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Heavan

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Heaven

Nida Dangra

Once when I was a young child,
I asked my mother about heaven.
She paused to think
And began to narrate a fantasy.

She sat me on her lap
And described the wondrous place,
While I envisioned Candyland.
As gumdrops and lollipops filled the air,
Rivers of milk flowed through the ground
And trees with sweet fruits grew.
For hours my mother described,
For hours my imagination thrived.
Clouds made of ice cream,
Monkey bars made of chocolate,
What more could a child ask for?
As I licked my lips and tasted heaven,
My mother gazed at my innocent smile.

That heaven represented every child's dream,
But my mother had left out the reality.
The journey from earth to heaven
Would have to be made alone,
With no mother to explain things
And no father to hug when scared.
Maybe that is why upon my death
My mother shuddered from fear,
Fear of my loneliness and distance from her,
Fear of my journey from earth to heaven in
solitude.
But my mother smiled as she thought of my
smile,
As I licked my lips and began to taste heaven.