

My Life Tucked Snug

Amit Kumar Rath

The fog clears before my eyes,
I see myself there,
Standin' near a bed I stare
At something ordinary yet rare,
Just the bathroom door where
Mummy combs her hair,
'Gain I retreat to the care,
Of the fog fair
Who keeps me in the lair,
Not long but to bare
Another sight of Time's impair,
As we do our affair,
Bapa reading 'bout despair,
I at peace with the tire,
Of my pink scooter braving wear,

Over dust as on snow a bear,
Inspired by Nature to scare,
The very element that poses dare,
Not a toy in your young year,
But your own scooter,
And therefore far better,
Than all ridden by people elder,
And much truer,
To a world of child's device.

I have grown up now,
With quickened legs I row,
Over the embracing bow,
Of the road that does allow,
Grass mingling with tar somehow,
Any beauty that Nature endow'd,
My eyes saw,
Things like climbers on a bough,
Or the Scented flower,
Orange stalk and petals of snow,
Or the garden plough'd,
Into sections four,

Lady's finger, spinach, chilli and tomato,
Long, leafy, little, lovely all grow,
All heaved a "Wow!",
All said, "I vow!";
And do not forget the trough,
Filled with water to the brow,
And the groove also,
That hid silent sorrow in the burrow,
Of mongoose and the nest of crow;
I loved all this and mo',
All these friends and never low,
Alas! Ne'er again to hold my awe.

I wished for it to be a bad dream,
From which I shall break clean,
And be back with a face all beam,
Where all was good it seem'd,
And fast to it I did cling,
Let your child be born or yet to be have long roots reader
esteem'd,
For its sweeter than all ice cream;
The fog benign helps trim,

All better left from theme,
Then the noon sun does gleam,
Bringing a flood of joyous tiding,
I sit at the door to deem,
At the row of passing ants,
Friendlier the slate, severe the flamin',
Now I hear dry leaves scraping,
The firm floor at wind's bidding,
And the sharp 'ding',
Of raw mangoes on a roof of tin,
Numerous beauties to be seen,
But first of all my brother charmin',
A face round and cheeks like cushionin',
Eyes filled with deference to the brim,
Though young I knew to thank Divine,
For beauty, brother, Blessed Grants.

I moved again from the land of rain,
Where there were ferns, ridges and the ole train
Platform with grass into cement cracks ingrain'd,
No more calves or kids across the plain,
Or even a front or back garden,

All this and more train'd my brain,
To remain alone and thereby sane,
I tried but in vain,
To understand my solitude's gain,
Still I liked talks of substance or refrain,
From all societies of men,
To fill my time with drops on window pane,
Or the dust that things through time retain,
These beauties helped my soul sustain,
Through time that's foggy like past pain,
But for years I was insane,
"Why I adore weed like its vervain?",
Then I met my reflection, "You and I are the same.",
Now I know the path for men Dug,
To love Beauty without blame,
To smile in Love without shame,
Life is but anecdotes ten or twain,
In the folds of forgetful fog,
I have my life tucked snug.



Amit Kumar Rath is a student of English literature who believes that Art that resonates with personal thoughts and Love are the only two things capable of healing the world. He finds pleasure in cooking, reading, writing and fixing the occasionally broken down electronics. He writes with the belief that when technique does not work, Truth will. He is currently finishing his M.A. in English from Amity University, Noida.
