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A Call at the Door

Prabal J. Roddannavar

It was just before the sun rising up,
I was busy reading.

He came and knocked at the door;
He called, "Let us go dear. Time's up."

I heard neither a knocking sound nor any voice,
Yet there was a call;
In fact, she had already opened the door for him,
And we heard a call to save;

My mother's steps swiftly went outside, knowing
What sort of call it was since she knew it very well.
She knocked at the known door; however,
A drastic scenario was before her when she returned.

I saw an unseen cry and heard an unheard cry passing
Into the air;
In a jiffy, known and unknown entered into my home.
Mouth shut, many eyes were at us
As if watching a still shot from the drama.
How many prayed I don't know.

A hope came home;
Still, she was breathing, thanks.

They all swiftly moved to the known place,
Where, "God is there in Flesh and Blood."

It was just before the sun rising up,
I was no busy, sleeping on the cot.

He came again and knocked at the door;
He called, "Let us go dear. Time's up."

I heard neither a knocking sound nor any voice,
Yet there was call;
In fact, she had opened the door this time too.

Knowing what sort of call it was,
My steps swiftly went outside; and
I knocked at the same known door.

She was brought out before I returned;
Now, the same old faces prayed upon.

A hope came home;
Still, she was breathing, thanks again.

They swiftly moved to the old known place,
Where, "God is there in Flesh and Blood."

It doesn't matter Sunrise or Sunset;
I am busy or not;
I sleep or awake;
He opens or she opens;
I know, he will knock again at our door.
Again, there will be neither a knocking sound nor any voice.
Somebody will hear it and open;
Somebody has to run out;
Somebody has to pray;
It is a never ending process,
But whose turn now?
I don't know,
But I know that
If somebody is dear to him,
He will knock at his door, again and again.