

Some Lover to Some Beloved!

Down the memory lanes, on which

you've strolled since ages past

They will end if you walk farther a step or two

Where exits the turn towards the wilderness of forgetfulness

beyond which, there isn't any Me, nor any You

My eyes hold their breath, for any moment you

may turn back, move ahead, or at least turn to look back

Although my sight knows that the wish is just a farce

For if ever it were to run across your eyes again

right there will spring forth another pathway

Like always, where ever we run into, there will begin

another journey of your lock's shadow, your embrace's tremor

The other wish is also in error, for my heart knows

There is no turn here, no wilderness, no mountain-range

beyond whose horizon, my perpetual sun-of-your-Love can set

May you continue walking these pathways, its better this way

If you don't even turn to look back, it is okay