**Main submission**

**Title:** Holding your hand

**Category:** Poetry (Medical Humanities, Care giving)

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**Competing interests and funding support**: There are no competing interests and no funding support for the work being submitted.

**Previous submissions of similar work:** I declare that I have not submitted any previous similar work. This is entirely the original work of myself, Dr Swarupa Bhagwat and has not been taken from any other publication. I had submitted a poem titled “The Silent Teachers” based on different theme i.e. respect for cadavers, in May 2017 and was published in October 2017 issue.

**Holding your hand….**

Bethink yourself of the days, O Grandpa!

Blissful and brim-full with laughter and smiles.

As I walked down the path of life,

You showed me the way for miles and miles.

The care and love, the stories and songs,

And building castles together in the sand,

While mummy and daddy toiled at work,

You were there holding my hand.

Treasured are those moments, O Grandpa!

Alas! Nothing of those you remember,

Let us refresh the memories so fond,

Just ‘forget’ you have Alzheimer.

Gazing at the stars on a night full-moon,

Playing cricket on the pebbly strand,

And as you sway on a swing in the garden,

I will be there holding your hand.

The muck and the mess bother me not,

Your whims and fancies and tantrums withal.

As we go down the memory lane,

Big will be I and you a child small.

Rhymes and riddles, fictions and fables,

A voyage to the 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 you have touched, O my Grandpa!

All will be there holding your hand.