

Dada Ka Ghar

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I read Grandmother by Kamla Das at my Amma's home.

No matter what I say or do, I feel blessed to have her.

Her presence feels like the shade of the Bunyan tree.

Under it, I can sit and even get annoyed at the stillness of
the Bunyan,

but it just stands tall, protecting us all.

She was the Bunyan tree for Dada too.

Now, he is gone, but its roots have grown deeper and
stronger than ever for all its children.

She sleeps on his bed, dreams his dreams,

and never lets out a disturbing sigh.

She does it all for us.

No matter what I say or do,

she accepts me with a cup of tea that has a taste of nostalgia

and the smell of *dada ka ghar*.

