

Catch-22 Reprise

There was a time, ten years ago
When stars shined bright
On the terrace at night
Post dinner visits
Cherishable, I insist.
For the lack of words, let me call it
In a 'dream like' fashion.

It was rather hot.
My memory tells me that
And I was fat.
Or pudgy was it.
Or a sturdy bit.
We were 13-14 years old then
Worries were in limit and when
Now here we are again
All grown up, with patchy beards still
There could have been cigarettes, but no, we will
Refrain from that because
We're learning to live.

And it's gotten cold, this memory at night
And the temperature alike
I look at the sky
And walk down the stairs
Towards my room.
Is it still my room?
Is it still my happy memory?
Is it still the terrace I look forward to going to?

And we walk down the stairs
Merging into the silences of the sleeping masses
'Good night brother', I said
Tucking ourselves into the bed
Dark room of ours, suddenly bright
To the retinae of our eyes, we fight
Our urge to sleep
And stay wide awake.

~Ankur Singh, MA Final Semester