

When I played the dice of life,  
To relax and enjoy without blame,  
Someone muttered that life is a game,  
Another said it is for grand name,  
That is to be lived for global fame.

I skimmed through definitions guide,  
May be an imbecile not to digest a bit,  
As I do not possess the mind-kit,  
To decode the sensitive life's cells,  
And to ring the chromosomal bells.

I prefer to unwind mystery of life,  
Though I am at fag end of life-line;  
Pundits have been digging for meaning,  
When the western heads screaming,  
I am still exploring life in life.

-- G.C. Rao  
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