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No, I'm not a Poet

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No, I'm not a poet.
My language turns poetic
when I write of *Kashi*.

Prose fails when emotions mingle
with thoughts; with thoughts
emotions, burst open
floodgates of mind-reservoir.

Ideas take shape to
flow on pages.
Make pools of lines
that sometimes reflect
ideas in shape.

I know it's madness
to live in past: times
and places.
I know I'm mad.

I live at only one time
in past that happens
only at one place.

Into the present it oozes
dissolves the sense
of present places and times.

Day dream I would,
had I the courage to follow
my heart in dreams of day.

There was a time
when I, the king
roamed, wandered, strolled
through ghats and lanes and streets

There was a time
when I, the king

sat planning tomorrows
rewriting yesterdays.

And then,
it happened: change.
Things were never the same again.