

"Tears were scarce  
But the innocent and inquisitive shout  
Was loud, loud enough to make her happy  
Though she was silent  
Was deaf and had her eyes closed.

I saw the world without her  
I struggled then without her  
No support, nothing had I  
Only one drunk elder  
She was nice unlike him, I had heard  
But never realized  
For before I could know her  
She had gone far away from me.  
I have seen friends  
My own friends  
Being cared, loved, and  
Cheered through hard days  
I had mine since she had gone  
Who remained to love me?  
Who was there to care me?  
That drunk? Who even didn't know - who I was?  
No I have to stand on my own  
I have to live on my own  
I knew that was difficult.

Though she had left me,  
But I know she is there  
There too, and in fact everywhere  
For when I was in despair  
She helped me out  
To get up and rise  
It is for her that I am here.

We came to this mortal world  
Holding hands together  
But she left too early  
Even before I knew she was there for me."

To whom am I saying these?  
And why?  
A time will come when she would repeat the same  
For the dark that fell upon her  
Is now covering my mouth  
I would become dumb  
To let it engulf her too.

By-Siba Smarak Panigrahi