**Fated Fare to the Fore**

Tread ahead in thy track to trace,

The bearings of bewitching beatitude;

But alluding the vile veracity of thine race,

Thou wouldst end in a labyrinth void of latitude.

For every dreamed destiny is a ditty of dubiety,

Serendipitous summons exacting amassed agility.

If thou wouldst hark back to the hour of yore,

To seek some buried flair from antiquity;

Thou wouldst witness the pulse of thine perishing desire,

Engrossingly enticed by the nostalgia of nihility.

If thou wouldst abide by prophecy of progress,

And on the weighbridge of time, weigh thine drive,

Thou wouldst antedate that the pathway to success,

Relies on cherishing the stage thou survive.

-Aadityaamlan Panda