Time blows like the wind,

The memory fades away,

Things which meant the world once,

Now mean the world and yet they don’t.

One day you choose to choose,

To live what was or live afresh.

Memories of gold, weigh on heavy

The choice, crystal clear, you can never take.

The past still lives, yet dead and gone,

You try to accept the present, the present.

Tremble as these words you pronounce,

Albeit harsh, begin to ring true.

Things which meant the world once,

Now don’t mean the world.

You wish to get a second chance,

And secretly wish you don’t.

The memory fades away,

Life grows again, you start anew.

Even though it left you alone,

It is just the memory that remains.

When the fog lifts, you see the truth,

The memory remains, but as your fuel.

A queer transition, drives you onward,

As you reach for the stars above.

-Saksham Sharma