**MY PHONE**

Gone are those days of arduous communication;

Of cruising beyond the realm into yon destination.

As you circumnavigate the sphere without locomotion,

By caressing the display of the portable radio junction.

The poste restante of missives from megalopolis to glen;

The athenaeum and florilegium of opus and ubiquitous gen,

A compendium of anachronistic and concomitant ditties,

A rostrum for speculations of peers from distant cities.

The greatest invention of informative age;

The occultic cuboid demolished all barriers of freightage.

The relay choices displayed on its glimmering countenance,

Affirmed camaraderies between comrades at far distance.

It clubbed yonder territories into a palmtop virtual space;

It led us to surf through orb of reverie and vast sapient expanse.

-Aadityaamlan Panda