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CIRCLE

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Those deep, experienced eyes
The sunken cheeks
Those criss-cross lines over the face
The folded skin
The grey, white hair
The drooping figure
Those dry lips
All speak of the tiresome journey he is a part of.
Carrying a big 'jhola' on his almost bent shoulders, he would walk.
Walk with his head held high despite his lowly physique
And every time I see him, I get enamored.
Of his still preserved self-esteem,
Of his polished vigor; like some artifact of high worth.
He is precious to me.

I would observe him with amazement, as a historian looks at his excavations.
At eighty-six, he is capable enough to capture a twenty-two year old heart.
What more could be said of his charm!
Those deep eyes have more in them than I could see.
I have always wanted to know more, given to my much-curious nature
And he would always surprise me with new things, getting better with time.
Like a long preserved wine.
He would show all his teeth, laugh carelessly, talk about anything at all.
Yes, like a child he was.
Those eager eyes, intending to express whatever comes to him.
Time proves a purgatory
Now he is pure as a child, looking for things to end, waiting for the higher journey.
It is in him that life completes its full circle.
In the criss-cross network of his wrinkles, he carries the entire world.
He is life itself, carrying it all over him.
Within the folds of his skin.
Beneath the hollow cheeks.
Inside the deep eyes.