

Dali

It seems a travesty of reason that Dali has been taken away from us,
Only the other day he was laughing and smiling, thinking and planning,
Where has he gone and why?
Which incomprehensible errand has taken him away
And when will he return?

Dali had the courage of a smile, glow of a charm,
Unflappable serenity, and impeccable vision,
To cruise through the everyday modern life:
Insensitive and purposeless.

He laughed with bewilderment at the lesser mortals like some of us,
For our unaligned and tenuous connections with life,
He could not think why anyone would not strive to enjoy
And be himself all the time.

He had learnt living at the knees of his life,
His wisdom grew by the simple power of reasoning.
He had no illusions that life was a gift
Which must be returned to Lord after sometime,
What all mattered in life was what we do with this gift.

All the biographies of Dali do not matter,
We may simply say that he came from nowhere
And briefly lit a candle here on earth,
It shown bright and without a flicker.

His tireless and brilliant scientific work helped and will help
The mankind for generations to come,
His humility was as real as his breath,
His truthfulness was as certain as tomorrow's sunrise.

We do not know how we will go on without him,
How we will be able to harbor joy in our hearts,
How we will be lead without a way-shower,
How the family will remain together without the shade of a chinar tree?