

Kept looking through imported spectacles,

Holding a large glass of quality molasses,

Influenced by the thoughts of confused state,

Though struggled to record on a paper slate.

Kept looking through the glazed window,

The naughty movement of kids and widow,

Trying to understand the life of age pages

To control salty tears of rugged life mazes.

Kept strolling on pavements of mirrored city,

The domain of pedestrian's common pity,

The platform of rich morning walks and fits,

Only to munch the odd things of life mints.

Keep surfing the portals of PC color bread,

All painful endless dumpings of living and dead,

That came of the cruel times of now and over,

For the nervous strain of cute reader's tower clover.

Mr G. C. Rao

20/08/2011