

'*Profound cries*'

Fear not, step aside, five feet apart,
Look out, stand at poise,
Close your eyes, open your heart,
For once, cease, make no noise.

Your home is your cage so free,
The busy lane harbours no car,
The leaves all dry, fall on the road,

The tree is green, till its blea,
I see two dogs, wandering at far,
Wagging their tails as if bored.

The world is still, locked down,
No one steps towards the door,
Mother wraps her prettiest gown,
Shoves it in wardrobe's core.

I now gaze at my father's face,
He has got brown eyes, i see,
Never did i bother to pause and look,

I stop, in scrutiny, not to race,
His fingers now tremble, i feel,
Shallow, am I, as a brook?

All i hear, is a profound silence,
While nature blooms on man's tears,
Is this that ever spoken apocalypse?
That man is wrapped up in his fears .

The two togs, i talked about, remember,
Have just crossed by the lane,
As free as a bird, they must feel,

Perhaps, this is our life's November,
A boon for earth, while a man's bane,
Stop, step aside, Earth has to heal.

All dead are up in their graves,
No longer flowers are offered to them,
Their widows have their heads shaved,
Shrieks are buried in deepest realms.

Human perishes, and so must I,

Gather the strength for once,
The sun still shines in the lockdown,

He has his ways, breathe before you die,
Go deep inside yourself, you have months,
While the earth rejuvenates its crown.

These thoughts rush and leave me soon,
While i look at myself searching for me,
All this is as cold as a winter's moon,
And shall be embedded in my memory.

Years later, when world shall fall at its place,
I'd greet my friends, my neighbours and kins,
Laugh heartily and cry with all my strength,

For these are the days, i shall embrace,
My flaws, my follies, imperfections and sins,
Fear not , step aside, give way to the Death.

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