

The Stride (poem)



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*They walk as if they know the route
To mete and dole in this greater world
The will of immense expertise
That have been gained from routine stride.*

*Though taken back from the social cream
They find new shores of joy in scream
The end is far, not too much
Yet they went on, fragile beings.*

*“Come and feel my hand in thine
And row along for the fading life.
We both are here since long time dear,
Moving far and shorter distance near*

*We are at fag end now, my
Yet more to taste ere silent sighs.”
They knew well they are at brim
But showed a will to have more swim.*



*It's easy though to get married
But a sturdy task to move along.
Care and share among the pairs
Will soothe and vanish all world pain.*

*He may not have his age-old strength
But the gift inside is stronger still.
Determined he was for he kept her close,
With the aid of worn-out shaking hands.*

*The grey and dirty rags they wore
Speak of many a thorn in past.
The thread of chain around her neck
Is no more bondage. Ah! Divine boon.*

*In the spring of days, men used to cheer
At mate's own follies and pitfalls.
When time moves on, they find true love
Then 'deeds' of flesh will slow down calm.*

*It struck me down with arrowed cues
That made me bleed now and then.
True it is, love grew by age
When men face loss, love wins in race.*