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## The Old Man and His Daughter

**Mohd. Shafi Lone**  
**Kashmir.**

The quiet corner empty,  
Drained the 'old' man's eye  
Of all its salinity.  
Exhausted mind, however,  
Did a silhouette dark draw  
Of the rainbow.  
Keeping his sleep by his side,  
Groped he the corner dark all night  
For the soul—the source that was,  
Once of joy; and now is, that of pain.  
Though, not more than a revolution  
Of the azure celestial sphere past,  
A colourful world he did own.  
And by his side he did have  
The sole-meaning-of-his-whole-life.  
And then the deadly deluge came,  
That upset the play of the colours bright.  
Gyrating into an insane dance of obscurity,  
Drowned deep the blurred bow  
Into a sea of murky waters.  
The Time stands witness  
To the depths of despair in which  
The forlorn father did sink,  
Making him old and bent  
Before his years.  
The coffin of a young son,  
Indeed, is the heaviest of things  
Known to men.  
But that of a young daughter  
Is heavier than the heaviest.  
There is no help against fate.  
But for him a consolation--  
A whisper always on his lips:  
“ The mortal frame is cast to dust,  
But the soul floats free.  
And once with my own eye, I did see  
A rainbow in the corner of my room.”