



'MY FATHER'

POEMS

DEDICATED TO

MY FATHER

ON

'FATHER'S DAY,'

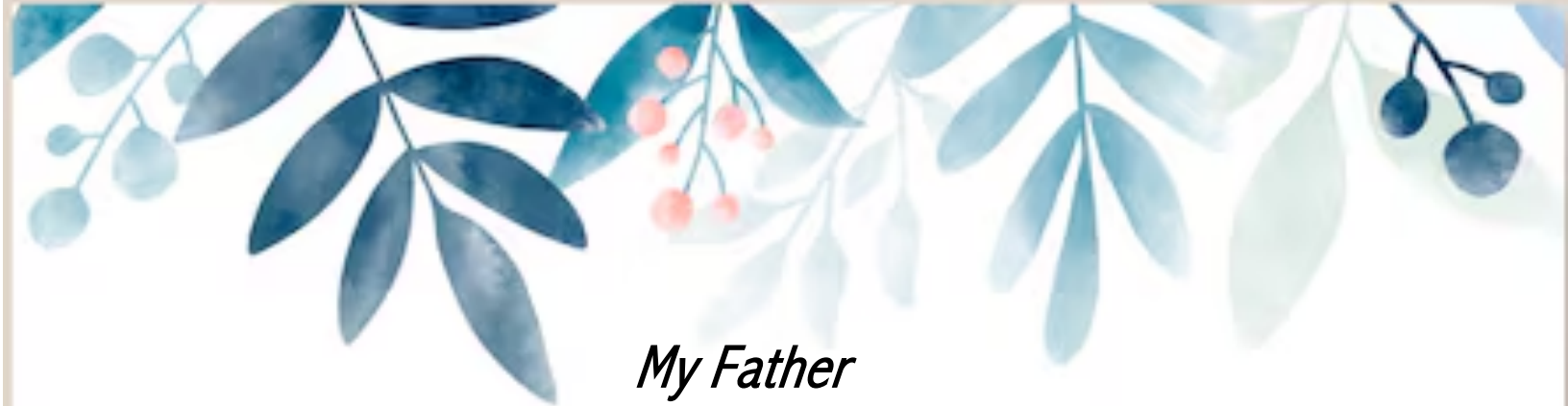
2026





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My Father

Looking at my hand...
every time, I offered my support,
my Father looked at it...scrutinisingly-
with a bit of question,
a bit of doubt, and a lot of faith...
expressed through his silent gaze,
that lasted a few seconds.



My Father, whose hand
has been a rock of strength, support and guidance for me,
a symbol of righteousness, uprightness and morality-
today, needs an extended hand...
to help him take his stand.



My Father, who walked three miles
every day of his life
following every single dawn-
the drizzle greeting him,
out on his morning spree with the umbrella in hand...
Each, early dog on the road...
clearing the path for him,
as did every cyclist, that rode,
carrying his early burdens before him.

Talking to the breezing winds, the early morning sun's rays...



leaving his footprints on many a dewy, grassy ways,
my Father would be out on his morning walk, while the world
still tossed and turned, cosily curled.

