## LIKE AN ASTRONAUT

**-Arushi Chawla, BVCOE**



Life was a pleasure until I grew a year older,

It was a treasure I roamed for with fear yet I was bolder.

Now I have reached the top of the staircase where there is nothing to look for ahead,

I wish to climb down that wooden ladder, but sadly it has removed all its steps instead.

A year ago, I was so full of zest and joy,

Starting a new journey that would decide my career choice.

I had no depressing thoughts to ponder upon,

I was confident, cheerful and so damn satisfied.

Now it’s like my life's seed has gone into a dormant stage,

It is resting there in peace before I do the same.

I am shattered to the core,

Even the pieces refuse to stay,

I want to let go of them,

But ultimately they are not just junks of clay.

A year ago, I had dreams to fulfil,

I had emotions to share.

Now I tend to react like a manikin robot,

Programmed to drown a little deeper in despair.

I had family to understand me, parents to care.

I have ruined even that relation.

Now they are just acquaintances in a traumatic fare,

The respect we had for each other has snapped out in the dark,

We talk just to deceive ourselves with condolence of doubt that maybe still; we are a family though apart.

I used to have a sound mind,

To score decent marks in tests.

But now a year wiser brain,

Commits more mistakes than an inquisitive toddler.

I still have friends, who have got my back,

But I just don’t feel like turning around.

Can’t they just come join me?

And look me in the eye to assure me they care?

They don’t have time to even notice,

How painful my thoughts are becoming,

And they are not at all wrong at it,

As may be I expected too much glitter.

My best friends are still intact,

But torturing is the fact how my good friends are drifting apart.

I don’t want to be looked upon like a depressed spirit,

Who has no zeal to live any longer.

I am not going to let this happen to me,

A soulful dancer, who was the apple of her own eye.

I'll make things work,

Get my hold back on life,

No more humans would be able to evade my peace,

No more distractions to kill me inside.

I am collapsing, of that I’m very sure.

But a sole winner is not the one, who falls,

But the one who looks right back without blinking an eye.

At last my heart's sinking concern is my belief in God,

Is He really there?

If yes, why is he torturing me this far?

I know I had committed a bunch of mistakes in my previous year and so I regret,

But can’t He just forgive and forget those,

Considering each action to be a part of my adrenaline rush?

