

ONE LAST BREATH

Dr. Sangeeta Phulsunge
HoD Humanities,
Nagpur Institute of Technology,
Nagpur-44 1501

Carnival of Death
Seen in life as if breath.
Death of near and dear ones,
Some gasping for last breath
Some sudden demise.

Looking at the visitor's plight...
As if saying from his death bed
Why worry dear! Here I am!!!
Yellow eyes, pale skin, pot belly
All signs of soar liver.

Stark reality looked naked in his eye,
Only wishing, some more breaths.
Knowing well, nothing can give him breath.
Still struggling, panting and yearning...
"Any movement can be called his last breath."

Nothing could make any difference,
To the pathetic condition
Looming large... that final call
Waiting... Watching
Watching... Waiting!
To close all the door of senses.

Thronging relatives gives no solace,

Yearning, wishing, longing eyes.
Nothing remains
What the dying wishes...
Visitors with heavy heart ready to part,
Alas ! But nothing remains...

No one to listen, the throbs
Of an aching heart,
But his soul alone knows,
This wayward journey has no destination
Still something remains...

A wish, a death bed wish
Not asking for some more breath...
But to come back again, for life...
Is too short to live and
Death is too strong to steal...

Wishing for that young lady,
'I owe some more breathe,
To her, for no one will ever
Try to console, comfort her
In her lonely bed
Me beside not there.

But time waits for none,
So am I! At a loss,
To ask for Some breathe
Some more breath, some more time,
Nay not for me....but for her
Alas! Death pardons none...