

Poem: Lost Treasures

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Where are the days
when the warm sun rays

enveloped the wings of a pretty butterfly?

The blooms, the blossoms, and buds await in hope,
But with the filth of pollution, the butterflies find it hard to
cope.

Where, oh where are the days when a dainty sparrow
twittered on the windowsill to share your sorrow?

Today, the sparrows are amiss.
Sadly, they may perish tomorrow.

Where are the days when, in pure, unpolluted air,
the morning glories bloomed without having to brace themselves to bear

The diffusion of pollution?
Is there a solution?

No answers to this question.

Where are the days when lush Gul Mohar bloomed regally,
nature's crimson rubies, glowing naturally

Did not have to make way
for pollution astray?

Letting these simple, but significant treasures, give space to dust and grime
would be a sin, or call it a crime.

It is not too late
to replenish Nature's fate

There is still time,
There is still time.
