

Getting Older

As I grew old,
I had to travel alone on earth
From one place
to the other,
In melancholy,
in search of dearer ones,
In countries and places
away from home,
Like a separated migratory bird
that flies thousands of miles
In search of new acquaintances
for comforts or for a new abode.

I came across
many hearts, minds and soul
I had a few moments
that were pleasing and plentiful.
No where could though
my self could comprehend to settle
For as time elapsed,
the companions or I sooner became bored.
We preferred to look out
for newer terrain,
And I re-started my journey once again,
in sun and rain.

I found in no age of mine,
a mental state that provides permanent solace,
So observed many
as I found and watched them from place to place.
Perhaps the imperfections
drive us into the eternity of time,

And we keep walking,
till the body and mind cope up with the natural rhyme.
To be aged and lonely
is yet another chapter of our days
And we keep adjusting to be in acceptable societal phase,
as we come of age!