

I DO NOT INTEND TO WRITE A POEM.

IN THIS POEM, NARRATOR IS OFF TO THE OFFICE, AFTER HAVING A MEAL, EITHER GOING BY BUS OR ON FOOT. HE EXPERIENCED A FRESH PAIN IN HIS RIGHT ANKLE BECAUSE OF THE WOUND THAT WAS HEALED LONG TIME BACK. THE WATCH THAT HE WAS WEARING WAS GIVEN TO HIM AT HIS WEDDING, BUT NOW IT NEEDS REPAIR. ON THE WAY, HE CAN SEE SOME BUFFALOES WHICH HE TERMED AS THE PRIDE OF HIS TOWN. HE ALSO OBSERVES SOME SCHOOL CHILDREN GOING TO THEIR SCHOOL CARRYING THEIR BAGS WHICH ARE FILLED WITH BOOKS.

THEN, HE TALKS ABOUT THE ROUTINE OF OFFICE'S PROCEDURES WHICH CONSIST OF MONOTONOUS ROUTINES LIKE REPLIES TO LETTERS, THE CONTINUOUS NOISE OF THE TYPEWRITERS ETC.

AND THEN, THERE COMES THE TIME OF EVENING WHERE THE NARRATOR OBSERVES CERTAIN OTHER THINGS. THE COWS ARE RETURNING TO THEIR HOUSES, BIRDS FLYING THE SKY FLOATING WITH UNFORGETTABLE MEMORIES. EVERYONE IS PLAYING CRICKET ON THE GROUND. AND THEN, WHEN NARRATOR REACHES HIS HOME, HE ASKED HIMSELF THAT WHAT HAS HE ACHIEVED DURING HIS WHOLE DAY? HAS HE DONE ANY ACT OF HEROISM? HE REALISED THAT EVERYTHING GOES ROUND AND ROUND IN CIRCLES. TODAY, WE FIND ANSWERS FOR TOMORROW AND THIS GOES ON EVERYDAY. EVERYTHING IN LIFE BECOMES MONOTONOUS LIKE A BLANK VERSE TREADING SOFTLY IN THE FREESOM OF FREE VERSE.