



**P T S Kumar**

## **An Anthem**

I peeped out of the window to watch the retreating sun  
Gradually enveloping the day in a gloomy frown  
As receding light yielded to evening in this town;  
Bemoaning the death of yet another day with its tantrums,  
I sank in a tired chair to see mobile messages.

As Messages of fun, gloom, joy loomed around in fantasy  
A profile photo brought at once a glimmer of victory,

The photo of a child's foot on grandpa told a story;  
Keeping his little tender untrodden foot against the man  
Trumpeting his love to all world the old man as his own.

Innocent gaze rested with firm love defeating vain questions  
That propriety and protocol demands in timeless ancient lands;  
The child's only quest then was to demand love shorn of strings;  
Of love and ownership of grandpa who braved many Valleys  
And wandered many tired miles in distant past pursuits.

Pursuit of life's wonders and mirages of weary worn out dreams  
Fretfully plodding alone in gardens and deserts  
Forever in pursuit, forever in chase of elusive whims ;  
Each stage in life beckoned yet another sway  
Of unravelling serpentine twirls of shattered dreams and decay.

The tender little feet stamped itself on weakened thighs  
To sing an anthem of possessive love in wistful sighs  
And claim a legacy graced by tolerant paternal smiles:  
Forever responding to a child's call of innocent divine hold  
That would sing and dance in realms yet unknown to the child.

The grandpa gasped to gaze in memory an earlier time  
Still etched in his breath of a daughter's love divine rhyme  
Blending in his heart rhythms with blissful aches still aflame ;

Remembering yet again the little princess' artful pranks  
The old man groaned in memory of time's past vistas.

As spring dawned to reveal afresh a nascent blossom  
A little bundle of joy was born to cheer a mature bosom  
Vibrant new sweet pulsations flourished removing life's gloom;  
Time fled like a stolen glance heralding a new dawn  
Yielding again the same life spirit for an imminent distant groan.

Timeless river resonated to flow on in its perpetual thirst  
To reveal a new symphony of the child beating to another heart  
As the little princess grew to blossom as a spirited parent;  
A rainbow bundle of love and joy came then as a son  
That now claims a time weary grandpa as his own.

Many blossoms bloom and fade in the sunshine of life,  
Mirages rule till unwelcome winter sets the tone for strife,  
All that remains are life's embers adorning it as endless gaffe;  
The blossomed princess now yields to her own little prince  
Even as he imprints on the Oldman's foot without a pause.

As new life and love spreads its tentacles in warm authority  
An elderly doting heart swirled around losing his sobriety  
Even as Yesteryear's trods echoed in all its robust gaiety;  
Ever and forever it pounds to match the retreating heart beats

In loving grateful remembrance of a daughter's footsteps.

So then let the sunshine kid plod on in blissful wonder  
To graze the new pastures awaiting in horizons yonder,  
Grandpa's million blessings will make his dreams grander;  
Even as New blossoms await him in perpetual golden dawn  
Anthems of grandpa would forever resonate amidst a rising sun.

## **P T S Kumar**

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P T S Kumar is a retired Indian Postal Service Officer (1981 batch Civil Services). He retired as Chief Postmaster General, North Eastern Postal Circle, Shillong. A Postgraduate in English Literature and also Management, he had served extensively in important positions in Government of India before retirement. During his service as Dy. Director General (International Relations), he had represented India Post at the Universal Postal Union (UN body), WTO and in several other International bodies.

P T S Kumar's first and lasting love has been and will always be literature and writing poems and short stories.

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