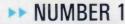


## aj lahal REVIEW

CYBERWIT'S INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL DEVOTED TO ARTS, LITERATURE, POETRY AND CULTURE







## **Anil Bairwal**

## GOD'S WORK

They watch the nurse adjust his tubes one hauling humidified warm air into his windpipe and the other escorting carbon dioxide out.

The son and daughter, unable to discern anything from their father's serene countenance, wonder if the adjustments make any difference to him.

The doctors have come to the conclusion but left the final decision to them. It will be a matter of minutes once the ventilator is turned off. Their mother has recused herself from the discussion, her judgment is clouded, she said leaving the room without another word.

As the nurse dims the light, they keep standing to watch the drip bag, in which the drops continue to come down one after the other.

Each drop pauses, stares at them as if they understand their dilemma and advance towards their father.

Right behind them, the ventilator continues to breathe heavily, scrutinizing the current situation.

It is as if the Gods have outsourced part of their responsibilities, putting mortal humans in charge.

Brother and the sister continue to stand stiff unwilling to share this divine burden.