

REFLECTIONS

Before us,
We have a mirror hanging,
reflecting,
scenes and sights of the outside world.
describing,
the road winding down;
girls and boys roaming around;
and
a curly-haired little boy
riding on his bicycle hereabout.
Inside the Mirror,
the shadows of the world appear
making us feel
half-sick of the shadows reflected there;
and, Day and Night
We are weaving here
a magic web
Out of those scenes and sights there.
But one day-
Will outflow the web,
and
Will float wide,
The mirror will crack down
From side to side.
The resultant will be
However
More absurd;
More threatening;
and
more frightening.
Because what we will witness

Is only Nothingness
Of reality.
Of Reality
Which is as absurd as Reflections
and we will find ourselves forever caught
In this web
Day and night
Weaving and
Repeating
What we did only yesterday!
Only Death-
The physical dissolution
Will give you some existence;
Else
Everything else
Is just a part of
REFLECTIONS!!

- Nancy Gupta
MA(PREVIOUS)