

## AN ABRUPT EXIT

Treesa Cherian\*

The villainy of time played a bit more cruelty this time,  
 Bright white lights of electric tubes burned the tiny eyes;  
 The smell of freshly plucked nutmeg fruit lingered in the air-  
 To excite our taste buds and its juicy stains spattered our clothes,  
 Pinkish sky of dawn by the side of pond sank in to the earth,  
 With the usual nonchalant look while the orange coloured  
 Boughs of flowers smiled with a promising note.  
 Smells of fresh cow dung and dusty hay positioned themselves  
 Perfect as usual in the neat open barn; which was our muster station.  
 Pleasant cool nights were filled with curious ghost stories and gossips,  
 The luxury of prickly grass mat in the cement floor gave us a fuller sleep,  
 Mornings were an enchantress with its tending yellow rays through fog.  
 We jumped from our beds to begin a fresh new day of adventures,  
 Drudgeries and doldrums of adult world was yet to demolish our spirits  
 But all of them made an abrupt exit without farewell or parting words,  
 It was only a beginning to the endless rude exits which were to come.  
 Souls soaked in intense love were parted and  
 -found their way without adhering to meaningless ceremony.  
 The laughs and playful talks we exchanged are a no more a thing of  
 Present use and practical purpose as per adult world's unwritten rule;  
 Let time take hold of it all and let him safeguard our casket of memories,  
 While we are busy fixing the pillars of our extravagant sky high castles.

## THE SHY CHEF

To gobble the snacks mouthful;  
 She took a bulk of ripe bananas  
 And drowned them in an oil pool,  
 To scoop them up as golden fritters.  
 Served at dusk in shining plateful  
 She threw smile worth jewels  
 Made them drool in vessel full,  
 And it emptied in just few moments.  
 The petite girl who cooks flavourful

Gave some playful grins and winks  
More scrumptious dishes in bountiful,  
She cooked only to please those faces.  
A super chef unknown to the crowd pull,  
Seldom went out, yet spread far those aromas.  
At crafting toothsome dishes in plentiful,  
This shy village belle found her true bliss.

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