

The beard has grown a bit more
Moustache too has actively taken it's part
The adipose has found its new home
From stomach to thigh
A journey of two years
Has thrown me ahead
In the linear dimension of time.

I was there on that brown wooden table
With a pen between my teeth
Biting nails and the epidermis
That neighbours them.
"Son, not again"
Said a female voice behind me
"Oh! Dear mother, I just had an idea
You made it slip away again"
Replied I.

A gap of six months found me on that table
Again a pen within the teeth
But no voice to stop me
There was the portrait hanging
Where she said earlier
"Son, not again"
Oh! I miss her so much.

Another one year later I was there
Once again on that damn table
Fed up with me
Fed up with life
Fed up with her.
A bunch of papers lied in front of me
They have never changed
Camouflaged with
A brown cover over the white surface.

Now I am there
Some things never change,
A damn book , that never I started
But within my mind
I have written a bunch of novel
With bunch of plots
And a million plot twists
I never penned them down.
Thus remained within my mind.

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