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The old house of my grandparents is desolate and murky.

Sun appears to be infuriated with us because its light cannot restore the splendor of this great
house.

The moon laments because it cannot behold the families of their children meeting at this
house.

The wind passes by with a ray of hope that the children will return one day and radiate their
effulgence.

But the children have migrated to the cities.

And, to be truthful, they are busier than the bees.

Years have passed but the memories forged on the sands of time are timeless.

They stand strong like soldiers with pride in their hearts and joys on their sleeves.

But each memory that perches on the branch of the tree of life asks us one question,

“Do you take a moment out of your busy schedules and remember us?”

We are the lives of your parents and grandparents in nutshells.”

I wonder if a few moments will really be enough.

The azure skies look at this house and feel nostalgic about the people who inhabited it.

The chair that was occupied by my grandfather now alone sits.

I have fragments of his memories but a courageous man I doubtlessly remember.

With love gushing through his veins and tenacity in his nerves, he was a lion awakened from
slumber.

My grandmother was an ocean of affection and she spilled waters of kindness wherever she
went.

The breathings of her unalloyed life were the hymns to which even the knees of angels bent.

Their tenderness and their warmth made them truly endearing.

Their beauty was even felt by the birds that chirp and sing.

I remember them each day but never weep about their absence.

They are immortal souls and they are also within the hearts of their daughters and sons.

But I feel a house albeit considered inanimate does possess a soul.

Buddhists believe everything has consciousness and by everything they mean the world as a
whole.

Maybe my grandparents' house longs for the presence of their children and grandchildren.

How they dreamed of realizing their dreams and how they relished the moments of fun.

In this life where we survive, struggle and thrive, we tend to forget that we are growing old.

In the quest to acquire riches and gold, we have forgotten that the house of my grandparents

too has grown old.