



04

VINTAGE

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The city was running in a hurry chasing numerous dreams  
Leaving behind the scenes of fears in between the haunted buildings .  
Softly smiled the lady in her vintage attire.  
The clouds merrily sways with her open coiffure.  
She is holding grace with charm of a shappire,  
Who knows what is fading away,  
one by one cars passing through full in gay.  
The trees standing over there more than few decades,  
Witnessed so many changes.  
There's a soft hidden pain in those merry lanes,  
Will KK Sing againg?  
Ondrila passed away and silence thronged as if some rain.  
Then the rain stopped, the windows were opened.  
They came and the smoke coming out of kettle  
Drenched in the droplets creative minds penned  
Of the daily ordeals, of those paintings no one cared to buy  
Priceless stories, auctioned and the owners die.



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