

On a Flight in Nineteen Ninety-eight

From Bombay to Delhi,
I was on a flight in a plane.
After an hour or so,
In a split of a second
We encountered with a frightening jerk
So unprepared
And so sudden!
It was in July as I could recall
The episode again and again!
In moments,
We felt shattering downwards,
And in total discord was our plane!
Within seconds,
There was a total chaos;
Some started loudly screaming,
Some were crying,
Some recited the names of God,
Some began vomiting.
Some got up from their seats,
And some were helplessly looking around
To find a safety surround!
It was a frightening confusion all around.
There was no shelter and none could find
Any assured safety around!
The crews were ladies,
But they were considerably quiet;
Though some ran about
This side or the other
To go back to their seat!

Through the loudspeakers
The Captain was reinstating
Assurance of safety of our travel,
And pleaded us to be quiet and patient
As he informed us
That the plane got in to a pocket of cloud
That was not quite gentle, but he was confident to handle!
With some strenuous respite, about eight or ten minutes later,
The jerking started to come down
And our plane was becoming
Cool, steady and sound!
The fear and scream in us all
Started to melt
And the joy of being alive became visible all around!
Announced the Captain, "A storm blew up,
And created pockets of unusual depression!"
Terrible moments were left behind
And life started to appear charming once again
With smiles in every face, with relieved agony in every expression!