

Dedicated with love to my soul-mate

Dr. Puspendu Chaki

&

My little Son **Pinak Pani**, who always asks,

"Why MumMum?"

*Pluck this little flower and
Take it, delay not!
I fear lest it droop
And drop into the dust.*

*It may not find a place
In thy garland,
But honour it with a touch of pain
From thy hand and pluck it.
I fear lest the day end
Before I am aware,
And the time of offering go by.*

*Though its colour be not deep
And its smell be faint,
Use this flower in thy service
And pluck it while there is time.*

*Rabindranath Tagore
Gitanjali, 3rd Aasher, 1317*

**“Marte hai aarzo me in marne ki
Maut aati hai par nahin aati”**

MIRZA GHALIB