

## Some Lover to Some Beloved!

Down the memory lanes, on which  
you've strolled since ages past  
They will end if you walk farther a step or two  
Where exits the turn towards the wilderness of forgetfulness  
beyond which, there isn't any Me, nor any You  
My eyes hold their breath, for any moment you  
may turn back, move ahead, or at least turn to look back

Although my sight knows that the wish is just a farce  
For if ever it were to run across your eyes again  
right there will spring forth another pathway  
Like always, where ever we run into, there will begin  
another journey of your lock's shadow, your embrace's tremor

The other wish is also in error, for my heart knows  
There is no turn here, no wilderness, no mountain-range  
beyond whose horizon, my perpetual sun-of-your-Love can set  
May you continue walking these pathways, its better this way  
If you don't even turn to look back, it is okay