

ART FOR SCIENCE

River Gomti: A walk down the memory lane

Pradeep Tandon



Down the memory lane, I recall my childhood days;

Playing blissfully on its bank in many ways.

Making paper boats with playmates from the paper ream;

Pushing them with hands to the mainstream

Gladdened or saddened, if they float or drown;
Their fate face revealed with a glee or frown.

Making dwellings on the bank with its wet sand;
To trampling feet will they withstand?

Scampering on its blistering sand;
To plunge in water hand in hand.

Up in air we leapt so high;
Down in water, we went by.

Splashing water and revelling abound;
No track of time while swimming around.

Plunging from temple dome so high;
Scared birds, flew fluttering by.

Rising Sun as grew in size;
Spreading redness far and wide.

Trilling, river birds, flying close below;
Babbling water made cascading flow.

Rustling leaves when gale fast blow;
Dancing branches bring ambience to a swooning glow.
Hordes of sea-gulls flying low against the rising sun;

Chirping, twittering fearing none.

Tinkling temple bells so soothing to ear;
We swam to the temple steps with no fear.

Hawkers with earthen toys and other ware;
Spread on tarpaulin in religious fair.

Haggling with ladies for their fair price;
Deal not clinching was not a big surprise.

Ominous dark clouds float past the Moon;
Oarsmen moor their boats no soon.

Leaf-lamps float and flicker no dearth;
Starry heavens come down on Earth.

Alas! Its pristine glory has walked the Sunset;
Yet sons of soil get not upset.

They made the sparkling river look like drain;
Sons of soil yet take no pain.

Denizens with dead conscience and for their selfish needs;
Dried many waterbodies with their misdeeds.

Wake up Oh! Sons of soil and pay some heed;
Time has come to rise indeed.

(Pradeep Tandon is a retired banker from Lucknow. Having travelled far and wide in India and abroad, he aims to craft his experiences into poetry and stories and share them with the people).

