

Dreams Unlimited

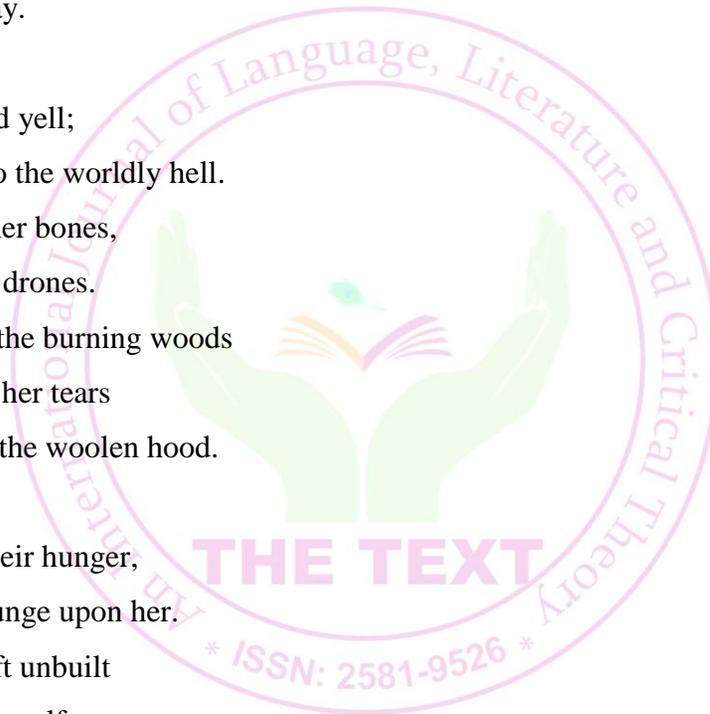
- **PreetiKanawjia**

Sat mum the tired mom,
Kids setting up ruckus
Avenging her solace.
The man is away
Appears less often
To witness them play.

Passersby shriek and yell;
Bringing her back to the worldly hell.
Icy breeze quivers her bones,
Buzz by; the frenzy drones.
She creeps close to the burning woods
Smoky fire igniting her tears
No protection from the woolen hood.

Dusk brings back their hunger,
Empty stomachs plunge upon her.
Oh! The castle is left unbuilt
Dragging the clumsy self,
The dreamer is set to work
Not upon the castle but for supper.

Determination is growing strong
To lay the bricks briskly
When silence will lay
The eyes wouldn't stop dreaming
Be it night or day.



‘Professional class; a useless affair of I and U’

(Medical satire on a mass class bunk)

- **PreetiKanawjia**

To U; an overconfident medical youth,

Yes, this is true,

When U were out for a picnic,

I too was at the zoo!

U were but a waste of my time,

Now when U’re gone,

I feel unloaded and divine.

Yes, this is true,

Classes! We both disliked,

But just tell me,

Who on Earth has an easy life!

But still I admit,

U were a waste of my time.

Coz when U’re gone,

My days did dazzle and shine.

Oh! Now U are back again,

I’ll be put to all labour and strain.

My enjoyable idleness is set to gloom,

U’ll kill all my good moments till noon.

Hail ho! U the worthiest youth,

No more a fool,

Thy parents with hidden treasures and hunched backs,

Carrying U to every school.

Let them keep paying your penalties,
Till their tired bodies cool,
Not in cozy beds they lay but in harshest graves,
Their sunken eyes staring at U,
When U'll pull the mud with spades.

Oh! Wonderful doctor U would be called,
But a truth will always enthrall,
When a dying patient will arrive,
Will beg U, "Sir", with all his might,
"Save me Godly, I do not want to die"
Your heart will surely fill with pain,
But by no interventions U will gain,
Your lost confidence and self esteem,
If he dies within your realm.

"Oh! What a fool am I, why would I be disturbed if someone cries",
If U really are thinking so,
Then throw all your money in this lake,
Buy a degree without a headache!
But remember dear, to always remain mum,
Coz' whenever U'll speak a wrong,
Will expose your lowest of low wisdom.
Keep at hand your greetings Doc,
To flatter teachers, never to pay respect
But to buy grades and make your life rock.
Yes, these five years of your Exile,
Bear a mask perfect.
Of undying obligation for your teachers,
Without an adverse dialect.

But **U** who fool around do not really know,
Who is fooling whom?
U will never come to know!

UNTIL IT IS TOO LATE.....

From I; a duty bound teacher

