight, rise and set, we get to see the different shades of the sun that shows its prominence and seniority of being an integral part of the existing universe.

What else could be assumed for something that's ruling since its inception. Like it is said that born are things for a cause, perhaps in this context, eternity is the driving line of persistence.



Every time I look at the sky, there has always been some kind of inspiration that I have derived. I may not know of what to be made of it but I write and it is energizing to derive something amazing from nature. It is this ever-humble sky emanating some thought-provoking ideas.



I gaze the gallery of photos I have been clicking lately and that's when I realized that most of the photos that I had clicked were more of the sky.

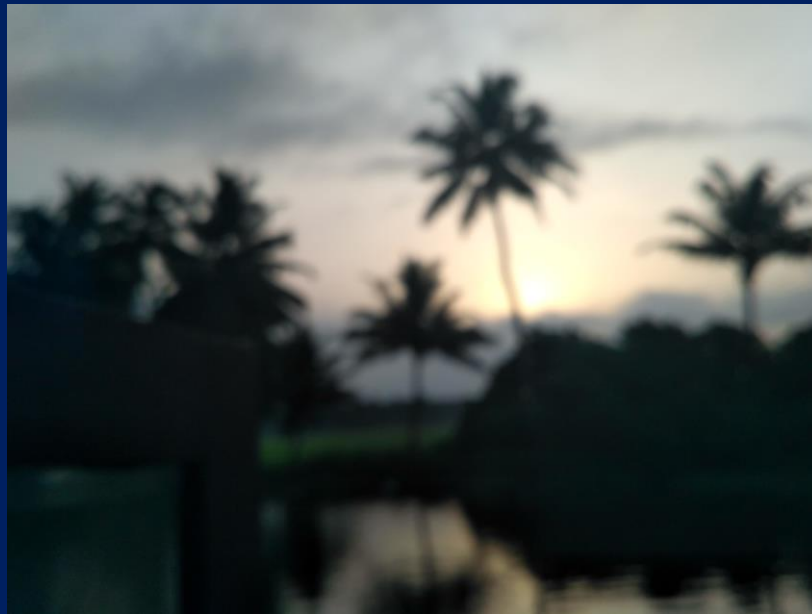


Believe me for once and I'd say that with pride, I click the sky almost every day. I know not of what pulls me towards it but surely there is some underlying magnetic force that I am totally unaware of.



I think it is totally beautiful. If you deeply study a human mind or perception for that matter, already known and seen things aren't given much interest and attention as of the first time, but in the context of the sky, it seems to be an exception.

Is it because it is something that has been ever existing and everlasting? I often have deliberated the same and the answers seem to be vague and yet evident, screaming out to me, "Because.... sky is awesome!"



Just like we have emotions, sky too has ways to show us the state of mind it is in. What brings the mood swings is somehow narrated in the form of clouds, specifically of the shape they constitute. Sky expresses in the form of thunder, lightning, storm and rain.





Sky is immensely homogeneous, we don't necessarily have to intuitively adapt to it as there are some properties of the sky we tend to naturally grab without any force.



It is the light of sun that illuminates the sky's gaze reaching us, for what sky is, would be less known if it weren't for the sun's bright rays.

Sky, as pleasing as it is, is also scary. You understand the word, "thunderstorm", the most dreaded start of the great rains, some more to be a reason of fright.



Sometimes, it is just the noise and most of the other times it is the lightning as though it dominates the sky with a sharp sword.

Well-deserved is the sight when the sky is all covered by those dark clouds making you expectant of the rains that are to follow.

And those minutes, which seem longer than the usual, are for that anticipation we have within us to hear those raindrops again.



Perhaps, pitter patter sounds of the raindrops are the only ones which wouldn't seem like a noise or even if it is, it is rejoiced like some music.

**S**ky is beautiful and charming, it gives you back all the hopes that you thought you lost and it is amazing as to how being the same entity, it appears different every day.



It seems as though it is the duty of the sky to supply gazers with all the inspiration that they need to keep moving ahead in life.

**S**ky is heavenly, from the start of the day till the end of the night, it is the sole watchman who stays vigilant, calm, and composed at all times.

**S**ky has been the most sought-after companion for all of us in some way or the other. We talk to God by speaking to the sky metaphorically. We have longed for a special someone staring at the ever-elegant moon gracing the night sky. We have had researchers looking at the sky closely for constellations, comets, eclipses and many more wondrous gifts from the universe.



