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Let me ...

O diseases! the messengers of death

Do not pounce upon me

To hold my breath.

Let me enjoy the old age too.

The age free from key and lock,

The age free from watch and clock,

The age free from all hurry and worry,

The age of relaxation and retirement,

Let me wander everywhere aimlessly,

Let me live my own way,

Let me sit in the fields of blooming crops,

Let me enjoy the music of birds and flowing waters,

Let me see children at play,

Let me be a part of the musicians

Making some long forgotten folk music,

Let me sooth a big retired officer

Gloomy for his lost majesty,

And

Let my grand kids ride me,

Let me have a thrill of their stammering,

Let me learn to love life more,

Let me be crowned with the glow of grey hair,

Let me share my hard earned wisdom

And let people show respect and surprise,

If I am permitted,
The ripples of joy shall make
Remaining days loving and worth living,

Filling up Emptiness

If Emptiness teases you,

Recall the time

When you made somebody smile,

When you sacrificed your interest for others,

When you assisted somebody very helpless,

When you wiped off somebody's tear,

When you offered your turn to one more needy,

When you controlled your anger and rudeness,

When you avoided one's rudeness,

When you lived a day without malice,

When you forgave a wrong doer,

When you wept with a lonely victim,

When you prayed for others,

When you sat among flowers,

When you enjoyed birds singing,

When you played with children,

In recalling all these, some days will pass,

And some more in attempting again,

During the meantime

You shall have some new idea

To move life on.