

## **Lalitha Sridevi J.**

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### **Time-lock**

In our once bright old hallway  
A young soldier with a stick ticked all day.  
Racing and beating against time,  
He stood there, firm, with a musical chime.

Now, an empty room  
Only a painting of joy zoom  
Mysterious silence fleeting 'tick-tock'  
I now know, I no more own the clock.

Broken reveries would still fade  
Capturing moments in my crystal jade.  
A fond journey down the memory lane  
Until hit by the moonlit angels, I remain.

With every tick of the arm  
The time capsule brings in charm.  
Forgotten times, sharing stories  
They are never ending, echoing memories.

Suddenly, the timekeeper stopped and looked  
I fixed my gaze on the wall and stood.  
Two vivid streaks resolve,  
Signalling me to dissolve.

At the zero hour!

## **I still stand and stare...**

Why do I still stand and stare?  
In a world yearning for a timeless space  
Lost amidst the whispers of air,  
I seek the answers, in the Gen Z chase.

Lost in wonder, I breathe the fresh yellow rays,  
In the mellow light that clings...  
My heart finds its silent ways,  
To embrace the unknown, perhaps in the seeking gaze.

No wonder I am in awe of the form  
Infused with ingenuity and grace  
Embracing the handcrafted flowers of a skilled artisan  
that harmonized the leaves and trees in a cosmic ballet.

Entangled in war and wealth  
Pride and anger we cannot forsake  
We are, yet, full of care  
Happiness and Nature, we partake

Why do I still stand and stare?  
In wonder, in awe, in prayer...  
For in that silence, I am aware,  
of the beauty in simply being there.

Alas, in my prayer,  
Oh, traveller of my heart, you reside...  
For me to stand and stare.