

Inquisitive Child!

The child wondered quietly
And looked up at the sky,
In the dark new-moon nights,
Towards the stars glittering so high!
And he often asked his mom
With all curious eyes,
'What are those scintillating lights mummy?
And how there they lie
As we see them at night
All around the sky?'

The mother was casual
And she looked up there,
And she glanced through millions of many
That were far and near.
She told her child
With affection and care,
"Outlying away
Millions of light years from here,
They glittered to wish us
Fortune, respite and future!"

The child was not impressed
And he asked her "Why?"
The mother sat down on the ground
And now she would not like to play with words or to lie.
Though the reasons she had not yet found!
The child lay on her laps.
And the mother said,
"All like us look up at the stars with joy,
And we go back to our shelters,
Our homes glad and coy."

"I too looked at them as you are doing now
From my core,
And asked my mom to tell me about them
In length and more....
My mom told me that they are Saints!
They were looking at us blissfully for sure.
And I had fullest trust
And I did not ask her any more!
But I wondered why anyone so pure
Never visited us in our distress for a cure? "

The child was influenced but curious too,
As they often are!
He said, "Mom, I shall one day go to meet some of them
Far from you, there!"
And the mother was afraid
And she said to her dearest of the dear,
"Darling, you should never go on such a daring task....
And be with me always and here".
But the child said, "I shall come back Mom,
To tell you all about what I saw there!"