



Afflatus Creations

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No Tears for me- My Epitaph

One day the sun will stop Shining
One day the rains will stop raining
One day the the clock will stop ticking
One day the heart will stop beating.
There will be no more me.

To a new date the calendar page will not change
To another day the night will never change
There will be no more bitterness
There will be no more sickness
There will be no more me.

One day the heart will stop beating
One day the eyes will stop seeing
One day the nose will stiop breathing
One day the ears will stop hearing
There will be no more me.

A life spent well
A life Spent bad

A life spent Wisely
A life spent foolishly
A life just lived
There will be no more me.

The baby started crawling
The parents smiled
The baby grew up and walked
The parents smiled.
The Baby became a boy
The parents started dreaming
The Boy grew older
The dreams — were they ever met?

The Teenager with no thought about life
The Teenager just enjoying Life as it came,
Soon the Teenager became Adult
The parents still smiled.
Water flowed under the bridge
Time flapped its wings and flew

The Adult continued growlng older
Responsibilities kept increasing
Trying to make others happy
That we live for others is not a lie
Life has its way of taking its toll thereby
At the end do we make others happy
Is a question better not asked

Life only knows when time flies
Flapping its wings wide, oh How it flew
Innocence of the baby that showed on its face
Replaced by wrinkles that appeared on the adult face
Flapping its wings wide how Time Flew
On a white canvas of life patterns it drew

The canvas became cluttered
Did not notice till too late
Now it does not matter as soon it will all end
One day soon all this will end
One day soon the birds will not be heard singing
Because I won't be there to hear their songs
One day there will be no more me.

Why do we take birth If we finally die
Waves fall for waves to rise Poet Rabindranath has said
Why have waves at all is my bigger question
Why spend life if at the end all it does is get spent
Why live life if there is nothing for it to show

So my dear ones... I wish no tears for me
One day there will be no more me.
Like the morning dew that vanishes from the grass without a trace
One day I will vanish too from the this world's face

No tears for me, no farewell speeches
For I have done nothing to deserve your wreaths
No missing me no photo frames
Wipe me off from your memories
Dust to Dust, ashes to ashes
Let me just fade away like the morning dew
Momentary, ephemeralthat is truly ME.

— My Epitaph —

Shantanu Das, a 67-year-old retired senior management professional and engineer by qualification, has had a life deeply influenced by his early years spent in the Pondicherry Ashram during the time of "The Mother." This experience, he believes, imbued him with a touch of divine consciousness as a child. His life's journey has been so impactful that, on occasion, his thoughts find expression through a few poetic lines, which he shares here. However, he humbly acknowledges the limitations of words in capturing the profound feelings within his mind. Apart from writing, he enjoys photography and cherishes moments spent in the embrace of nature.

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