What intrigues me is why we haven't realized the importance of the sky yet. Is it because it has always been there for us? Or is it that we know that it will last as long as life is eternal on earth?

We might be habituated to just take things for granted. We need to attend those unattended calls from the sky to be able to see beyond what has been asked of us. To rightfully claim the gift of nature, we ought to think of sustaining and preserving it for the future generations.

It is hard to leave behind passing clouds when they are conveying some kind of a story or a pattern that you are able to relate to. Sky then becomes your comrade who wouldn't judge your imagination.



You'd love to be with them like some of those infinities which would never, in a conscious world, end. Call it the innocence or the unnatural desire that one has but the truth is that sky is the most beautiful phenomena one could ever get to watch in the whole lifetime here on earth.

Those happy tears that you wish to shed, of the moments of supreme joy, longing to be shed more, to feel more elated. As of the sky, and our relation with it, is exclusive and rare.

Radiance is just the matter of reach as one would concur, but for the sky, as though it is unlimited. It can reach us all in a split second and even after our zillion attempts to reach the sky, we would just realize that it is unfathomably boundaryless.

Sky has an additional layer of abstract. It neither has a beginning nor an end and it is unquestionably intended to be that way and such realization to experience is totally overwhelming.



*'Sky is the limit'*, anyone would transitively say that to you if you ever try to dream over zenith. Sky should not be a range to compare as sky is something that's beyond the level of scales.

Let's not just stick to the limits being limits because for the limitless, these limits are more or less baseless.

It is the *'growing out of the space'* exception that brightens the scope of evolution that is not constrained or bounded to fit in the set of limitation.

Sky is my regular destination every single time. Especially, the times when the breeze is rushing towards me as if it is trying to shout its happiness to me.



The cold, the chill, the pleasure on my cheeks, tell the stories told by the sky through the winds to the world for they were caught by the breaths of the wandering souls till the last.

What is surprising is that every breath taken by us is a form of communication to the sky that we fail to realise. Don't we?

We constantly send out messages to the sky about the life in us to be proved existent.

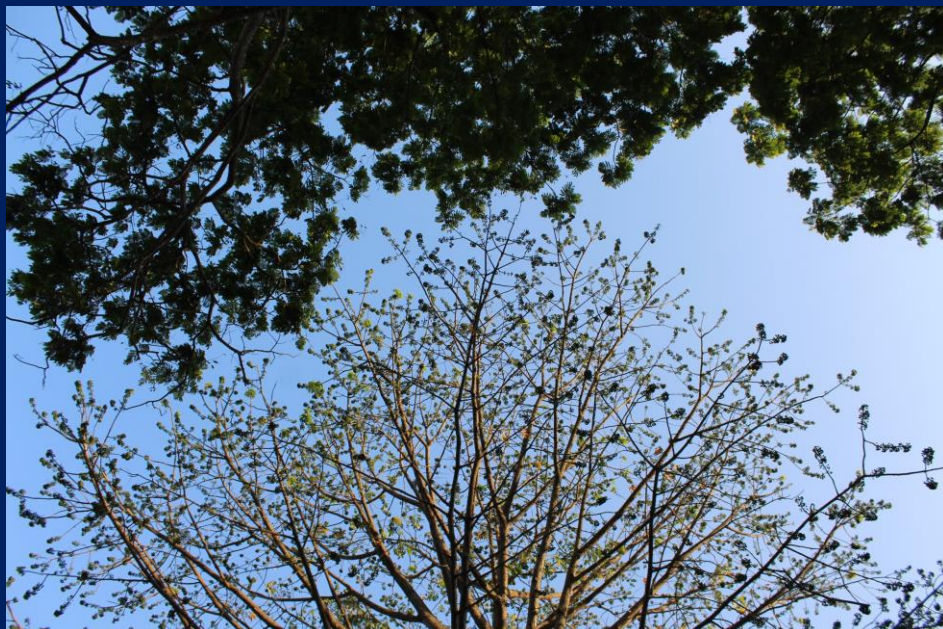
Whether the sky hears us or not, it is the ever knowing expanse that knows it all.





Bring peace to us, we'd cry! But for all the trouble that we have created for ourselves, is sky being the only witness, answerable to the qualms that we have? Sky is the search of every wanderer's dream to reach and fulfill. A preposition as you call, the eye towards the heavens be through the clouds that reside the sky.

Sky has this fluffy and cottony companion, the white and the mighty, mist made of sponges, that on squeeze, would pour on to the earth.



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