

Dear Coldplay,

Well, picture this, a girl, about the age of eleven, sitting on the floor, with her legs outstretched, her palms faced down, in front of a large, bulky, waist-high stereo system. Imagine her engulfed in a song, feeling every beat as it resonates through her. Imagine her rewinding the cassette and play the same song, Speed of Sound, over and over again. Now, imagine her enveloped in that memory, as she writes to you, eleven years later.

I'm not sure what triggered me to write this letter. Maybe it's because attending a Live Coldplay concert has been on my bucket list since time immemorial, or because A Head Full of Dreams is potentially your last studio album (please tell me that's not true!) or maybe it's because you guys came all the way to India and left without performing for us! Um, it's probably a culmination of the three, probably.

It's been such a long love affair, one that has lasted for more than half my twenty - one year old lifetime. I've graduated from rewinding cassettes and waiting for the music channel to play your song on TV to being able to stream it online ; from being a naive sixth grade student to being a seemingly mature college senior ; from somebody who sought happiness in others to somebody who's learnt to conjure some up for herself. So much has changed, but, my love for you? That's been unwaveringly present. That's been a constant.

Have you ever felt this intense feeling of wanting to tell somebody you love them? Well, then you know exactly how I'm feeling right now. And, I know you've felt the piercing pain of unrequited love. When you love someone, but it goes to waste, could it be worse?

Show us some love, won't you? Come, perform for us in India, won't you? We love you, and we'd love for you to know that.

And if you love us, won't you let us know?

Well, I think I now know why I needed to write this. Because if I never tried, I'd never know.

Yours,

Tanvi Mathur

India

1st February, 2016.

11:37 am.