

The Cruel Emptiness of D-5

Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the nights
And wonder how things are at D-5,
When I open its door its neat emptiness hits me,
A deep poignancy grabs me and I feel God was not fair
In treating its denizens the way He did.

Dad got it built after numerous postings abroad,
To find a refuge in motherland after a long care-worn life,
To savor a modicum of rest,
In preparation for the journey to his eternity.

Mother pined for a bunch of grandchildren
Running wild around her,
A bevy of daughters-in-law deferring to her every word,
But in the end her God was the only companion that gave her solace and grace.

Babu's life was that of a man who was attempted to be killed but survived,
He lived a half-alive life, wounded and vacuumed of all ambition,
He felt a hurt when he laughed,
He saw his life as a tale told by an idiot.

After a nightmarish struggle I lock the door at D-5,
I drive back to my home thinking of how life
Copiously flowed there once in spite of its haunted tragedy,
How all the laughter there vacuumed into a graveyard headstone.

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