

IT NEVER HAPPENED...

(A poem for Deepa)

Gursharn Randhawa

It never happened
That you were just a few months old
Running fever
And I was awake the whole night
Putting wet bandages on your little forehead!

It never happened
That I forgot your vaccine schedule
And felt guilty!

When you were just a few months old
I never got a chance
To get the smell of the vomited curdled milk
From the front part of your frock!

When you were learning walking
I never got the opportunity
To give my finger to you
For support!
I never saw you running after butterflies
When you were a little lovely child
With sparkle in the eyes!

I did not see you
Going to the school
For the first time!

When you forgot to take your tiffin box

I never went to your school
To give it to you
Do you know how a father feels
When his little daughter is hungry!

It never happened
That it was raining
And I accompanied you
To your school
With an umbrella!

It never happened
That you did not reach home in time
And I rushed nervously to your school

I never got the opportunity
To listen to the poems
Which you learnt in the nursery!

I do not have the toys
With which you played
When you were a little child

You know
With the passage of time
Those little things become very precious!

I do not have your little clothes
Which you wore
When you were just a few weeks old
Do you know
Those little things
Later on
Become great possessions!

I wonder
Nothing like above happened
But I feel you as a daughter
Why?
May be you were my daughter
In some previous life!

My dear daughter
I would like to see you happy
Throughout your life!

(March 23, 2003)