

Some People Regard Me . . .

Some people regard me, I too to some deeply;
The disregarded dislike me, the regarded like me greatly.

Knock at the door myself, myself unlock the doors of home;
For years unceasingly, I've been playing the game "someone came".

Having depleted me, churn me like the ocean;
I toss like the ocean, like the ocean I also stay without motion.

When asked, "What do you do?" the eyelid reported immediately;
"Bear the burden of the debris of unfulfilled dreams strenuously".

I tour into dew, rain, tear or vapour;
With new names I meander all over as water.

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