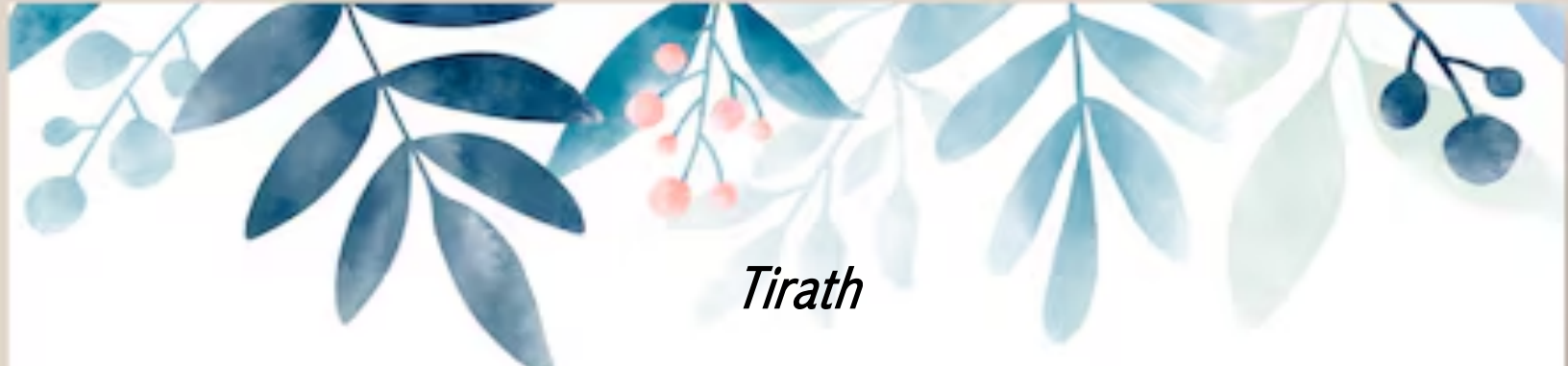
Never could I foresee a time, when
such a man, who, my mother called, 'a racing steed', would need be chaperoned,
of course, all to his dislike and distress.

Not every hand does he welcome,
but mine...
he gazes at, as perhaps the small hand that it once was.
If memories hold a treasure for me
so must they hold for him-
the soothing shoulder that put my baby head to sleep,
today, when he is 92, makes my heart gasp and weep.



'Age has its ways', he always says,
yet, with a sparkling twinkle in his eye, and
a loud ripple in his laughter,
reminiscent of all his laughter, heard in my childhood,
with the shade of difference though...
time holds nothing but itself, and does not for ever go.

Pushpinder Kaur September, 5, 2014



Tirath

meaning

'A place of sacredness'

is a name, most appropriate for my father-
For sacred, pure and pious has he been all his life;

A life lived in simplicity, principles and mottos,
My father has been truly an exemplary man,
an exemplary Father, one who has loved, guided and led
by being a living example of
Honesty, propriety and humanity.

Committed to his work
like a priest-to the altar,
His work as a Construction Engineer,
pulled him like the moon pulls the tide.

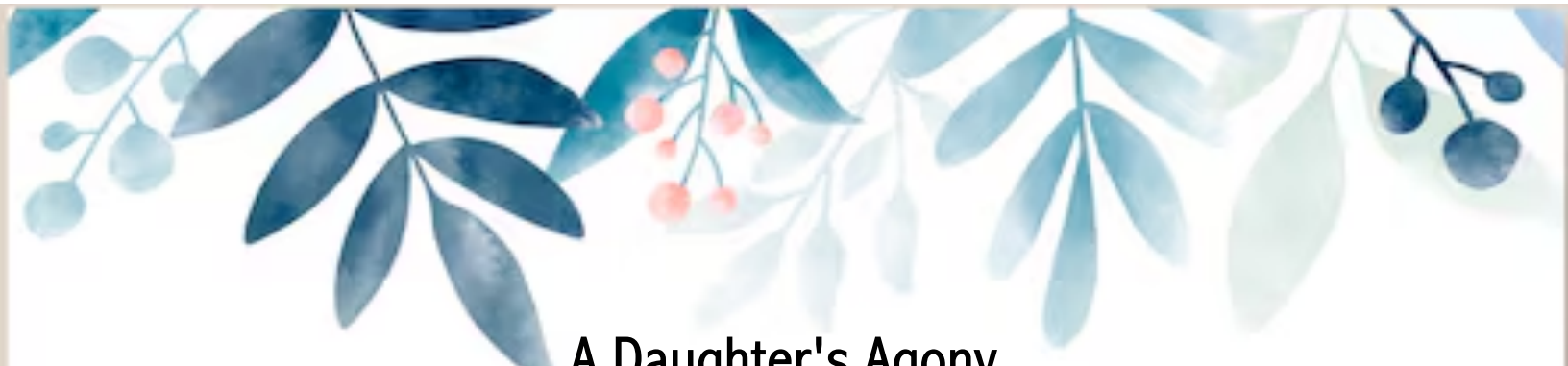
Organisation, creation and resourcefulness
have been his forte-
A vegetarian, a teetotaller - only appreciating
the colours of liquor from a distance,
(him being an artist...)

