

Wanderers

On this merry-go-round

we revolve

we spoiled children,

Ashamed of our half-forgotten

Nursery rhymes,

Harking at times

for a faint tone,

A note

That stirs something

Deep within.

Our little toys are broken.

When the day falls asleep

among the saddening shadows,

We wander

for a smile,

a hearth,

a lullaby,

Far into the deepening night

Among blinking neon lights

- M.S Gopinathan

