Metamorphosis

Your smile is alluring
With shades of sadness lurking beneath it
Adicted to work ceaselessly
At the cost of breaking bones and fatigued muscles,
You cannot help working for others.
And still you will laugh
A laugh that pierces our heart
Why don’t you shout at others?
Why don’t you frown at others?
Living for others is your dictum.
How it is possible to be so selfless
Why don’t you live as you like?
By enjoying music or
by going for sightseeing;
By chatting with your friends
And reading your favourites.
Or did you forget your likes?
As you forgot your dreams, long ago!
And what in this world
Still inspires you to be alive?
Is it your partner’s thunderous scolding?
Or your children’s complaining voice
The thought of being like you
Made me engrossed with fear
A life with no dreams, likes, books, aspirations
And above all my silly follies and vices;
How, how is it possible?
Still smile is not alien to you
What name suits you; I don’t know,
Because naming will be a formality
I know one thing, devoid of you
We are nil; still we go on
Inflicting pains upon you.
Finally when you cease to exist
We also won’t be the same,
We gradually assume your role
And our children do the same to us
And the endless cycle go on turning!