

## LIFE'S SEASONS

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On the crossroad of life  
I move about again on a day.

Moving past buildings known  
I look across structures unknown  
Trying to see the things that are not there anymore.

Moving through by-lanes of childhood memories  
I come across sweet games that we as small children, played  
Hopping with twigs in hands and riding bicycles in spirals on the road.

Our hair flying with the rush of the cool summer breeze  
Our smiles bright and wide  
No one could try and hold.

I pass many a turns and then halt for a moment  
Trying to search all this just once more,

I still smell how the sweet perfume of flowers caressed our cheeks  
When we lazed around in the garden of our house.

Oh! How much, I want to run back to those spaces in the past  
Where pain and suffering could touch no more.

Life has moved on at high speed  
It seem as if it has taken out the sap of me.

I go on continue to exist with big scares on my heart  
The agony of which no one seems to chart.

Life should have brought lots of joy and ease with years  
That's what simple mathematics, I figured.

But, for a moment I halt and try and make some sense  
I try to rectify my exploits of give and takes.

Years seem to have added a lot of things  
Pain, sorrow, loneliness  
And now grief has become close company.

Where the path will take me now, no one can tell  
All I wish is that my life be filled with memories of rich encounters well.

Not knowing where the road will lead  
I will try not to go against my master's will.

I have already reached halfway through sunshine and rain,  
And am sure, my life's blueprint is ready to lead me through autumn's trail.