



Dearest little one

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Dearest little one,

I know you're too young
to know the meaning of life and death...
Or to even know
that the smile your mother wears all day
is heavier than battle armour—
A battle she knows she is losing everyday—
And trust me she has tried every way...
If only,
your life was as long as the number of steps your mother had to climb
barefoot
to beg for your life at that remote temple...

So when, with hopeful eyes,
she asks me twice
if you are going to be all right,
I cannot be lying
and tell her you aren't dying,
So I just say that you are putting up a good fight.
My white coat hangs heavy on my shoulders tonight.

You see,
too much hope can be fatal,
So I infuse your mother with the truth in divided doses...
'cause last time I checked,
Half-truths don't even qualify as white lies...
So I am all good for now,
except that your weak smile
pinches my heart somehow..
Your little giggles - they escape
when my stethoscope tickles your chest...

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and your 142 questions about when you'll be allowed to go home...
break my heart into a million asymmetrical pieces.

I wish I could prescribe miracles in this doctor's sheet,
right next to the medicines we give you to keep your heart beating..
But you see, we are only human
And sometimes the best we have isn't good enough...
Trust me, we would love to give you a great life, little one...
But this time...
This time, it is a little tough...

So here I am
praying,
That in your next life,
You'll have a wider smile and a heart much, much stronger
And numerous happy trips around the sun
Where you can spread your charm, for a little while longer.
