



*Pebbles
Unseen*

DR. SHIBY VARGHESE

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CORONA-Lessons for Life

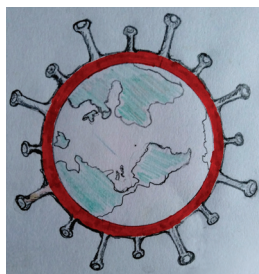
She is invisible, yet so powerful
She can travel anywhere, without a ticket
She has sealed most of the houses
Emptied the pathways and taken control over us.

We humans, are fighting to find a way out
Researching to get a new vaccine and a test kit
Animals, birds and other beings are fine
Peacocks are dancing on the roads
Monkeys and deer are quite so playful
Rivers are cleaner, nature is rejuvenating.

Temples and churches are closed
Classes are online, children are home-confined
Weddings and engagements are no more social gatherings
Living is gripped by fear
Livelihoods are also at stake
We are in a hurry to bury the dead
And dignity of death is no guarantee.

This 'full stop' or 'comma'
Is an appropriate punctuation
To correct our mistakes and to repent for our sins
It's time to slow down
Not to be lazy, but to be vigilant
It's time to protect our families and our society
By taking all precautions
And following all guidelines.

Our education, power and wealth
Are quite meaningless, if we fall down
If we don't understand CORONA
And her mighty hands stretching towards us
Sealing down is easy
We just need one case among hundreds
The fear of the rest is unimaginable
The pains of quarantine unbearable
Sufferings of many will be unpayable
As they struggle for a breath of fresh air.



So it's time to slow down
Sit at home and allow others to sit
If it's not very essential
Let's not give more burden to doctors and hospitals.

Masks have already stolen our faces
Now we all look more or less the same
Probably nature wants us to listen
Not to talk malice and nonsense.

It's the greatest of our duties
 To protect our dear ones and guard their lives
 By breaking the chain - by staying inside
 By social distancing and proper hygiene.

CORONA added new words to our vocabulary
 Lock down, quarantine, sanitising and distancing
 Are just a few which we use quite often
 Cancelled flights and hot spots,
 Closed borders and cautions
 Are the new order of the day
 CORONA warriors are the real heroes
 Who help us fight, while they themselves are at risk.

CORONA says again and again
 From the top of the world and from every nook and corner
 Nature has its ultimate word
 Over our lives and our safety
 Over all that we proudly claim and selfishly keep
 Ignoring every other being on the planet!
 Probably nature wants us to ponder
 And enjoy the ration of fresh air.



*(This poem was written in the wake of COVID-19 pandemic
 that affected the world and drastically changed the lives of
 people on the planet)*

The Mirror

Looking at the mirror
I see a dark little girl
Beneath my aged skin and aching body
I know her still, though time has erased her worries
I still can see her thick curly hair
Lovingly plaited by her mom, every busy morning.

I can still hear the strong voice which led her
Through the vicissitudes of life
From the deserted village roads
To the unstoppable business of city lights
Her dreams of academic excellence
Sparkled by a father's vision
Her passion for language
Gifted by a mother's patience
Through stories narrated and poems recited.

Through the dark nights of miseries
The adventures of her father
Broke the very existence of her home
Loans and liabilities taught her
Lessons of austerity and contentment.

Looking at the mirror
I still can sense the dilemma of that little girl
Her struggles to accept
The unknown ventures of her father
Her determination to wade through
The trenches of untold miseries and hardships
I still experience the strength of that little girl
Whose mind was focused on work
And dreams were fixed on a decent life
Where the tears of her mother can be wiped
And the teachings of her father can be exalted.

The images of a father and mother
Who fought with words and hate, quite often
Who never had the same music in their hearts
But were playing the tunes of lullabies
To kindle the life of their little girl
And brighten her world with love for books and letters.

The images of a father and mother
Who were equally precious, but were poles apart
In their talents and priorities
Mother spent all her energy, raising children
Father wandered far and wide
As his passion and friendships loomed around
Looking at the mirror,
I still can understand
The long silences of that little girl

Which protected her from the unpleasant truth
And led her farther and farther
From the village roads to the city lights.

She learned that she had a war to fight
Against her own meekness and fate
She learned that she had to reach a shore
Where sorrows can neither touch nor stop her
Her definitions of life and love
Changed with time and her sorrows vanished
By the acceptance and warmth of a pleasant marriage
By her own academic success and fulfilling career
Moving from one suffering to another,
She certainly landed on her shore of goodness.

Mother's sorrows could not be wiped
Father's mistakes could never be corrected
Their bodies rested in the church cemetery together,
And their souls now free to be themselves
In the nakedness of their heavenly flight
They might be watching their little girl
Now grown up to be an empowered woman
A wife and a mother, rushing through the day.

Looking at the mirror,
I want to hug that little girl
And shout in the ears of every little child
That time heals everything
As it applies the balm of forgetfulness
But time can never compensate for
The sacrifices of a lonely mother
And the hope of a loving father.

Every story of love and denial,
Leaves a trail of memories and tears
On the cheeks of that little girl
Whose heart aches with that of every little girl
Who cannot choose between a father and a mother
Whose sorrows are etched on the walls of time
Looking at the mirror,
I still see that dark little girl!



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