

An Ode to them Awesome Life Bearers

Ek ti aai,
Ek to baba.
Ata aai-baba mhanje
They do have them kids!

Aai aahe mirchi,
She knows what I mean.
Baba nahi kami,
But peace he is on keen.

Humble beginnings,
They both rose from.
Pan bhagidari itki chaan,
Hence Jorat te Thorat!

Allow me to divulge,
A musing of mine.
I may not be bestie,
But family sure thine.

Adhal aste itki,
Maya aai-baba chi,
Maitri sagli javalchi,
Kutumbhat samavet.

A phone call maketh happy,
she says.

Sound of them voices,
Moveth strings of the heart.

How about this wreck?
Call of heart echoed by mind.
For words have their wind,
But I ain't no Joyce.

Ekatra aahet te,
Mhanun jagat aahe mi.
Kiti varsha jhali visarlo ho, haha,
Pan dhanya aahe mi.

Ata lagto kamala,
Karto ya aayushyachi chandi.
The King of Sweden will know them;
A drop in my ocean of gratitude.