

“The Long Road Home”

By Sucharita Kirtikar

As dawn breaks on the skies and bird's wings soar
A lone figure standing at a stark white door
Hugging to her chest an old picture frame
Unseeing eyes downcast in sorrow, no one to blame
The mind's eye has an imprint of a pretty young face
Those were the years of beauty and grace
The world was her oyster and there was everything to gain
Then life struck a blow as she lay keening in pain
She could not fathom what came to pass
All that was precious lay broken like shards of glass
To escape reality, the mind took flight
The lovely translucent eyes lost their knowing light
Skilled doctors all try their best, knowing its futile
The true soul is lost, it's been a while
Confusion and nervousness causes the mind to roam
Yes, indeed it is a long road home.....

Yet a flicker of the lost spirit remains,
Maybe there could be a chance, hope never wanes
Old friends, well wishers rally around
Familiar faces, familiar sounds...
If there are enough hands to hold and guide along
Life may correct whatever has gone wrong
The mind will stop to continually roam,
And someday she may retrace the long road home.