

THROUGH THE CREVICES

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Most times I succeed in holding them at bay
But sometimes they escape,
To my great dismay!
And then the trouble begins;
I think I've done a good job of packing them away
Wrapped, tied and sealed
I pat myself on the back for the neat stacking away.
And then they appear
From who knows where
Through the crevices, they come, one by one.
At first just a few
Quite harmless, really.
Bringing tales of childhood perhaps
Or sometimes what's in the recent past
Or somewhere in between.
An incident, an event,
Of people close to my heart,
That reduced me to tears
Or even brought great joy!
Then the crevices widen
And they tumble out
At random:
Like clothes from a closet,
A sock here, a vest there.
But when the crevice cracks further
They come like boulders down a steep hill:
They begin their assault...
Strategic and merciless.
They settle,
They surround, they even overwhelm.
And when they interfere with the business of living
It's time to send them packing again.
Once again I send them out, one by one.

And if that doesn't work
I even push and shove to drive them out.
Neatness be damned, just get out!
Let me be, I got to live, you know
I got stuff to do, important too,
Got to move on.
They mock my feeble attempts
They laugh, they play, they glide along
Not seeming to care, not a bit.
And then they disappear, too slowly for me.
Leaving me wrecked.
I got to then pick up the pieces
Of my life
And continue this business of living.
Will these crevices be filled? I wish I knew:
When will I master this game?
Able to call them at will and allowing them to go,
Both, at my will?
I wish I knew:
So that I could begin living again.
Until then life happens
Amidst the crevices.