

Casting a Light

The broken lamp lay there the day he claimed the house. He married my grandmother in its presence, and she delivered my father in its sight. I came into this world abreast of this broken lamp. It was neglected for years by us as if it had no purpose being there. Last night as I sat by his cold body, the room got darker in his absence. Much to my dismay, I fixed the lamp only to see my grandfather smiling from miles away when the warm light beamed through the lamp for the first time, in eighty odd years!

Bio - An amateur writer who fetches words from her life experiences, been in this world for two and a half decades with a million stories to tell.