My Father's fond memories of
Banaras, Gurukul Arts Academy,
Lahore's 'Anarkali' and 'Quetta'- his birth place
and all the sagas by him narrated-
are a heritage of a lifetime...

Which make him what his name symbolises...'Tirath'

Pushpinder Kaur July 17, 2016





A Daughter's Agony

Seeing your parents grow old is painful indeed.
Those two faces
once young, full of smiles and cheers
gradually turn
into Times' jeers.

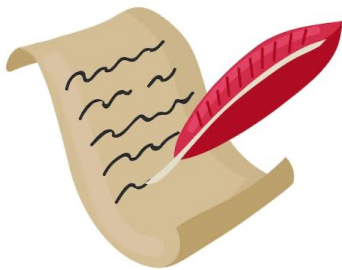
Memory takes its toll...
The deep crevices of the wrinkles, hold within
the truth of life's varied seasons;
The mind plays many games.
some things remembered,
most forgotten and some partially so-

The voice dims...
So does every faculty;

Yet the warm and benign presence

of the aged parents,
feels like the most comfortable and precious zone
Which, when snatched, leaves us forlorn.

Pushpinder Kaur September 9, 2016



An Epic Journey

Three days of nearness
with my Father
nearness of hearts and minds and souls...

One that exists always
but having my head
next to his
to hear him breathe
at 95

Sometimes, lifting my head
to watch him breathe
the warmth of his
old, wrinkled, yet strong hand
in mine

The hand that I remember
Leading and supporting
all along

A hand that always stood tall in blessing
The lonely hand that sought mine-
My Mother, being silent now...

The epic journey
prepared through months of
careful planning,
judicious manoeuvring
and frugal organising
through the rigmaroles of
tasks and tasks and tasks
chores, duties, responsibilities
Ended-



With the farewell word
Left unspoken, till the last
Life heaps guilt, pain and abandonment
As helplessly I take leave expecting-
my now, very old Father
to be strong and spirited
which would keep me so...
He smiles and bids farewell
Though within the smile
I read an Acceptance
that I Carry with me
on my *Return Journey*
Living the make belief
That all's good and
will be so.



Pushpinder Kaur June 8, 2017



Into my Father's Shoes

As I clutch my cotton bag
Especially chosen
for the morning walk
to carry
the mobile, the water bottle and a handful of tissues
my surviving kit
and step out into the early dawn
with the moon still hanging
at the edge of the sky
the gulls and the larks
circling and cackling along the Dubai Creek
catching the morning prey
the cool breeze that caresses the face gently
calls to mind
the image of
my Father
going for his five kilometres morning walks
all the 90 years of his life
though now- at 95 his priceless steps
find replacement in the wheel-chair...
I ponder
"If I'm stepping into my Father's Shoes! "

Pushpinder Kaur September 14, 2017



A Hand



A hand reaches out to me,
groping for a silent support
Every night,
The yet, strong and firm hand,
although the body and mind
are frailed by
the cruel hands of time.

The feel and touch of it known only too well,
The hand that patted my little head to sleep...
The exact memory of which lives somewhere...
In the sub-conscious.

This is the strong and determined *Hand*
that erected the Bathinda Guru Nanak Dev Thermal Plant
in Punjab, India

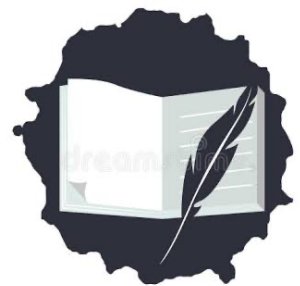
And its four massive cooling towers;
This was the hand that brought electricity first
to the mountainous region
of Kullu Manali, stretching the power lines
across the hazardous mountain ranges,
Or in 1950, across the desert area of Hisar;
The self-same strong hand of steel
reinforced the Power lines
All through Himachal
Pathankot, Joginder Nagar, Barot and the Winch,
And, the Bhakra Hydel Project.

