

WHAT DAYS WERE THOSE?

ATUL ANURAG

Oh, what days were those,
When every moment was lived to its fullest,
With no bitterness in our relations,
And no worries to make us crestfallen.

Oh, what days were those,
When tears had no reason to fall,
And laughter flowed without any cause,
When we dwelled in our dreams, unaware of the reality,
And our dreams were our reality.

Oh, What days were those,
When we didn't bother about games to play,
And our boats sailed freely in the rivers,
When we were clueless of the path to take,
And every road was ours to make.

Oh, what days were those,
When walls didn't exist between people,
And strangers became our dear ones,
When we met each other, for no reason at all,
And no one was a stranger.

Oh, What days were those,
When there was no urge to live,
No desire to acquire anything,
No grief of losing anything,
And the mere passage of time gave us contentment.

Oh, what days were those
When time wasn't a constant worry,
And every moment was cherished,
When we chased butterflies with childlike joy, And took dips in rivers, carefree and
buoyant.

Oh, what days were those,
When the world was our playground,
And we frolicked with abandon,
With no thought of tomorrow,
Living in the present moment, unburdened by sorrow.

Oh, what days were those
When the world was a vast expanse,
And we explored it fearlessly,
With no fear of getting lost,
For every path was a new adventure, waiting to be crossed.

Oh, what days were those
When life was simple and unadorned,
And contentment came from within,
When we didn't need to seek happiness,
For it was already present, in the small moments of bliss.

Oh, what days were those
What were those days, indeed,
When life was a tapestry of wonder,
And every thread was a new discovery.

Oh, what days were those,
What days were those, indeed.