She will be what he can be!

When I touch you I feel alive.
Every pore of my body turns into a bee hive.
Oozing with drops of honey
I turn into sweet pod.
And you two like honey bee
Sweeten me with your little pollen each day.

When I look into the mirror,
I see you there.
Gleaming with a smile that shoos all fear.
And bright eyes making innocent promise,
That you will always be there –
For me, with me, inside me
For days to come, from evenings to dawn.

I see you in my future
Where you stand by my pyre.
Not to shed tears of infirmity;
But to do me the last honour with all maturity.
You stand with a burning pyre in your hand,
All my love – all my passions in your mind.
To help me turn into the elements five.
To liberate my soul from the once 'bee hive'.

My soul hovering over the quivering flame and smoke;
Is content to see you hold your dad's shivering hands.
Reminding him of the words I gave him once –
Of you being his youth in his old days.
Of you being the strength of his shaking legs.
Of you being his eyes when his sight fades.

Take him home dear daughter, take him home.
Make him feel safe and assured,
That you will be by his side till he breathes his last.
Reverse your roles for time is flying fast.
Put his head on your arms as once he did.
Tell him endless stories and lull him to sleep.
Be bold, neither you cry nor let him weep.

– Ira Jha*

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