

## **Theme - Nostalgia**

### **Sands Of Time**

The door opens to my humble abode,  
reminding me of the chawl,  
memories pinching the mind.  
The grime all too familiar now,  
furniture mired with dust,  
the scintillations reflecting the skeletons in my closet.

Can't help but leave a cursed place,  
so I pick up the once favourite tee turned rag,  
and the battle with dust begins.  
These meticulous motions cannot go wrong,  
as Ma worked too hard to get em right,  
Slowly but steadily, I wipe the memories away.

Dancing in this melancholic trance,  
Finding relief in the now glistening panes,  
Surreal bursts of closure seem so pleasing now.  
Someone can seldomly fathom,  
the tsunami of emotions a mundane chore can bring,  
when the past defines you more than your present.

Each corner of the room basking in lustrous glory,  
I heave a sigh of relief,  
the smile of content hiding my nostalgic aches.  
I resume writing the heavily worded letter,  
as Ma would be delighted to move out of the chawl,  
into a gift afforded by education and toil.

O how the Time works!

-Atharv Dwivedi