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## Between Us....

**Indrani Bhattacharya**

We were at the picnic spot, near the rivulet,  
Everyone was busy, talking about his pet.  
The tummy was full, now journey back to school...  
'No one make a fuss, go and board the bus!'  
The bus was full fast; I waited patiently, ready to board last.  
I looked back, a sudden tug  
A dirty puppy, looking up  
It was eager for a hug.  
I carried it in my arms,  
The children got excited...  
'Mam mam, germs!  
We enjoyed the journey  
With the puppy, named Burney.  
It was taken to the Vet,  
He took good care of it, required treatment did it get.  
Hesitant was I, at the age of forty seven,  
Just as before...when I was only eleven.  
My mom used to shoo away the dogs,  
They were not to be kept at home...  
My hubby took my mom's place  
'Oh dear! Here and there it will roam'.  
I was awake the whole night,  
It could be ill-treated, was my fright.

Whenever I was up, to give it some milk,  
That poor creature came closer and gave a rub of silk.  
Early morning, I carried it and went across the river,  
So it would not find its way back,  
Though, the thought gave me a shiver.  
I was unable to get rid of the cute, little thing,  
It continuously followed me, while I was returning.  
I ran erratically, here and there,  
So it should not follow me and could come near.  
While crossing back the bridge, tears rolled down my cheeks;  
That, sweet, stray, poor, little thing; and I played dirty tricks!  
There was peace at my place, my master was happy,  
He was not worried at all for the cute little puppy.  
I tried to console me...it was only a stray dog,  
But could it sleep properly, amidst the frost and fog?  
He couldn't have anything other than milk,  
How could I do this to that bundle of silk!  
Days passed, the wound healed, there was no bark or howl,  
But the doggy was remembered, there lay its milk bowl.  
  
We were in mid-river, white water rafting,  
Didn't care much about the sky...it could start raining.  
The ripples were mild, which Suddenly turned wild.  
All over there, were hue and cry,  
The drivers were tireless, in their try.

Sudden storm arose, Oh God! Death was so close,  
The raft turned over, No chance to recover...  
The life saving jacket! Pooh, was caught in water-pocket.  
Going up and down, frightened of crashing crown.  
A sudden gentle tug,  
Could get the support of something ...must be a rug!  
Vision blurred, head reeled,  
Thought came, of the far away field.  
Farmers farming there...hunters hunting here,  
No one could hear, nobody came for care.  
I found me near the shore,  
Or was it the heaven's door?  
I was in its arm, the whirlpool! Of no harm.  
I recognized Burney,  
He saved me from death-journey.  
One day, only one day it was with me,  
So much love, oh God! I was free.  
I would never care for other,  
It saved me and I was a mother.  
I held it tight, with all my might.  
Come anyone, try to separate,  
I would rather die than to co-operate.  
Burney is with me, a full grown dog...  
It became strong in rain, frost and fog.  
Forgetting my cruelty, it had mothered me,

I don't care anymore, whatever the situation may be.