

In the morning of 31 July this year (2016) when the gloomy news as usual started pouring in, I felt like taking a journey back the memory lane to the late 1940s and the early 1950s; and this is what I found. I share it now with you all ---whether you were then around with me or came soon or long after.

When we were young

That was when
peace was dawning on earth
Dark, cloudy sky turning sunlit and bright
And out of the ashes of the war,
leaving behind the killings, ruthless ruins
The Brave New World, full of hope and promise,
was waiting, fretting, eager to be born.

Or so we thought,
And we were young.

Madly we longed, keen to crave
to become the vanguard and usher the New World in--
No matter the burden, or if the hardship heavy:
The dream of the foolishly wonderful days
of long-left youth, free of doubts or fears.

The vibrant, enchanting, hopeful years
enthraling the late 1940s
and the years soon to follow.
We lived through them and breathed the air,
never failed to feel the thrill and share.

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Sadly, though, in the thickness of the night
the new dawn lost its way, failed to throw its light:
the dream dashed, never came true.

The world, new and brave, was hijacked and dead
before being born
I breathed the dust of its death, debris all around me,
thrown back into a world,
old and tired, tattered and torn.

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But I dream again
the dream never dies
It is the one that gives me the courage
to endure the sufferings I suffer;
and powers me to move on and on and on....
in a world old, tired and torn.

So why be afraid to dream,
knowing now well, as you surely do,
it'll never, ever come fully true?
