

AN ODE TO MY FATHER (POEM)

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O my beloved father, thou art my hero!

Hailed from an orthodox, aristocratic and noble lineage,

Yet dwell in simplicity and humility;

Philanthropist, selfless, and collaborate all kinsfolk at festivity,

Why you become a quarry of catastrophe? I stand solitary, desultory, gazing at your face.

You the beloved of your father, and quite dear to my heart,

Chivalrous, yet fondly reared me in the utmost modern,

Held my hand, taught to tread long roadways;

Adroitly reprimanded with stern tone and sharp spectacles,

Gave me name, fame and future; O my beloved father, thou art my hero!

You were a soldier, a missile specialist, in Air Force,

Why didn't you detonate this COVID 19 pandemic?

Stealthily entered our nation, stranded our growth;

Generated disaster in entire realm, devastated many lives,

Didn't spare you as well, O my beloved father, thou art my hero!

*Hospitals are destined only for Covid, gravid and road accident patients,
Doctors and Nurses don't attend on any oldster patients,
You robust and impregnable, but possess a debilitate heart;
They don't realize your appraise as well as virtue, and didn't stand by,
Reflect you, nugatory in a machine; O my beloved father, thou art my hero!*

*History repeats itself, every person says,
Dread evolves from echoes of past plagues, poxes, and flus,
You were gasping for Air, in the time of COVID 19;
Combatting with the anxiety, of death toll across the globe,
O my beloved father, thou art an unsung, hero!*

*I was an apple of thine eyes, tenderly effectuated my appetencies,
Esteemed your demeanour, aesthetic, hellacious personage,
So copious, dexterous in handling impediments were you;
Were so amenable, devout and candid,
Accomplished your sojourn; in accordance with calling.*

*You lay still in cushioned casket, adorned with laces and ribbons; enwrapped forever,
Your hands are chill, body impliable, tight lipped and motionless,*

How handsome art thou, like baby in a cradle;

Rest in the newest attire, with fastened thumbs and toes,

Sleep, my father sleep, in the tender arms of the Almighty Father.

Your casket enters the cemetery by hearse; Sons and grandchildren carry to grave site,

Pastor reads a committal service; Flag is drapped over the casket,

Uniformed Officers tucked, folded the memorial flag;

Presented with gratitude, salute, and bade goodbye,

I stand tall, with numerous missions to accomplish, before I sleep, O my father!

Contemplated you were in fine fettle, in eternal endeavor,

Speculated your longevity would increase in primogeniture,

We stand around you grieving with vivid reminiscence;

Revering and beseeching the Almighty, to render your soul, perfect peace,

Hope to meet at God's abode; O my beloved father, thou art my hero!

You embody an archetypal sublime,

Charismatically epitomize austerity and ethics,

You resonate the legacy and ripple out to me;

Evoke a sense of responsibility, entrust devoir on me,

Might seem invisible yet, leave a trail imprinted on me; O my beloved father, thou art my hero!

*Your friends and folks keep chatting, some cherished old episodes,
World is suffering of starvation, poverty, infirmity and unemployment,
Lockdown has played mayhem in many grassroots lives;
Exiguous of food, water and medicines have people to bear in mind,
All refulgence fades off in young and old face, as days pass by.*

*Let's envisage ameliorating, let life bounce and burgeon with splendid colours,
Only time can embalm every sores of our heads and hearts,
May humane traits be imbibed in every mind and soul;
Let children of the Universe; unanimously preserve its bounteousness,
I yearn to get a glimpse of you again, O my beloved father, thou art my hero!*

*Beseech the Heavenly Father; provide solace to myriad that lost their dear ones,,
O my beloved father, thou art my hero!*
