

Changes are something, which are inevitable. It is not only the seasons, even you and me also do change, not once but many times.

Life brings certain changes to us. Some we purposely take.

As a cradle, chair and coffin are made from the same tree, we also take different roles in this life.

Seasons change...even you & I do

Not for anything else
but just had this thought
that what came before my eyes today
let it spread on this white sheet.

I saw green leaves on the tree
and them shaded in yellow, lying on the floor
there in the dustbin has it turned brown also
Finally into grey, the colour of their burned ashes.

When given heed to the tree in the midst
I felt it was sympathizing,
for all those colour changes which i bore,
and all the ones which i am ought to bear.

In silence it promulgates,
inevitable the changes are.
Not once but many times

seasons change, even you & I do change.

Have seen it many times

but hasn't stroked me though

than a thing of beauty I could see,

an art of my life in that stillness now.

I saw it as a cradle once,

now as a chair sitting on,

once and forever I'll see again

as I lie, a coffin then.

Through it I saw

all milestones in my evolution.

Not once but many times seasons change,

and so do I and you in this lifetime.

li.ge.ma