

To, all the roads

Shadow of water,
Sharpness of clothes,
Swing of the bangles,
Survive for the uncertainty,
In the nomenclature of the alphabets
Certain from the reference of yours.

Set from the seconds,
Starting from the clock,
Standing for hours on the road,
Stipulating your shadow.

As if, it would mould a gradient,
Slipping from the inclination,
Of me being the function,
Measuring the rate of change of yours,
With respect to,
That amount of load which leads me,
To the road of yours.

I am standing on the road,
Surfacing the suggestions,
To stop searching for you in every road.

The clouds have shed themselves for really long,
The trees have grown tall, spreading their roots deep overall.

Another summer has passed, winter is still waiting.

Have you forgotten the address to our roads?
Or is it just me waiting for you on all the wrong roads.

***Nupur** is a 19-year-old literature student in Delhi University. She writes about life, love and dilemmas of thoughts and emotions. She gives new dimensions to the already known facts in her writing. Blending her life with poetry keeps her going. She loves simplest things in her life, blue lays is one of them.*

~ *♦*❀*♦* ~

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