

## Myself On A Travel



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I was in a bus on a travel,  
On the road covered with ravel.  
The trip was such a one- boring,  
And the Sun above us was soaring.  
My heart with full of aches was searching ,  
To find persons or something interesting.  
When I saw through the window,  
A bird in bright-blue jetted a crow.  
Engrossed with the scene that I saw,  
Clutched my phone with a cover of cat's paw,  
Took a shot of the appealing scene.  
And wondered in my hand - it could have been.  
Turned around to see what others did,  
And saw an old man dozing with his grand kid;  
A hawker squatting with a big basket;  
Fanning himself with an empty packet.  
The person sitting next to me,  
Was conversing with a glee  
A person with a bag, crossed, over shoulder,  
Tried to stand and balance himself with a hand-holder.  
At last, the bus came to a halt at a terminus,  
Everybody stood up to alight the bus  
The boring travel I had then-  
Made me to decide not to travel alone again.

## **A Sonnet For My Father**

I haven't seen anyone with your heart,  
Who worked unceasingly without any play,  
Empathy- the thing vanished from all today  
You learnt, mastered and practised as an art.  
Walking to school clasping your hand was a tart  
You listened to my recitals with a poise all the way,  
Waking up without your coffee will not make my day  
Growing up seeing your sacrifices made you my hero smart  
I am still shocked at your soul's depart  
When others learnt to adapt life anyway.  
Now the days without you are grey,  
Making me apprehend- Dad you are just great.  
The days might have flown in a flash,  
Still I try to revive you to just have a talk.