

Reminiscences of Defunct Slumber

-Aadityaamlan Panda

I glanced at my clock at the dead of night;

My bulky tomes did lay by my side,

“Ten minutes past two”, it vividly displayed.

By that moment I was blasé and jaded.

As I receded to my bed,

Memories of bygone sleep, in my eyes unfurled.

Gone are those days when I napped intact,

By dousing lights, in a composed state.

These days we got latched with books;

By dreaming very big, beyond our hooks.

Dream soon got transformed into nightmare,

And robbed our peace without any care.

Yet each travail has saccharine end,

So never step back and be confident!

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## Altruistic Being

-Aadityaamlan Panda

Sitting on my couch in an engrossed state,

Comparing my past with my current date.

Lack of compassion made me despondent.

How egotistic have we become at present!

Softly someone pat me from behind;

I turned to find grandma by my side.

She acts as a sword; she acts as a shield,

Her umbrella-like advice protects me indeed.

She cooks like Vista and feeds like Hygieia,

She cares like Cybele but educates like Minerva.

She medicates me in my infirm state.

In my victory, she does exhilarate,

Supports me at my difficult state;

But never did she ask in return for that.

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## Pollyannaism of Okiagari-Koboshi

https://cdn.storymirror.com/static/1pximage.jpeg -Aadityaamlan Panda

 I was busy probing in my hoary caskets,

Seeking for an assortment of antique artefacts:

Meanwhile I discovered an egg like doll,

I picked it up and positioned it on the table.

Fortuitously, I tumbled it around.

But unaidedly it perked up from the ground.

The ancient papier mâché of Okiagari-koboshi

Taught me a lesson, that was quite sound.

The anxiety and apprehension of the pandemic situation,

Have aggrieved our existence with despair and desolation.

Intermittently life puts us into depression;

To recuperate or to give in is at our discretion.

But the apathetic toy preserves its stance,

To serve as an ideogram of optimism, hope and self-resilience.



## Chronicles of a Tree's Samaritanism

-Aadityaamlan Panda

O hefty comrade of vacillating hours,

Thou screen my siesta from the Phoebus' fire.

Who stands amidst the huddle like a stout woody tower,

Thine frolicking fronds dost caper in the air.

The canopy molded by thine compound bract;

Serves as a shed for greenery beneath,

Aids young herbs and plantlets to perpetuate,

Provides a hope of warmth to life underneath.

Thy paradisiacal dates thou droppeth from heights:

Abound my backyard and surround my sight.

Hiera huge amount can befit a man's appetite,

Hiera saccharine taste can feed his crave quiet.

O throne of phoenix from the Arabian Sands;

The emblem of adorable nature in our industrial days.