

**My little Sonu
– A Tsunami Victim
Anuradha Gupta ('86 MMS)**



Ocean wave, after ocean wave,
And devastation all around...
A little girl, just a few months old-
Didn't even know she had been found.
Must have known she was all alone,
A vacant stare was all that was there-
Didn't know how her life was devastated,
As wave after wave finally abated...
Her parents were dead.
And as I saw her, I wanted to hold her,
To fly across the miles...
To be her mother, to be the one that consoled her-
That took her home, wiped her tears,
That took her home and hushed her fears,
I made all the calls, adoption was banned!
In the midst of the worst tsunami in 40 years,
Flesh trade had begun,
What kind of world do we live in,
How can despair beget this kind of sin?
When permissions were granted,
The picture still haunted me—
The ocean waves, the dead bodies, the child next to
them,
Perched up steady against a bedraggled tree...
Matted hair, big eyes, a torn dress beckoned,
I imagined replacing her look with a smile-
I made more calls, adoption had begun...
The laws told me my parameters were wrong,
Visa status and such hogwash...
More orphans than parents—
And a mother had been scorned.
I brooded nights, stifling my pain,
The bureaucracy, the distance, what did the child
gain?
Now as I do my bit, in any which way,
Tucked away is a little prayer...
For the girl I named Sonu, I hope she has a home
I dedicate all my efforts to her,
But she may very well be alone...
I'm haunted, but every time I lose hope,

I voice her name silently,
And surrounded as I am,
With everything that fills my life,
Blessings that abound—
Sonu is ever missing when I look around...
I still seem to grope,
For something that would fill this vacuum.
My heart bleeds at photograph after photograph...
Profiling the disaster, filled with despair,



Death and disease; towns and homes wrecked,
Pain that no one can bear...
Thank God for every effort, every bit of aid—
While I move on...
With not even a picture of Sonu to hang on to
But I don't want the memory of her face to fade,
It's something intangible that I now cling to,
It fuels my desire to make a difference,
With so many people devastated,
I must reach out to at least a few...



Desert Rain

Sagarika Jaganathan ('93 Bio)

Like the lone cactus
Self sufficient
Succulent
At once thorny
And tender...
Never once
Looked up
Skyward
For that elusive
Desert rain...

Then it arrived
One day
In torrents
Lone Cactus
Now, a rose in bloom...
Lasted but a day
Lost in the sands of time
Where the lone cactus stands
Now gazing skyward
For that elusive desert rain

