

The Notebook

She presented me with one notebook
Many years back!
I wondered what to do,
How do I use, where do I stack.
Years later I was alone
In a pensive mood;
Our treasures: the books, articles on the racks
And many others; before these I stood.

The little notebook
Had not yet passed its prime,
It glittered through the webs of spider
And the dusts of time.
On its sight, memories and moments
Of forgotten joy,
Gushed out suddenly,
Like a restless naughty boy!

“For you Sir, a gift from Ladak:
There I had been!”
Sprang her voice from within my inner memory lane,
Where I was quietly pulled to lean;
Sweet was it
Like a pack of sweetie raisin;
Moments, where memories of togetherness
Tend to sprout to grow again and again!

She had left us
Many years ago.
She won't be near to be seen
To blink her eyes or to forgo
The rights she acquired to present some gifts
To her likened ones often and again.
Yet, sweeter moments survive in the eternity of time,
As we grow older in sun and rain!