**The Derby to Destiny**

-Aadityaamlan Panda

Intoxicated by the poppies of pride,

Thou harbour happ an heir to honour,

Ignoring instinct with avaricious abide.

Like light lures legions of delight

And flames fluttering at the brink of twilight,

Let darkness dodge in.

Garbed in the glory of a gallant gladiator,

The steadfast stallion steered a staggering stance,

Galloping into glamouring height of the heat,

Bestrode by the breeze of kismet;

Dismayed by the mare at dimmet.

Quarrying apart any quest to retreat,

But every munera is led by a maiden victor,

The rest vanquished, vanished.

The tape thither a trial of tapering mettle,

Hither the genesis of a novel battle;

A string of vicissitudes untethered hence.

Speculation astray is doomed to dome,

Strangled in the spirals of a Slytherin shekels,

The vitality of life cynically crushed among cider.

The grace of rose stays garrisoned by spicules;

Effortless embrace remains esteemed though,

Accolades so wrought may be unwrought so.