

## To My Mother

By Shruti Das

I saw you mother  
grow out of your silver hair and painful knees  
to scale those seventy-five years  
that you had left behind,  
to don a frilly frock and  
squabble with your little brother  
over your favourite rag doll or  
those unripe mangoes, jealously guarded,  
while your mother was away attending to domestic things.  
I heard music,  
Sweeter than any heard ever before,  
as your voice cadenced around memories  
of your childhood secretly held  
over seventy lost Springs.  
I saw you, Mother,  
rise out of your tired body  
-slightly hunched with cares of age-  
To your alabaster beauty;  
Tall and graceful;  
To greet your sibling  
and rejoice in his joys.  
And , maybe, playfully,

to ruffle his well groomed grey hair;  
As you did seventy springs ago;  
to watch his head move away in mock irritation.

Mother,

I loved the smile  
that played on your lips  
and rippled through your words as  
they left you to hold us spellbound.

Your wrinkles were no more;  
Your face alight with a beauty that  
even Venus envied.

Age left you untouched  
as you spoke childlike  
of the afternoons of escapes into  
muddy water puddles  
your little brother running after you .

I saw today,  
your invisible wand  
that you used to make me, and  
smoothen the fears away from my life.