

WHAT I HAVE LEFT BEHIND

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I know I have not left
Behind as much as I have taken with me,
But beyond the grave nothing counts as such
Except my memory.

Remember how I used to play
With your fingers in my little hands?
And I know you wished that when yours would tremble...
I'd hold them as a man...

Remember how you held me
And taught me how to walk and run...
Hoping that one day when I had firm legs
Your unsteady ones would be steadied by your son.

Remember how I used to scowl
When dad made TV a distant dream?
Mother, you made that dream come true
You made it a reality...

I know you wished I'd live a long life
And one worth living...
I don't understand why you are sad...
Because I learnt the art of giving.

I lived a life, howsoever small,
But I lived like a real man...
How does it matter if I left a little soon?
I lived through what very few can...

Oh...why do you weep?
Do you remember me sad?
Life and you gave me a destiny
That many have never had...

A beautiful story is like a fairy tale
Short but amazingly beautiful...
Like a nightingale singing a lullaby
A short but enthusing tune...

What I cannot take beyond the grave
I can give back to my land...
I can forever smile in your minds
As I slowly turn to sand...