

Trip or Trap - Sukanya Dutta

Is it a trip to the living of the dead
Or is it a trap of the memory instead
Tried to make out the trick of the track
But failed to reach the top of the rack.

Wandering mind sat back and cried
For nothing it just ran around and pried
Over the days and the moments that are gone
Let's accept that this 'me' is nothing but a pawn.