

# 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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