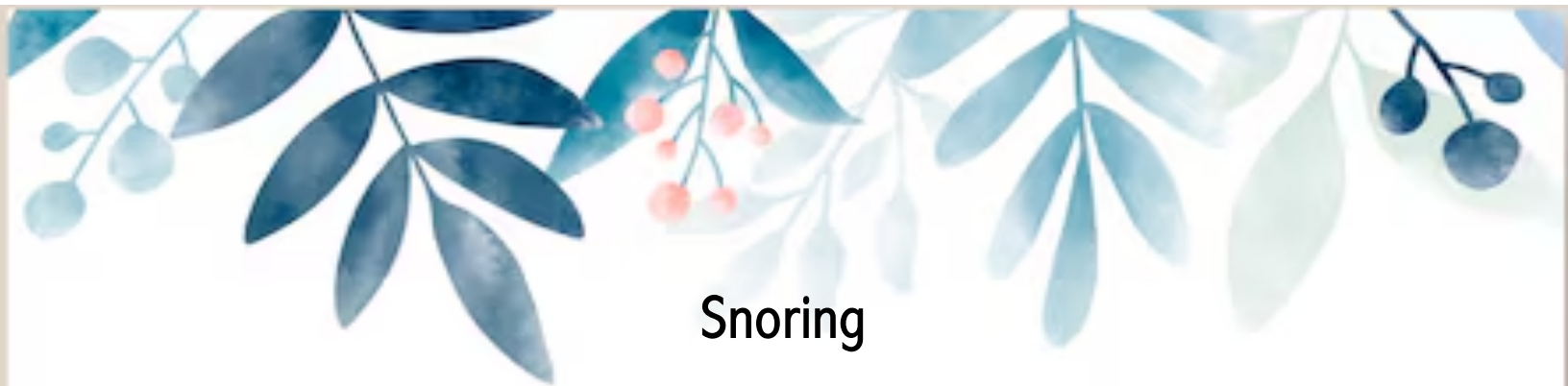


The timeless hand of my esteemed Father,
That never left the hand of my dearest Mother
Looks for solace in the once tiny hand
Now, when I have the blessing
to be beside him
Restricted, by the cruel hands of time-
which makes it, as limited as can be;

For being a daughter, I can moan silently
In agony and shrivel in the pains
But my destiny limits me with chains
Of Time
As it binds my offerings with its cruel hands.
So, it is to be a daughter...

Pushpinder Kaur May 18, 2018





Snoring

A familiar sound since childhood,
as close and precious as motherhood.
The sound of my father's snoring,
seems a solace, as it goes on soaring.



It is evidence of his deep slumber
where nothing of this world can encumber
The peace of his mind, his inner calm and harmony
makes it sound to me like a symphony.

A source of deep comfort to me;
It takes me down the childhood lanes to see-
Myself, falling soundly asleep on my father's shoulder
which always stood for me, as a boulder.

The blissful snoring keeps him out of this world
In connection with his beloved wife, in the other...world.

In Dedication to my Parents

Pushpinder Kaur

July 2, 2018





Holding My Father's Hand

Holding my Father's hand
As I lie on my mother's bed
In the silent communication-
I feel, I am communicating
The gentle, yet, firm touch of my Father's hand to my mom.

Being in her bed
is like being in her lap...

I can feel her breathe, turn and move.
Every memory of her flows like a river on the mind's map.

It means a world of tranquillity, peace and calm
healing every nook of the heart with a magical balm.

Mustn't she be very happy
To see me beside my Dad?
This epic journey
that I could undertake after an eternity
threatens to disappear in a jiffy

But the mind shall pull every string
to make this last for long
In my mind's eye...
And the unseen, untouched, and the unreachable treasure trove.

Pushpinder Kaur June, 29, 2019



Haloed be thy names

The cooing of the dove
the untouched sweetness of the early morning breeze
the first ray of the sun
the coolness of the early dew drops
that have made their home on leaves and petals
all make the heart and the mind one with you

Dear Parents...

haloed be thy names
I look up at the stars
with a sigh of pain and hope
that you will send rays of sunshine
to carry forward
love in all its purity
as showered upon us
by you
honest dignity as showered upon us
by you Humanity
as showered upon us
by you



In your sweetest memory
Your daughter,

Pushpinder Kaur February 1, 2023