



## **Live Like The Roar In A Lion's Throat, by Pavithra Mehta**

Do you live in your days like a forgotten ticket stub in someone's jacket? As if the show were behind you? As if you went out one evening to watch your life, and decided halfway through that it wasn't worth the price of admission.

Other things more interesting stole your attention, even though we've been told and told that all that glitters is not gold, we are so easily seduced by sparkle and the kind of food that fills our mouths but not our stomachs and never our souls.

How we gorge on the insubstantial, and substitute the vibrant, risky, full-bodied occupation of life with a weak-kneed, lukewarm stupor.

Do you live in your days like an unmarked bottle in the back of the fridge? A bottle that has been there so long that no one remembers what's in it. Do you live in your days like a lone sock in the drawer whose match disappeared in the wash weeks or years ago.

Think. Think hard. What shape are you holding and in what container are you held? Those are not questions to be asked or answered lightly.

LiveÂ like the roar in the cave of the lion's throat. Live like the mustard seed that is dropped into hot oil -- ready to explode its flavor into everything. Like the wick in a candle. Flickering. Fierce. Alive.