

MIND TO MIND

Creative writing that explores the abstract side of our profession and our lives

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Jugal

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I see you on the screen;
Thousands of miles
And the vast ocean of blue between us.
I search in despair
For your sunny radiance,
That buoyant banter of yours.
Why, Dad,
Has it suddenly gone missing?

“There’s a second wave in Delhi.”
Your words seem distant and lost,
Unable to line up suitably.
In search for order, for oxygen
Of which the city has none.
The virus rages in India, unsparing and relentless.
The system is overwhelmed,
Broken and helpless.

Your blue lips conjure a brave smile;
My trembling voice is unable to hide
Behind much-needed courage.

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“I love you, Dad; thanks for everything.”
Grief, it seems, has a way
Of swallowing up words,
Of rendering speech powerless.
Flowing tears blend effortlessly with searing pain;
Together, they inconsiderately sweep everything away.
You are surrounded by love.
Head resting, ever so gently,
On brother’s sturdy shoulders.
Fingers entwined with mom’s,
Trying desperately to assuage
All her worst fears.
Even unconditional love
Falters in the face of hypoxia.

The last breath brings peace.
Farewell, Dad; my guiding light.
I will always cherish you.

In loving memory of Dad