

AN ODE TO CHILDHOOD

Ankur Gupta

Mom! Don't you push
Don't you scold,
I am a child, don't make me old.
Neither Archimedes
Nor Pythagoras,
What I want is some paint and a brush
That I can use
To paint my childhood.
My eyes brighter than dreamy red
White for my wings
With which I will fly
Paint my desires the colour of the sky.
Let me not be shallow
Make me deep.
My thoughts deeper than the deep green sea.
And, Mom! What's the colour of music?
For that's how I want my voice to be.
What is the colour of your voice when you scold?
And what will be your colour when you grow old?
These are the colours that I really don't like.
And I hate the colour blue,
For that's the colour you beat me into.



Mom, why do they teach about war and hunger

Poverty and pride?

These are not the colours I want in my life!

Mom, don't you hurry,

Give me some time.

Let the colours mix,

And let them dry,

For then you will see a new me

In a bright new light.