

# Longevity

By Dr. Jharna Chatterjee



She was all alone – making the best of endless time;  
Carrying each day inch by inch, like a hundred-ton iron-shackle.  
Books – her windows to life, her faithful friends;  
Old familiar songs – her soothing solace;  
The garden was a demanding child, who made her smile;  
Others in need – her existential anchors;  
When she could lend her ear, offer her open heart, helping hands.  
Then one day a scientist told her:  
"We will give you a boon, Mother, – of a very long life."  
  
"No my child, please don't!" She cried out,  
"I have already lived too long, it seems.  
It will be a punishment I can hardly take any more.  
But", she said, "Could you give me something else instead?  
Bring back a society that values the aged;  
Where the young respects them for their gifts,  
Asks them to share their wisdom, and appreciates.  
Where those who live long are not redundant,  
And the golden age is made of golden days."