

About Us: <u>http://www.the-criterion.com/about/</u>

Archive: http://www.the-criterion.com/archive/

Contact Us: <a href="http://www.the-criterion.com/contact/">http://www.the-criterion.com/contact/</a>

Editorial Board: http://www.the-criterion.com/editorial-board/

Submission: <u>http://www.the-criterion.com/submission/</u>

FAQ: <u>http://www.the-criterion.com/fa/</u>



ISSN 2278-9529 Galaxy: International Multidisciplinary Research Journal www.galaxyimrj.com

## The Blessing in Disguise

Nandini Gupta Haryana India

Am I an enfeebled man or a breezy child A shriveled senile or the wind so wild The words which now allude were then well tamed Is the really, the sooth or just a fanciful lame!

These hair of mine which now has turned grey How much they have helped to forgive and pray These wrinkled hands, which now flutter in cold Had then expunged the existence of great mountains in hold

The beauty of spring which brimmed me with vanity Those resplendent years of illusion sucked my humble sanity But this season of autumn has been a darling companion Flowing the gust of peace and serenity as of a divine stallion

Those kith and kin whose horrendous faces haunts me in dark Has taught me the mortals glibness as of a restless lark That lustrous visage once which made every eye dazzle Now with its withering touch makes them frazzle

Ah! How strenuous has been this race of life, Not a drop of frill but roads flowered with knife But these years of battle has made me a man of gold In encircling vices, the key of great virtues now i hold