

He said he is just seven years old
Don't understand what he is doing here
None of us can enter the secret spheres
Mechanisms which brought him to dementia

All that he can see looks so strange
His hands are different, old and wrinkled
They are covered by tortuous veins
Entire body's decrepit

Seized with a great distress

At dawn of his birthday
The day of his eight years
The night when he is gone
Fallen asleep in a breath
And never, has never awaken
Dandled in sweet rest

Even his own-voice has changed since the last time
Tired, hoarse and breathless

Asking what kind of disease he's got, he feels exhausted
He can't stand up
Nobody told him that a cancer is growing in him everyday

He can't recognize anybody around the bed
He asks for his parents to come but they won't do
He keeps the impress that he leaves without having lived

Who are these persons near me, all smiling
With tears running on the cheeks
Why do they claim that they are my children?