

A Mistake

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Are the days gone away

Forever that we had spent?

Can we get back those

Cheerful golden moments?

“No” said someone in a faint voice

From within me

“Everything is there, in front or back

Can't even you see?”

I looked back, left and right

And then in front in case

I may find someone I know

But, it was just a mistake.

It was a mistake that I made

On my golden youthful days

Mistook my friend, my only best friend

And we cut out our ways.

He was a brave and smart boy

Dark in complexion,

The friend whom I could trust upon

On my every occasion.

Same school and college we went

From our childhood

And spent our coloured days together

That we ever could.

We bunked classes, watched Chak De

Ran after the trams

We discuss notes, changed our shirts

Danced with the drum.

It was a joke that he cracked

In front of other friend

It's about me, they laughed at me

Then the bond came to an end.

After that we went apart

In our respective field

He said sorry, but I was
Not ready to yield.

Nine years now have passed
After a such long gap
I feel sorry, to lose my shield
If I could make a tap!

The faint voice raised, and called out
“Stop being Orthodox,
Hope is still there, can be seen
In Pandora’s Box.”