

CONFESSIONS

Dr. Jyoti Tabita Hermit
Assistant Professor,
Amity School of Liberal Arts,
Amity University,
Haryana

How often I long for days gone across
Shedding pearly tears, lament their loss
How pleasant days can their face bury
And leave behind a trail of golden memories

Cuddles and kisses how often I miss
Rendering to me a gentle bliss
Pedalling on my bike I tore the lanes
Stumbling and falling without any shame

Life unpredictable as it has become
Missing in all the wondrous fun
I cry out loud but no one hears
My tears, my agony penetrate no ears

“You are insane,” a verdict often heard
I retrospect; I meditate upon the memories blurred
Is it me or a stranger I see in the mirror?
An image I recognise but find quite queerer

“To be or not to be” I too ask myself
Ruminating upon my fate, an icy shelf
A ray of light, a gleam of hope
I sneak around the corner and gently grope

Hope pervades and I move on
With perpetual patience accept why I was born
A Heavenly touch helps me sustains
Watching me over as I cross life’s lane