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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.