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The Missing Road

K.S.Subramanian India.

Every morn is deceptively prim Until I stroll out to inhale a morsel of tainted air; And am transported to days when it had a caressing fragrance. I would roll a tyre with a stick on the road, a pet pastime of my mates, down a kilometer through honeycombed, sparse bungalows without a care or looking over; And am now darting eyes on either side to cross a wide road, nerves in a jingle to the hoot of wild cars, autos and bikes. Be it the highway or labyrinth of lanes eyes now swarm over a bevy of match box homes where minds are in a huddle; I never look in, know what they are. I fly back to the evenings when I and my cousin would amble across a quiet street rambling with rare noise of scooting buses. Years later it had disappeared!