

Still Waiting

~~~ GOURI P

Hearing many cries,  
I opened my eyes.  
Looked for my family,  
In the midst of the tragedy.  
Shocked by seeing the pool of blood,  
Moved myself dragging through the mud.

I crawled over the dying bodies  
Searching for my mom and daddy.  
“Mama, Papa” I called out loud  
But all I could hear was some painful shrieks.  
I could feel some wounds tearing me,  
My legs were burnt and my arms fractured.  
I started weeping and sobbing, and,  
Soon I heard my Papa calling,  
“Where is she? My child,  
Where is she?”

I saw him barely moving his wounded limbs  
I moved to him hoping for a hug.  
Yet he screamed,  
“Save yourself my child, I am gunshot”

Gunshot!!! But we had shot guns before.  
It was fun. What happened now?

“Hands up, Papa”  
I would kiss my fingers, point it to him and shoot.  
He would receive my kiss shot,  
Take me in his arms,  
And carry me above him with a smile.  
Now that, some men shot him,  
He didn’t smile, but screamed in pain.  
Instead of kisses spreading, blood soaked his body.  
He didn’t carry me high,  
But pulled me close and hid me under his shade,  
Held me tight and placed his face  
On my forehead and remained still.

Papa is asleep, I guess  
But, where’s my mom?

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