

## REMINISCING MY FRIEND

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I had a friend, with whom I was so casual,  
It was to him I had been partial.  
He bestowed me with marvelous moments,  
That later became ever cherishing events.

He was bristling with the milk of human kindness,  
That lavished upon me ceaseless happiness.  
He was the sweetest of all my dreams,  
And his love flowed through my veins like streams.

My life was given fabulous colours by his presence,  
That turned out to be the secret of my essence.  
He was everything for me, my soul mate,  
Everything I believed was a part of my fate.

Days and months passed like a smooth breeze,  
Those warm recollections made me freeze.  
I feel him, see him every where  
But the truth being that is he is nowhere.

I just don't know what to pen down,  
My amazing days with him ended in the town.  
Nobody was there to end our gay,

It was just done by destiny's play.

Do I miss my life of that phase?  
Or do I miss only your face?  
Now that you have fallen apart  
I became your part apart.

Still what remains for us are miles and miles ,  
though you have gone away from my smiles.  
I am still that naughty false raga nightingale  
But am I no more your girl??

### **OH SISTER, MY DEAR TEACHER**

It's the reminiscence of her  
That rocks me back to my school days.  
She was the angel of God, the almighty.  
She was a friend in need  
who consoled me, congratulated me  
I loved her and she loved me too  
She put me in tune  
with the music of the fabulous language  
She nurtured in me  
The spark of Divinity  
She was my guide, who swayed my way  
She moulded me, incited me, realised me.  
She was not a mere teacher for me  
but the incarnation of holy virtues.

She was too full of the milk of human kindness.  
She unveiled the phases and faces of the world.  
She enkindled me to look ahead with an ever  
smiling face to cover all the miles in my life.  
She emboldened me to forget and forgive  
the monsters of ingratitude , scathing comments,  
remorseless and relentless encounters.  
She felt my pulse with a heart  
that knows not to hurt me with  
the helter skelter of the madding crowds  
ravenous and covetous for the ultramodern prospects.  
She lauded me for the way I am  
with all my flaws, stoicism, vehemence,  
fortitude and frailties.  
Have you ever seen such a teacher like my sister?  
Now I long for my past days  
Which ebbed into the bosom eternity?