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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!