

Dear Tom,

On that fateful Thursday
Winnie sent me an email
Saying that I could see you
you were home from hospital

When I arrived at your home
you were already in your sleep
I did not want to wake you up
but sat beside your bed

Winnie was holding your hand
your breath was heavy and labourious
Winnie said that you were awake
only a few hours earlier
and you discussed various things

Then your temperature suddenly dropped
we were all alarmed
the doctor nephew calmly said
these would have been your last breaths

Winnie called your two children urgently
within minutes they came to your bed
bewilderedly they said goodbye to their dad
tears were rolling down their innocent cheeks

Winnie's eyes were red
She gently said to you:
"Go now, to your mother and brother
who are waiting on the other side,
Tom go, you can go now".

you stopped breathing
I sensed a vast emptiness in the air
a niece stood up and started chanting
"nam mo a di da phat"
and I followed the same

The oxygen machine was turned off
as if the whole book was closed
I hoped that you found peace
on the other side..

Sleepless night, sleepless night
totally shocked by your hurried flight
why, why did it have to be you?
here today and gone just like that

Oh, fickle moments
oh, ephemeral life
how I have been wrong
taking all things for granted
as if I will last really long.

Exactly two years after
Winnie asked me:
Why did I come - on that fateful night
and why did I bring along the chanting tape

The answer was "I did not know"
perhaps Something had told me.
Now standing in front of your altar
looking at your photo

a chill went thru spine
as if you were smiling
my friend, Tom, now you can rest
and life had to go on

but often it makes me wonder
going on for what purpose?
Could you shed some light
please, please... shed some light

As I badly wish to know
the meaning of it all
Like a little child, I am lost
in the world of trivialities

my dear Tom, just one thing,
and please take this with you
to the other side:

thank you for picking me up
when I was down
thank you for introducing TKD
that you used to love practicing

thank you for your sense of humour
despite it was dry, at times black
and perhaps most of all
thank you for being you - my friend

dtp July 2004
viết cho một PK đã ra đi.