

COMPASSION

Anthology Of Poems
As A Tribute
To My Pretty Lotus

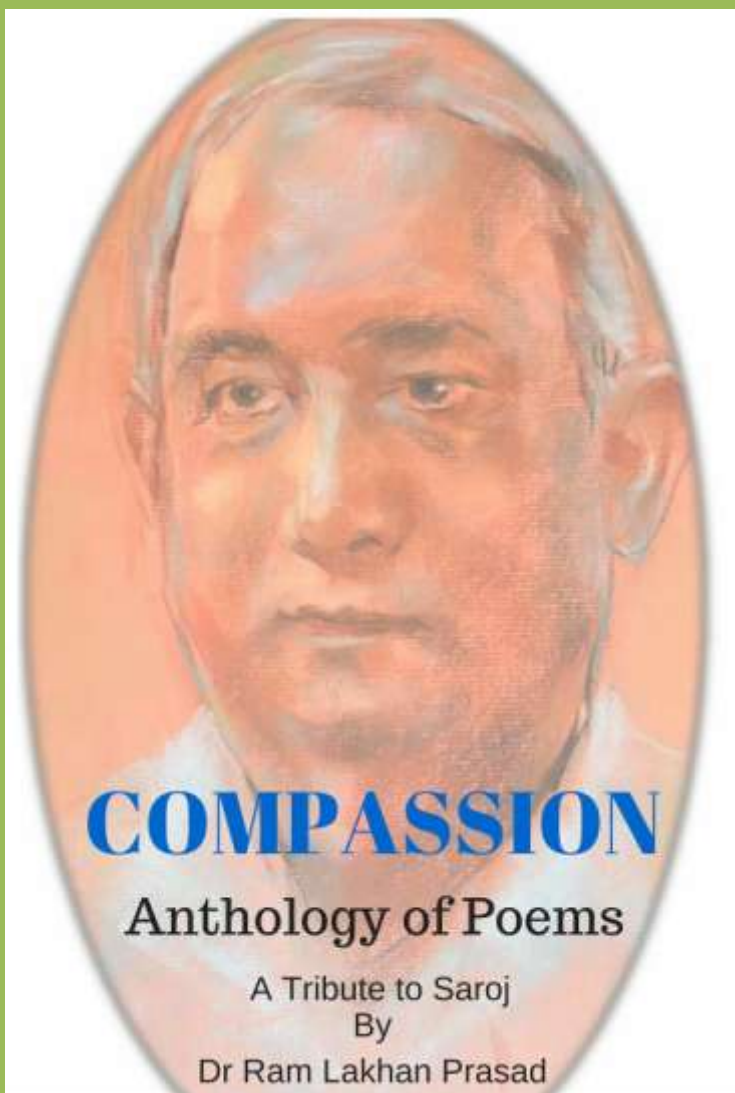


Compiled Created & Edited By
Dr Ram Lakhan Prasad





Saroj Kumari Prasad
was born on 15th August 1940 and lived
as a brilliant student, devoted wife,
loving mother, beloved grandmother,
dedicated community worker, faithful
friend and a sentient human being until
14th March 2013.



COMPASSION

Anthology of Poems

A Tribute to Saroj
By

Dr Ram Lakhan Prasad



PREFACE

WHAT WAS LOVE FOR MY PRETTY LOTUS?

My Pretty Lotus told me to feel what our
love for us was.

She convinced me what that powerful
human passion was.

Love for her was a pretty lotus that
always bloomed in the lake.

Love for her was like the sun that
always shined for our sake.

Love was a deep feeling and desire that
always grew more.

Love was like the ocean that was silent
and deep that we adore.

When our love is eternal we know it
never fades at all.

We then have learnt to live and love our
life overall.

COMPASSION

**ANTHOLOGY OF SPECIAL
LOVE POEMS**

**A TRIBUTE TO SAROJ,
MY PRETTY LOTUS
WHO PASSED AWAY ON
14TH MARCH 2013**

By

Dr Ram Lakhan Prasad

2016

PROLOGUE

My World, My Rock, My Best Friend, My Wife, My Life and My Pretty Lotus

I understand that it is human nature to want to memorialize someone adorable who has passed away. More so if the person had made your life heaven on earth for over half a century. That was My Pretty Lotus, My Saroj who was my wife and my life.

I have written and developed a variety of visual presentations on her life because I want people to know how she loved, tamed and cared for me as well as my children and the family as a whole. I wanted to allow my friends and family members to come together and provide thoughts, insights and memories of the departed.

I wanted to share my sorrows, pains and loneliness with the world so that my healing process became bearable and manageable. Hence, all of the developed visual, printed and vocal presentations are online for everyone to read, view and share.

