

LONGING...

As my destination draws near, ever lingering,
Within me is a yearning, a deep longing;
To rewind my clock, or stop the ticking,
Keep my fondest memories from fading.

Bask in my cherished, fondest moments;
But to melancholy, longing gives way,
With knowledge that haunts and torments,
Unable as I am to bring back those days.

In Koyilandy, though time, my flight begins,
With my parents, sibs and our home sweet.
To the care-free days of childhood and it brings
Fond memories of games we played, and treats.

Memories of those days also bring,
A pang of aching within me deep,
And a helpless feeling I couldn't cling,
Those wonderful days I couldn't keep.

To my school days, next my mind drifts,
Deepest friendships, and my school, dearest.
The exquisite food and mulberry fruits,
These are memories all dear to my chest.

Spiced and toasted peanuts, hand cricket,
The marbles, the spinning tops and kites,
Oh! Those special, those care-free days!
Little did I know how precious they'll stay.

My memories of grandma, special and tender,
My "Ammamma", the care she showered,
Unquestioning, unadulterated care tendered;
All my growing years, these she lavished.

The cups of tea, the special fruits and tidbits,
 The memory brings, a twinge, within my mind;
 From knowledge I couldn't go back and repeat,
 Or in some small measure, return in kind.

Friendships in school, intimate and deep,
 And during college days, even more friends;
 Friends I could count on in my time of need,
 Sadly, friendships any more hard to find.

And some in the mist of time I've lost,
 Their memories I treasure in my chest,
 Companions they are forever mine,
 Just remembering, traveling in time.

My journeys home end in feelings somber,
 This flush of feelings, within me warm,
 The symphony of colors unfurl, as I fly over
 The coconut palms, with their unique charms.

The greenery that's astounding, uplifting;
 Only Keralam has these and I feel the pang,
 As I leave, over the carpet lush, flying,
 I feel a deep longing for this mine land.

Oft I revisit my courting days, my first encounter,
 And that special feeling of being in love.
 And the many years I shared with my partner,
 Accidental union and eventual fate, it proves.

Together a family we made and raised,
 Oh! The pleasures and pain we thus shared;
 Those haunting memories keep returning,
 Their transience they keep reminding.

The long-lost Hindi songs, all my favs,
 Back into my life, returned they have;
 Thanks to music videos, the more I hear,
 Bask in memories from my teen years.

Upon hearing, tears of joy they bring,
 The long-forgotten songs and lines,
 Help return to those good days, longing.
 The gift of music to transport through time!

Memories of my favorite teacher range,
 From fear to respect, then to affection,
 And life-long contact we did manage,
 Contact that only his death hath broken.

In my heart a special place, Fr. Reynolds holds,
 As a teacher, guide, friend and priest...
 And within me, this longing unfolds,
 To return to days when he was provost,
 A terror and disciplinarian, in our hostel.

On my life's purpose, oft I reflect;
 Am I an artist, a physician, or a writer?
 Could I amount to an inventor or scientist?
 Do these humble gifts really matter?

When I take stock, come my fateful hour,
 Have I used all that I've been bestowed?
 Could I've channeled talents, in others somehow?
 Do we just live or do we live to leave a score?

And as I take stock, I know I've done things,
 That surely make me proud and I feel content.
 And, yes some others do leave me wanting,
 And there is a longing, making me despondent.

This agony that all of these, I'll leave one day,
 Both the deeds I cherish and those I can't;
 Arriving without warning, let fate have its say!
 Yet, I know for sure transience will it end.