

Healing touch

JYOTI IDICULLA

The morning light trickles in ray by ray
From deep slumber I see the wake of day
My mind swirls and whirls and seems to sway
And quietly reveals where I stay!

In an infirmary all alone in my bed
With an ailment that fills me with dread.
All I want is a soothing word said,
But it is the keyboard that I hear instead

It is the desktop with its pixellated display
That sums up the results of tests in array.
The team gathers at the nurses' bay
Conversations transpire around a coffee tray

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The status of each "case" is first summarised
The progress of the case is then surmised
The day's investigations clicked and ordered
The plan of action is deftly blueprinted

The doctor walks in as per the roster
I am apprised of my condition improper
As I open my mouth to slowly utter...
The physician has gone to the passage outer!

It is the era of many a medical breakthrough
Even deciphering the genes through and through
Sympathy and empathy are nothing but ado
And apps and software will not help you

All the above was only a stuporous prescience
I was bestirred out of my sleep of transience
As I was touched by the soothing presence
Of the beneficent healer with a conscience!

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.

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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.