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Dear Chichimra

Ripon Handique

I

So then, dear nephew, you won't come.
To ignite our every stale hour.
And with hope and resolve to fill our home.
Anticipation even when we roam.
To cherish you on all four.
Snapped now, to mourn this course sour.

Could this not have happened?
(I cannot even ask now
To console and anything mend.)
If at all somewhere, anyhow?

My loss is beyond anguish to bear.
And to come to terms why
Has it to be you, my dear?
That arrival turned to goodbye.

II

Rend,
Rend reason seeming supreme
To find
Beneath it
That nothing,
That is really,
Always,
Beyond it.

III

Why should the unborn die
And leave the living
To look for a cause?
Is it because
The helpless only sing
To themselves their goodbye?

IV

Yesterday
Inside your mother's womb.
Today
Inside a dug-up hole covered again by mud.
Will it be warm there?
Yes, it will be suffocating.
Will it be clean there?
Yes, it will be staining.
Will it feed you?
Yes, it will feed upon him.

V

And my ears were rehearsing
Like morning after night after evening
To let from the left to the right,
Through a detour to the heart,
Weave and just blow,
Will now never ever
Feel
Your sounds.

VI

Wreaths to you

I have to

Bring.

Now

Wreaths

To you

I

Bring.

Now wreaths to you I will bring. Always.