

## THE LIFE OF A COMMON MAN ON THE BEATEN TRACK

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As I run on the beaten track, huffing and puffing,  
catching my breath and many times running short of it...  
I wonder, I often wonder; is this how it will end?

There I was running for love... Here I am running for daily bread ...  
At times I'm grateful the day began; at others I'm spiteful and wish it would rather be spent.

No novice ideas, nothing out of the blue...all the same...  
The repeated monotony of life,  
The similar follies, the predictable tragedies...

What is this fuss all about? With all varied hues and shades, life for me is a meager speck  
floating into nothingness, going towards oblivion..  
So exhausted am I that I would rather it drew to an end... A final end

Let the conclusion be bitter, let it be sweet, make a concoction or serve it neat  
How does it matter now that I am beat...  
Given a choice... Let's make it neat before my final retreat...