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Inchmeal

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Poems by Dr. Manish Goswami

Slowly and steadily
months by months,
installments by installments
we owned the house…….

Bit by bit,
year by year,
interest by interest
becoming the crook
of old age
my provident fund……

In few years
inch by inch
this tyre, this seat,
this handle, this tank
will slide from the right
of finance company
and this motor cycle
will become – my own.

Step by step,

months by months
materialistic things
becoming my right.
but gradually
seconds by seconds
my leaving from this
world is on the verge.

……..
……The Banyan tree
by degrees
did not fathom
how its main trunk
got dropped
……..inchmeal
when hundred of branches
transmuted into trunk

after enrooted ,
clinging it……
……..yet not vigilant
…….the Banyan tree.

A Statement: Not a poem

I am talking here of
wearing good spectacles
Please consider it mere
spectacles not my stance

Don't be deceived
by wearing good shoes
and the energy to be used
for steps.

I am talking here of wearing clean,
stainless clothes
Please don't attach it
with a reflection

I am talking here of
pure spectacles, shoes, clothes
and want to say
without snatching it from someone,
come and try to make it all better.