Waiting for an Interview

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men and boys may relate ;)

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Waiting for an Interview

I was fully decked up, neatly combed my hair,

I was looking a witty nerd, with all my docs glow fair.

I was bit tensed inside, my heart leaped every beat,

I was memorising some tips, how to treat the greet.

Before me were ten more, sitting straight like saints,

All were looking so tensed up, tightening collars and dents.

Butterflies flied inside, my heart went folded small,

I felt like weak and childish, despite so strong and tall.

The clock looked like a spider, trying to cob my brain,

The silence appeared more sound, boredom full of pain.

I could become a writer, could write and read whole life,

But my dad financed for his dreams, and the desires of his wife.

They wanted me to be an â idiotâ , so put me in some exams,

Then let me go to college, so that an Engineer I become.

And I got the pass-marks, titled too with B.Tech,

My â passionâ scolds me daily, as â sheâ knows itâ s full fake!

To let â herâ know I love her, I steal my time from bedtime,

If dad somehow would come to know, would surely acknowledge it a â crimeâ !

He must enjoy his retirement, and repose and relax a settled life,

This is the time he can do anything, apart from poking me, planning rife.

Suddenly entered another nerd, in haste and pushed the door in,

A thick specs, oiled hair, and white shirt matched perfect with his broad grin.

He threw and hooked a narrow look, as if I came from direct jail,

He acted so confident that he would make it and weâ d fail.

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I felt so boring with those craps; I donâ t know what I was waiting for!

I wanted to cheer up for an F1 race, and run off from this torture.

I wished to see a sports match, rather than sitting there,

I wished to hang out with friends, but who would at all care?

I still cared the beauty, cross-legged on her chair,

I couldnâ t take my eyes off her and her bouncy hair.

I dreamt of dancing at party, holding her thin slim waist,

She looked a gorgeous beauty, adorably superbly dressed.

Why I didnâ t know was waiting, for this bloody damn interview call!

Instead I could date the woman, in front of Niagara Falls.

She called each name of candidate, directed to move to hall,

I desired to take her for dinner, and hating these happening all.

Suddenly my name was triggered, her rosy lips infused,

I stood up firm and numb too, tensions overdue.

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