

## To His Dear Granny

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O memories ! Bridge now those prevailing distances  
Which cause you to be sweeter than all references.  
Let me feel thy draughts whizzing in my heart,  
And gather all dream-particles strewn in your cart.

Sedges still stand on this sloppy strand,  
And feel the ripples flowing over sand.  
Trees of acacia and bamboo-clusters by pool,  
Scatter their aroma and shade to keep the stream cool.

Sparrows spread their nests to the branches of tree,  
And chirp their song to proclaim their decree,  
Of love, peace, care, freedom and fraternity,  
Which unites this land's men in integrity.

Peasants still cultivate and harvest the crop,  
But few mud houses and huts stay on prop.  
Cattle gather by stream to quench their thirst in shade,  
Having lowed and strayed in fields to be fed.

Greatest of all are waiting in those eyes,  
Touches of those hands and sweetness in voice,  
Who now seem to be on verge of life,  
One day will depart leaving me to this strife.

She is none but my granny who now doth envisage,  
Of crossing the bar and discarding this carnal cage,  
Letting her soul to the hall of heaven,  
Where no classes exist and all are even.