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Preserving You

Poornima Bangalore, India.

That room at the end Of the old village house You were born there In the cosy walls with a tiny window Where sun didn't bother us for long You suckled from my overflowing breasts I complained that you slept more I wove some sweaters Along with some dreams for you You fought, you cried Shared your privacy with me All in that room When you went to the city With an earnest desire to master physics Laws, velocity, thermodynamics I tried to keep you intact In that room With echoes of your laughter Of your whispers when you called me Amma Hush hush discussions turned silent I fought for your space I understood the lack of it all the time You never returned You said you hated your father For his remarriage, his drinking, his ways I still sleep in that room, son When you hear of me being no more Come and visit me there once I am sure you will find me And your childhood Just the way you left it