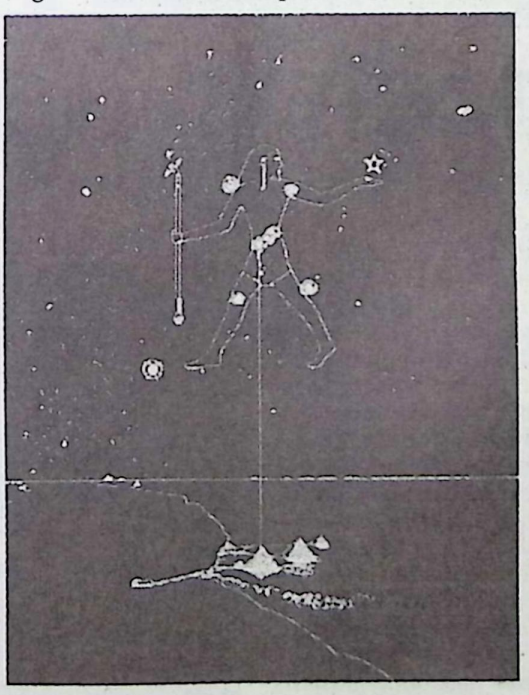


silent Bay of Fundy, nestling in majestic Nova Scotia, Canada, with my spouse and ten-year-old daughter. My mother comforted me upon my return, when I was stung with the thought of the violent death of the living being. As we walked on the grass in the evening, she softly stroked my right palm, and quietly spoke. "All things happen for a purpose, perhaps a better purpose. Who are we to question divine design? Look at this patch of earth between the two bigger trees where the little one was planted. It would never have had enough light to grow to bear fruit. It would have been stunted and deformed."



Tonight, in my transcendental solitude on the rooftop, as my skin and molecules soak in heaven's dewdrops, my mother's words ripple through my own shivering skeleton. I look up at the miles of ethereal expanse of visible universe. A lunatic, a lover of the nightlight from my earliest conscious awakening of the soul's quest for purpose and direction for my passionate self, moonlit memory transports me tonight to my kindergarten years in Sialkot, when my mother sang "twinkle, twinkle, little star" to her little ones, sitting in the great lawn of the colonial-style bungalow at night in springtime. I see my mother, an avid reader of the night-sky herself, point up at the constellation and trace for her children the divine design of Orion's Belt, of Cassiopeia, of the Big Dipper and the Little Dipper.

Tonight, my eyelids flutter while the retina remains unfocused on any present material object. For a few sacrosanct seconds, my spirit is invigorated with the mind's picture of childhood nights of flashes of swooshing falling stars and meteor showers. As I stand on the luminous rooftop tonight in my homeland, in Dhaka, a year-and- a half from my sixtieth birthday, the weird poetic creature in me sees herself split into two selves. The vivid motion-picture below the concave cornea is transmuted into a moment of complete comprehension of infinity in infinitesimal time. I am floating, time-travelling, travelling on the suspension-bridge of skeins of silky moonbeams.

Amazing miracle of moon drops on my mother's rooftop!

I am happy, smiling, serene in my solitary séance. I am made strong in my faith, in my life's work. I thank my Maker. I give thanks to Nature and the air around me. I inhale two lungs full of the divine presence, and part my lips in prayer in supplication for the health of my own daughter and her family, nestling peacefully in the Southern Hemisphere.

Tomorrow night, and every night this week, I shall softly tread the three-thousand square-feet of my mother's rooftop, and scan the night sky to taste the linear droplets of the new crescent moon.

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