**Reminiscences of Defunct Slumber**

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!