Three years ago today March 14th 2016, I lost my wife and the best friend a man could ever hope for. At 7.15am on the Tuesday morning of March 12th my Saroj had a massive heart attack and although the paramedics and the ambulance people did all they could to revive her and take her to the Royal Brisbane Hospital she lost her battle with life on Thursday 14th when on the advice of the specialists we agreed to turn off the life support. My Saroj was no more but I collected her soul and all her fond memories to treasure for the rest of my life.

This is how passed the worst few days of my life. The only word to describe what we, the family, were feeling was

desolation and devastation. I always thought we had a pact, Saroj and I—that I would die first, but I should have known that she had the last word. She usually did, sometimes because I let her, often because she insisted on it.

So the love story that started on 14th February 1959 had to end so tragically that I knew not what to do and how to conduct my daily affairs for many days.

We were married on 19th January 1964 and it was the best thing that ever happened to me because I needed her company to feel honoured and gain my prestige and place in the community we served together for five decades. In those wonderful days of our life we raised four brilliant children and lived a full life.

She was beautiful, witty, highly intelligent, calm, peaceful, honest and always immense fun to be with. She was a devoted wife, mother and grandmother and she was also one of

the most gifted teachers of students and teachers around. There would never be another Saroj in this world again because the God Almighty has kept her soul as a role model.

But I lost my most precious treasure and have never been the same ever since despite so many attempts to heal myself. I am a broken man but trying to wear a brave face all because she wanted me to do so.



LET ME WALK IN GOOD STRENGTH

To whom do I entrust the burden of my
heart
To whom can I now offer my tears that
start?
Today I have but one desire, my beloved
wife,
I want you to enter the open lotus of my
life.
Please pleasantly live there without any
rules,
There are no thorns here that will hurt
the pools.
Come and be lost in my heart and soul,
my love,
I wish to lock you in my heart, my lost
love.
Call this an eternal reunion of loving
souls,
Call this the dawn of rebirth of the
souls.
We were different but one in heart and
soul,
We are now one in our heart and soul.

Our love knot was our share of gold,
It was a gift of fate from days so old.
We lived a life so full of fun and utter
joy,
Contentment and abundance was
unique coy.
Life was infinitely precious and
heavenly,
We shared our earthly bond quite
sincerely.
Like Krishna I clasped you as my
Radha,
Our lips and eyes kept meeting each
other.
Our tender hearts then joined to each
other,
In total bliss we lived and loved each
other.
You were the one, who drew me
towards you,
Enticing me over half a century that
soon flew.
Like moonlight you were so bright and
clear,
Now I long to view your lovely face so
dear.

I have lost all my power of
understanding,
I cannot make any sense of life even
pretending.
I am lonely and keep sighing with my
tears,
They are objects of all desires and some
fears.
Your face is still the smiling dawn
everyday,
Your shadows are my guide all night
and day.
I keep waiting, watching the road from
heaven,
My soul yearns to meet you with hearty
weapon.
O You who know all my pains and
sorrows,
Answer my prayers and better my
tomorrows.
Let her Lakhan always walk in good
strength,
Let the journey be with Saroj for all the
length.



AFTER THREE YEARS

After three years of dissension
and strife

I wonder why I still weep for my
wife

My tears in the loneliness are not
surprising

I long to be with her by falling or
rising.

I ADORE HER

I spent all my life loving and caring for
her

Now that she is no more I want to adore
her

I have now come out of the cocoon of
sorrow

I am living a life with no regrets and
sorrow

She was the one who taught me how to
rest

I learnt how to love and care from the
best

I will love her now like I have never
been hurt

A smile, a kiss and a hug I was always
alert

I want to go to that heaven where love
is born

I will fly to my Angel and remove that
thorn

It hurts but fond memories keep me
alert

To be with her again will decrease the
hurt

I had loved her unconditionally at all
times
I loved her without any reason at all
times
Our love was pure and divine solid rock
There were no barriers, no walls and
rock
Love was said to be blind but we could
see
Our love was there and always made us
free.



My Love, My Life, My Wife, My Pretty Lotus

I fell in love with her sincerity, her dignity, her courage and her flaming self respect because they were those things that we firmly believed in. We loved each other with no conditions attached and it was the beginning of everything in our family life. These are some of the reasons why I still love her and treasure the fond memories of our fantastic family life. My life goes on with her in it everywhere and every moment. That's my way of love and I love it very much.



LONELY TIME

I could not realize how many spaces
there were in time
In my loneliness I kept filling them to
find the lost time
I lost her but found the fond memories
within time
Her soul is with me helping to fill in the
spaces left in time.



Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

