

(NOSTALGIA)

An Eternal Souvenir

There's a plant in the veranda of our house
Short and adorable, as we were, of course
raised hearing the yell of our naughty play
Where at night we & grandma used to stay

As the days surpassed like a bullet train, it grew taller and taller
With water of love we all poured , worthy than a thousand dollar
It stimulated ties firmly as fast as our age incremented ,
As its annual rings enlarged in diameter , we were much delighted

It bore soft-sweet fruits, gifted each of us until we had them to our stomach's full
I could hear those chit-chats ,short-sweet stories of Grandma when we're dull
Savoring of sweetness, gobbling sound, praising lord's lovely wonder...
the moon lit sky watched us from above as she knotted tales as a story binder

The tree had become the fourth in our group , it never wished to sleep
As if it wanted us to stay longer, embraced, till the late night's beep
Then it waves the cold breeze through its leaves bidding good night
And touches smoothly with love in response before we're out of its sight

As days rushed forward , so did we ,dragging and stretching our mighty bonds
Three of us blacked out on passing away of Grandma , the sky moans
The happy days left to be searched, lost in the depths of the criminal time
comfort sucked up by the breeze left us suffocating in the ditch , no trace of sunshine

Moon lit sky's no more bright enough, no more stares at our acts
The only hope is the tree, as we eat part by part of one of its gifted fruits,
The memories of her revert and so her blessings , showcasing us her reflection
The tree, being eternal , became the replica of her true love and affection

With its roots growing deeper and deeper into the ground,
spreading farther and stronger as the days pass on, clinging memories tightly bound
And its fruits returning us back sweet memories and fragrance of her
With the flux of an endless, pure love in the flowers of it we gather