

ISSN:0976-8165

THE CRITERION

An International Journal in English

The Criterion



Vol. 9, Issue-III June 2018

9 YEARS OF OPEN ACCESS

www.the-criterion.com

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ISSN 2278-9529

Galaxy: International Multidisciplinary Research Journal

www.galaxyimrj.com

Elegy to My Papa

Ghulam Mustafa Pirzada

Your all time simplicity
I staunchly believe
Would have a reward
Only divine.
This quite lightens
Often our grieve.
Your wish to see
Everyone peppy & perky.
I consider yours
The only glitch so alluring.
Otherwise your all
Caring accomplishments
Ever remain for us
So adoring.
Your that distinct walking
In slippers
Producing pedal sounds
So unique
Which your last two descendants
Termed so lovingly
"Tip Tip Aau".
Your that often "O Listen Flash"
Still before us does splash.
Our daily messenger
Indeed were only you.
Letting none in your life
Ever abash.

Your rare hasty nature
Was to you so habitual
That I too remained bereft
For exactly 444 days
Of a single long
Uncasual phone talk.
Still I was fully aware
That it all pertained
To your
Simplicity,
Modesty,
Meekness.
To deter your profuse smoking
I had planned to bring

A thing so
Special and personal
But your unwaiting me
And turning
Untimely holy king.
Produced a scar
Tough to endure.

Your unconsummated
Holy Odyssey
Was granted
Myriad in actual.
Though it made
Our mourning
A little perpetual.
Your exclusive endowment
Proudly and gladly
Is found in all four of us.
Yet each one of us
Needs prudently
To redress and patch
Our flaws
In a procuring approach.
Though I am not entitled
To give advices
Some lines flowed
For each of my siblings.
O Papa's only angel
My only wish remains
To see you
Always valiant.
Be always like reactive elements
Unstable alone.
They loose, gain, share
To turn into compounds.
Be always a giver
And I swear
You will turn so salient.
Stars are far
And seen in the night.
You may not know
That hate is merely
The absence of love.
So shun the former
To hatch the latter.
And take care

Of your health
Considering it obligation utmost.
And O the most revered
Of our Mom.
You being recognized
Among many
For your astute
Directions,
Opinions,
Recommendations.
Your tongue sometimes
Needs to be whipped
By the sublime
Commands of the heart.
You know your one start up
Is almost near
Its successful conclusion.
The current and second one
Needs your extra-adequate
Attention and ministrations
Till I am back again there.
There is third one
To conquer
Though hardly possible.
If you can know it
From mere above lines
Or I will reveal it some other times.

And O the most sensitive
Of us.
Your sensitiveness would sometime
Put you in some predicament.
Your feelings
Need to be balanced
With common sense & resilience
So that they become
Your allies & not enemies.
Your post marital life
Being under the scanner
Of everyone.
Both of you need
To acknowledge each other
Thus solving your any strife.
And O the most obedient
Of your parents.
Don't woe on your

Past long unthrivings.
Yours will be the day
Posh and eminent.
And I conclude
By begging and beseeching
From the two
Queens of my brethren.
A little more
Care,
Affection,
Attention.
For our only IQRA
To make her
Always grinning.