

The Holy Chamber

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Entered thirteen years ago
There was no shadow.
Only blend of love and care
I saw the room groove and rare.
I was well acquainted room's four walls
After studying the whole day ,
I came to this room -- Silent walls ,soft calls.
When I was lonely , this room held my soul
A silent companion that made me feel whole ,
Through marriage , it witnessed our love softly bloom
And cradled my daughter with in the same room.
At , during my MPhil days alone,
The room held my agony like it was her own.
Eight rejections in government Class One
and Class Two,
The room heard every tear and carried me through.
That room strengthened me, when I felt small,

It held my tears , it heard it all.
From the room, my government job took flight,
Turning my darkness into light.
Those stairs, that corridor, the Kalka - Shimla train's soft cry,
Still echo in me, will never die.
When I left that room, I broke down completely,
Crying, I kissed every wall, holding it deeply.
With trembling hands, I closed the door tight,
And left it behind, fading out of sight.