

When you wake up...

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When you wake up one morn,
Find me no where around,
 Nowhere and for ever, never,
 Tea tray is clean, no tea, no paper,
No jarring music from kitchen,
Consummate silence for tiktok of clock,
 You adjust your slippers,
 Carelessly strewn around,
Chill of floor touch your feet,
Send a chill down the spine,
 You shout for tea, no tea,
 All servants escaped authority,
The permanent one, too
You make bitter-sweet tea,
 Scorched or scrambled omellets,
 Bleary, Teary eyes, the chopped onion,
 Burnt bread with uneven sauce,
You frown at my portrait
and cry for unease,
 Who will arrange your laundry?
 Who will cook with scoldings?
 Who will arrange the routine?
Big lessons of survival large loom,
The age and habit let naught bloom.
 You cry not of care but for care.
 You sigh for loss but of leverage
 You lament but for silent slave
Flowers you offer is not love,
Not homage, not custom, nor courtesy,
 You surrender the bloom, the softness
 You accept sterile years to come
 To revive, recollect, readjust life,
 No regret, no repent, no remorse,
People forget the loss of limbs too,
 Life is short, no loss final,
 But I was your breath,
Slowing, taking away life
You never know but now feel.
 Feel your pulse, the glee,
 Declining, dead with mine.