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I Heard it's Earth Day

Dr. Atiya Noor
Assistant Professor,
Govt. M.A.M College,
Jammu.

I heard it's Earth Day,
22-4-2020
Mark the date,
remember the time.
The clocks ticking,
the days passing by on a lazy horizon.

I sketched and then wondered at the
creepy mouse.
The mouse these days can take you
everywhere;
on a virtual tour of a digitised world.

I look at my pen
at the broken pencil,
the crayons strewn like
forgotten tools of yore,
historical times.

Poor pens, pencils and crayons,
you will soon become ancient history,
in museums to be looked at with wonder.
I have heard the paintings today are happy in a
digital virtual world.
May be the times have changed.

Millennials, these new cool words
if I search them in my old lexicon,
I doubt these will be there.
I write in a language which updates,
changes every year.
I wonder at my redundancy,
every year happened when
I was a young girl.
A mother of two, this change happens
now every millisecond in the global world.

My dabble in the nineteenth century
that also English,
I fear now I may really be a Dodo.
My English teacher was very fond of this word.
Today I may change but I remember yesterday.
Welcome to the real world of virtual reality.

Virtually speaking, I never knew for a long time
what this phrase meant.

I fear now to know what it means.

The human acumen,
the thinking mind
algorithms replacing something,
my poor vocabulary has no name.

Watch carefully, poor reader,
the libraries barren like old fossils.
The gen. next holds the future
born in a perfect virtual world.

Pandemonium, pandemic
the gong of time has struck.
It's now or never,
if this is a threshold of time.
The wheels of the world stopped for
awhile, the world in a chaotic order.

I remember a long forgotten word from
my childhood journals,
gibberish coming true
Farrago Farrago !!