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Old Age

When I looked at my face in the mirror
I stood amazed
I said to myself : It's not me
It seems to be my spectral glimpse
When I looked at my hair
I was shocked
Where has my beautiful, thick,
curly, black hair gone?
Who has stolen the aura on my face?
Who has plundered my white sparkling teeth
and replaced them by broken yellowish
molars and empty spaces?
Where have my bright eyes gone?
They can't read now without specs.
My muscles once robust and stout
Now slender and frail.
They say it happens to everybody
In old age, but then I don't feel
that I am old, because my memory is intact
I haven't stopped birthing new ideas and thoughts.
My emotions and feelings are
Are tamed by reason's hand.
Oh old age! I defy you
I challenge you to weaken me further
I will show you that I can defeat you
And once again I shall rejuvenate

rise and unfurl and once again

Youth's vigour hurl.