

E-Magzine GC PPM

POEM BY MIS A.MEGHANA, D/o SHRI A.SRINIVAS, DIGP, GC PPM

Have I ever told you?
Here I'm, answering the call:
Of duty. And, of love.
The love for duty, the duty towards love.

But have I ever told you?
When I lie supine on the Malabar coast,
and float in sea of thoughts about us,
I feel your heart beating in rhythm with mine.

Have I ever told you?
When I watch you speak to me,
through lines and cords, bits and bytes,
I feel the air of those whispers in my ear.

Have I ever told you?
B when the phone doesn't flash, amidst the thunder
and lightning, I hear nothing, stare into nothing,
And all that I realise is, I am in silent tears.

Have I ever told you?
The next morning, I frantically try to reach you,
and run my finger on your name on the cold screen,
wishing that it pulls me into it. Into you.

Have I ever told you? Lo! See-saw!
Moments later, lightyears away, I hear to the little angel's first tune: the national song.
And as I sit to break the long fast, drinking, savouring — and examining it,
as though it's a newly discovered raga of love: Des.

Have I ever told you?
You're my duty. And love.
Here I'm answering the call: Of duty. And, of Love.
For, you're always a heartbeat away from me.

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