The Strangers

By : Shadows of Memories

Time and lost can make a relationship look like another Stranger

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The Strangers

Long after seventeen years, we met amidst the same old crowd,

The same insane madness of people running after the whistle and the green flag,

All of whom were in the same haste to come back to their homes,

And the same old place and time;

Just that we two were changed.

The date was different...

And so was the moment.

I remember your adventure to explore the tunnels and depth,

That you dug my heart and soul too,

We would have to depart someday,

We never knew.

You looked like the same young chap,

Whom I left alone at this same place,

With the brown greyish hat,

You had the same keen eyes,

And the same teasing slice of smile on your lips.

You havenâ t let go your dream unmet, I can see.

Youâ re honoured with the grey streaks on your hair,

By the grace of your age,

You looked handsome to attract any female brain.

My heart, she refrains.

My heart, she leaped and hunted since then,

To find you out as in memories again,

I failed; I fell into routine, life and dilemma.

I wanted to run and slip into your arms,

I wanted to be kissed and kiss you once.

But we left it back together since then,

The magic, the moment, the time, the souls...

They left us alone.

We met like â strangersâ after seventeen years again,

Amidst the same crowd, mad and insane.

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