



A Moment of Realization

Sudarshana Datta*

Postdoctoral Research Fellow PERFUSE Study Group, Department of Cardiology, BIDMC Baim Institute for Clinical Research, Harvard Medical School, USA

***Corresponding Author:** Sudarshana Datta, Postdoctoral Research Fellow PERFUSE Study Group, Department of Cardiology, BIDMC Baim Institute for Clinical Research, Harvard Medical School, USA.

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He saw old people in wheelchairs and doctors in lab coats,
Faces behind transparent masks, with devices on their throats.
There were smiles and frowns, family members and gifts,
Toys and teddy bears, day and night shifts.

But he sat there quietly, waiting through it all.
For the moment to come when time would soon stall.
There was nothing by his bedside. Not a solitary flower, toy or gift,
nothing at all to take him away and give him a moral lift.

But he didn't envy those children, and nor did he ever cry,
for gifts and toys don't accompany you, on the day that you die.
And his mother loved him dearly, he knew it was a fact.
When she came to see him every day, she'd bite the tears back.

But now, he didn't know what to think, whether to feel ecstasy, joy
or pain,
for the shadow of death had crept upon him and washed away the
strain.

And there outside his window, came down the falling drops of rain,
Fountaining as they fell into puddles, mingling the feelings of his
joy and pain.

Each drop glittered, glassy and silver, with a piece of sunlight at its
heart,
these moments were beautiful and doubly precious. Ephemeral, as
a slice of time going past.

But then came a realization, a moment of vision, a moment of deep
insight,
that the world needed darkness to maintain the balance, for the
light to shine bright.

And now at this moment, with the passage of time, he had finally
understood,
that life is precious and so very magical, a gift so beautiful, simple
and good.

He realized that he'd never known, how beautiful a smile could be,
or how love could be so powerful a feeling, the true meaning of
harmony.

He now saw the value of the fresh air so pure, of beauty in the sim-
plest of things,
the zephyr that blows and brushes your hair and his sister's inces-
sant scolding's.
The world couldn't be complete, without darkness and light,
And the beauty of this simple mingling, made the little boy feel
bright.

He laughed out to himself, and felt delighted at the thought,
that with the falling drops of rain, what happiness it had brought!
A nurse walked by, she heard his laugh and saw his soft, warm
smile,
so plangent and beautiful, and full of life that tears came into her
eyes.

She wondered what the little boy, could find funny on a rainy day,
with a shrivelled body and a pale face, when death was a few mo-
ments away.

The boy thought of revealing his secret, the prospect didn't seem
so bad,
but the understanding was uniquely his and he wouldn't share all
he had.

He closed his eyes and fell asleep, his face lit by a halo of light,
and he dreamt about a land beyond, where all his troubles were
out of sight.

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