

The Generation Gap

It is not unpleasing for me in my case
To get older and aged in the race for success,
I do not feel lonely anymore; competitions foregone
As I roam in the eternity of time all alone.
I acquire newer skills to move freely to keep me fresh
As I travel from place to place,
As does in the vast blue or in a cloudy crying sky,
A tidy kite or a colorful balloon rising up in all adversaries so high!!

I travel to newer places cities or villages as I aimlessly wander
Often in to newer segments or human habitats far or near
Where earlier
I had never been there.

Some unknown individuals sometimes I meet
Ask me casually, neither without much wish to chat nor with visible delight
“Greetings to you, Sir”, looking at me to endure
Or “How do you do?” to be definite, confident and sure!

I have at this age kept away from me
All my engagements as avoidable as can be
No serious commitments are left pending any more
I have no crucial pledge to be attended to for sure.
New generations have no expectations from me
They are lesser interested in me
They are not much curious anymore about my name
My time or my work makes no difference to them!

There is an enormous change in interest
In their thematic joy
And in their outlook
Of things and feelings
I don't quite find to be coy
The new ingredients are not quite ripe for me to enjoy.

The generation has newer ways of engagements and delight
The ways are so different and for me contentment is often not in sight.

I am not aware
About why the new factors
Shape to accept their outlook
For so much of change.
My questing interest
In those new themes and sectors
Promotes my mind to get in to analysis
And to engage into search and I take a new voyage therefore!

And I try to resonate,
I get into tautomerism or I hybridize and vibrate,
I try to enter in to the newer themes to comprehend within
Where the new generation is profoundly engrossed and seen.
The common premises between them and us
That I try to identify are alas,
Quite a few; the transitions are not for a reversal
And differences and distances are not bridged.

Generation gap
Is a monumental mental difference!
It's a difference,
A noticeable change is seen in the developmental outcome.
The present time and the new generation, I guess
Does not find time to get into the finer details for inference
In its plentiful possessions, in vast varieties causing concern and alarm
It has acquired the tastes of fast processing charm!

Yet from my within someone would whisper,
"This generation is better and the best would later appear!"
I tend to realize that the old school was around smaller horizon.
The world is changing for better with newer invention
The old must therefore be ready to handover
All its treasures to the generation that is ahead, creating the future!
I feel the pain
As I hear the whisper of obsolescence of my possessions again and again!

Old timers had possessions and tastes
That was durable to stay much longer
Materials were amenable to corrections
And multiples of times for repair
Habits, attitudes and social bondages
Were much more stronger and those stayed longer
Spiritually knitted, though sometimes illogical or older
These would bind us into togetherness to linger!

Much of our treasures and old possessions
Our contentment and joy shall fade and bury
In the eternity of time with no show to regain
There would eventually be no looking back for such possessions again,
Yet older hopes would linger for a while
In memories of the aged and old,
Seeking to quietly recapitulate,
To rejoice, to revive or to regain in old minds in vain, in pain!