Pita Ji (Grandfather)

Kamaljit K. Bagga
Pita Ji (Grandfather)

staring out the window
searching for the green sign
Metro Airport--10 miles.

inside he finally arrives
white turban tied
handsome in his Nehru suit.

hugging me after years
giving his blessing,
"Live long, my child.
India was so far.

finding the worn, black suitcase
driving home.

next morning, he awakes
beginning his summer ritual
without sound, taking a cold bath.

tiptoeing to our prayer room
reading our holy script Guru Granth Sahib
not appearing again until begged
to eat his lunch
one roti (bread) and lentils.

too weak to stand for long
Pita Ji sits on a lawn chair
rolling a soccer ball across the patio
with my brother, Aman

remembering how I used to play
when I was little
teaching him the a,b,c's
diligently he took notes
patient with his foreign language.

now I can only make his breakfast
raisin toast and peach jam
I am little no longer.

Kamaljit K. Bagga