

The Frozen Verdure

Some people cross our paths for a fleeting moment but leave a mark forever. Ranjit writes in memory of one such person, Shashank, a BITSian who is no longer amongst us...



Ranjit Kumar M, 2002B2A4632

8:00 a.m. in the early hours,
As we knocked on door 265 of Gandhi
Bhavan,
Tears shed out of our eyes for we no sooner
realized,
Death, the cruel monster had taken him
away,
Shadowing a part of happiness from our
lives,
Leaving us with memories all alone till day...

Days and weeks elapsed to get into tune
with,
Death, for we had to then strongly believe,
A vigorous turbulence where the loving
warmth replaced by stale
coldness,
A tidal surge where the
sweetness of grace
replaced by acute
bitterness,
And the dark nightmare
replacing the gentle
refulgent light.

Great were those rare
days,
Where our affiliation
ameliorated as deep as
the ocean,
Cuddled in a salubrious
gaiety
And coalescing in an ecstasy of felicitous
sanity.

There is always an enlivening Spirit
And a placid credence of life wherever he
was,
For he possessed that splendid charm.
Deeming of the infinite frolic we had at the
playtime,
And during our night-study, mesmerize us
till day.

We feel proud to gladly call him a great
friend,
Who was very dear, true, kind, lending a
helping hand
In support, doing that extra something,

Which wins the
hearts of others
And whose
absence yet
intensifies with
warmth
Felt in the heart
even while we are
miles apart.

Though parted
from us, he shall
Always remain in
these hearts
forever
As rich as the

dawn, for he has sown
A share of mirth and memories within!

