

My Wrist Watch

I wanted to have a wristwatch
Around my slender left wrist
In a red -tanned leather strap,
Should that be at least!
I was then young,
May be about fourteen or so
My father gifted me my likened one,
Expensive was it though.

My wrist was decorated and this elevated me
To great heights of pride
And I went out on my bicycle
To catch an impression and to enjoy the ride.
It was a joy of possession
Inexpressible was it though.
And for this precious gift, many other possessions,
I was ready to forgo!

I rode soon one day on my bicycle
Up to the study of my dearest friend,
I changed my watch to the right wrist
Though this was not quite the trend.
He grasped my right hand with his in joy,
And I gazed suggestively at my wrist.
But he uttered no words of praise
Nor he showed desires to have a look at it!

I was intolerant,
Trying to come to the point again and again,
But he spoke of school lessons
And about his possession of one expensive pen!
I was not at ease and I thought
Why was he behaving like an insane?

All my conjectures of creating curiosity in him
Were clearly in vain!

I came out after a while
After exchanging some casual and dry wishes
My precious possession was innocent
And it was untouched to such senses.
But when I came home
And I was before our full-size mirror
I discovered that this was finely fitted to be praised,
As I looked pretty and much smarter!

I have not showcased my watch
Anywhere, anytime, anymore!
The gift taught me later just to keep a watch on time,
And this I love to adore.
We have very little time, some limited moments to spend
And nothing is more precious than our gifted time then
And this endowment given to each like those of mine
Is just to remind us all, to ceaselessly toil to attain our dreams to gain!