

MY SON IS DEAD

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So early you left, and left me broken,
In this darkening world with no haven.

The sun has never risen after that night,
but you never turned up to see my plight.

Oh! How and why have you become so mean,
for on my shoulders you always use to lean.

How indifferent you have become to my tears,
even after million calls you are not coming near.

The time wasn't proper for you to go,
like a beautiful flower you were still to grow.

Today there is no water in this life stream,
with thy departure shattered my every dream.

Alas! How funeral of my desires was performed,
Almighty! Why why... My son is dead ?