

THE DEATH OF A MOTHER

Biswarup Das*

The road was jammed
she was gasping, as if suffocated
Inside the ambulance. She was impatient
out of her suffering. The ambulance was late
to hospital. None had seen her before
in such discomfort.

She was laid on bed
oxygen fastened to her nostrils, her mouth;
her pulse very feeble was revealed.
Doctors came, medication too,
she felt a bit relief
for the time being, of course.

She passed the next few days
there; her veins tortured by saline,
her stomach with antibiotics,
constant blood-tests pierced her arms
they were blackened everywhere.

What pain she felt
only she knows, and God of course.

Her deterioration, very rapid
doctors couldn't detect her ailment.

One morning,
it was 9:00 in the morning
she held her son's palms
with her weak hands. It was very difficult
for her to sit; she sat still
with all energy her body did permit.

A mysterious bliss in her eyes;
she knew, perhaps, she needed medication no more.
She blessed her son, tacit.

Half an hour later
the doctors took her
to ventilation. She was
unconscious already; her sleep never broke.

At last she had rest
perhaps.
And like Duncan
no mundane worry could ever touch her again.

A WISH

The day clos'd eyes in the lap of night
A sweet dream the heart cherished long,
A wake in truth faded it
The eyes ope'd, the trance gone.

The blizzard of time weighs heavy on heart,
The flame o' joy blown down;
A foggy smoke curtains the world
Obscures the ray of hope from vision.

Faint glimmers of far 'way smiles and laughs
Utter endless delight
Where joy's in sky and in smile
(The smile I once beheld!)
But here in dark is no light.

The chill half-lighted evening
Lulls to sleep before comes the spring,
It's dearest wish to close eyes now
To open in Paradise in the fragrant morning.

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