

My Routine

When the dawn
Is yet in the laps of mother night in a dreamy world
The wakeup call starts playing my favorite tune
And mom asks me to get up and unwind.
I need to wake up sharp at five
As a routine and get prepared to leave
To board the bus and to meet my friends
At the school hives!

School starts anyway
Sharp at seven
The class teacher enters our class
Only at then

With the Register in hand
And a small shinning cane;
We stand up faster
To sit down once again!

She takes a stock
Of how many of us had come
This is a strictly followed routine
And she is quite firm.
To find whom all are absent;
She marks and writes down their name
To enquire later about the reasonableness of conduct,
Next-time when they came.

She looks sharp
Through her clear crystal glasses
Her eyes swirl around every now and then
In our quiet large classes;

And we know not
By what imagination or flash,
She picks up only a few
From all of us in the class!
Those are picked up
Who all again
Failed to do the homework.
They thought, they won't be caught and this would be a gain.
Aunty becomes unkind,
She picks up the cane.
Moments are tense,
But the class gets cooled down soon once again!

English, Hindi,
Math's and Science
We are taught to acquire the skills
And we spend an hour for each.
Many Aunties come and teach
And all our time thus silently flies!
The recess is lazy and greets us
Once only in a day, but brings our stresses to size.

After one at noon we are relieved for the day
To go back to our home
The bus takes us round and round
And more tired and impatient we often become.
I am back at home at close to two
With often no cheerful mood,
Tired and exhausted I throw my bag,
Wash and finish my food.

I feel sleepy
Immediately then
Mom had already cleaned the bed
And I fall flat on it once again.

More than an hour quietly passes
And there could be delay
But mom wakes me up again
Asking me to meet my friends to gossip and play.
The afternoon arrives here day after day,
Dressed like a queen!
And everything all around
Looks up so profoundly fine!
All the time by then is given to me
They are fully for mine
Till all around there is daylight
And some feeble sunshine!