

CREATIVE SPACE

Holding your hand

SWARUPA BHAGWAT

Think of the old days, Oh Grandpa!
Blissful and brimful of laughter and smiles.
As I toddled down the path of life,
You showed me the way for so many miles.

The care and love, the stories and songs,
And building castles together in the sand,
While Aai and Baba toiled at work,
You were there holding my hand.

Treasured are those moments, my Grandpa!
Alas! Nothing of those you remember,
Let us refresh the memories so fond,
Let's just 'forget' you have Alzheimer's.

Gazing at the stars on a full-moon night,
Playing cricket on the pebbly strand,
As you sway on a swing in the garden,
I will be there, holding your hand.

The muck and the mess don't bother me,
Your whims and fancies and tantrums withal,
As we go down memory lane,
Big I shall be, and you a child small.

Rhymes and riddles, fiction and fables,
A voyage to a faraway fairyland,
And when you write your alphabet again,
I will be there, holding your hand.

As you spread your kindness all over again,
Not you alone, but together shall we stand,
So many lives have you touched, my Grandpa!
All of us shall be there, holding your hand.

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