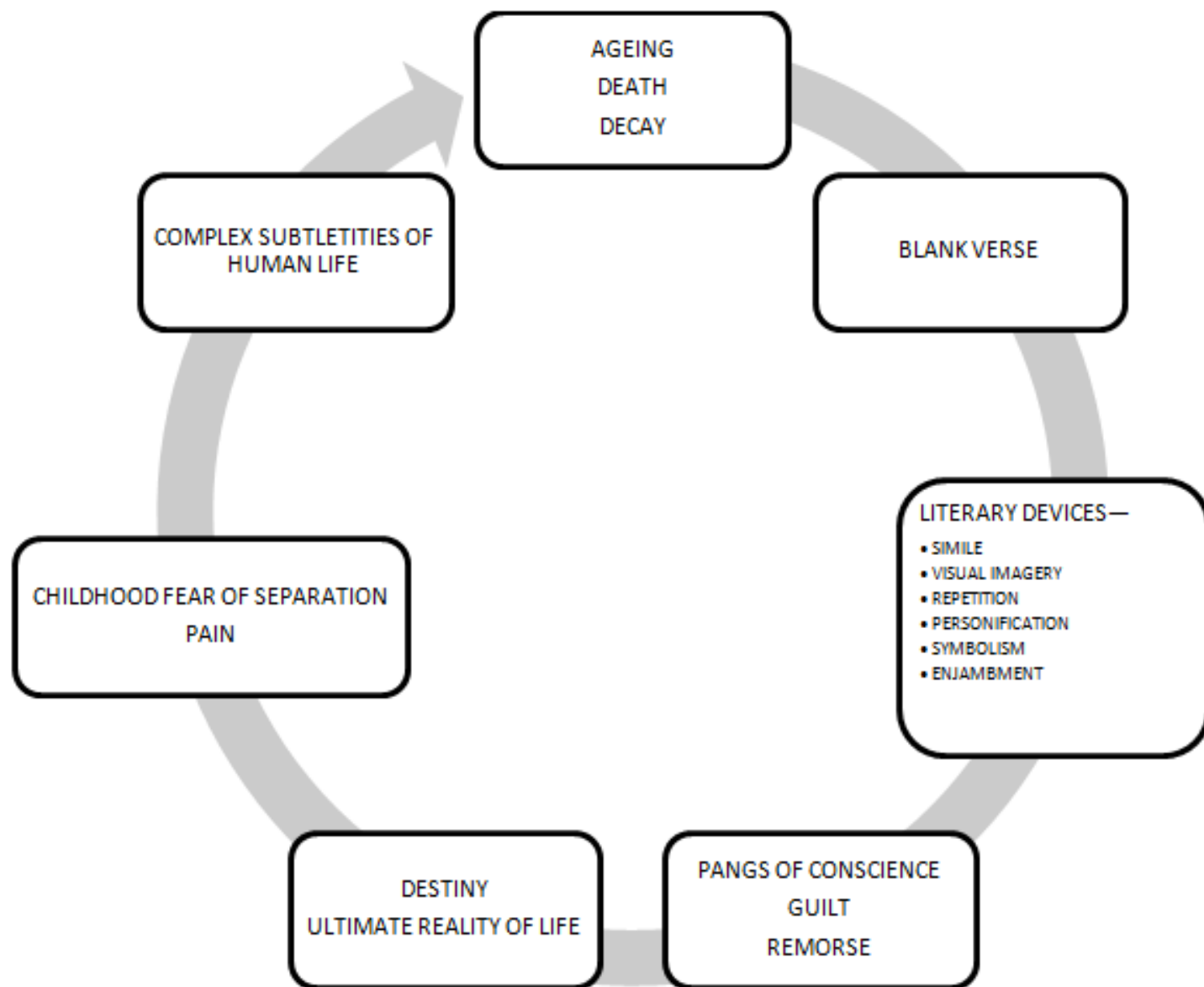


My Mother At Sixty Six

By- Kamala Das







Driving from my parents home to Cochin last
Friday morning, I saw my mother, beside me,
doze, open mouthed, her face ashen like that of a
corpse and realised with pain
that she was as old as she looked but soon
put that thought away, and
looked out at Young
Trees sprinting, the merry children spilling
out of their homes,
but after the airport's
security check, standing a few yards away, I looked
again at her, wan, pale
as a late winter's moon and felt that old
familiar ache, my childhood's fear, but all I said
was, see you soon, Amma,
all I did was smile and smile and
smile

- 1) doze: a short, light sleep
- 2) ashen: very pale, like ash.
- 3) corpse: a dead body.
- 4) sprinting: *here*, shooting out of the ground.
- 5) spilling: *here*, to move out in great numbers.
- 6) wan: unnaturally pale, as from physical or emotional distress.
- 7) ache: pain.

Literary Analysis

- **Simile** – a) her face ashen like that of a corpse
b) As a late winter's moon
- **Personification** - Trees sprinting
- **Metaphor /Visual Imagery**– merry children spilling out of their homes
- **Repetition**- smile and smile and smile...

