

## My Perspective

-RITIKA MOHAPATRA, XII-I

In the hot mornings of March I wake up,  
I feel so gloom and blue.  
I stay of my bed and stare at the wall,  
As the time slowly becomes noon.

I get out of bed with a dejected sigh,  
I struggle to open my door.  
I look at my dog who's wagging his tail,  
He wishes to see me more.

I look at him with nothing but love,  
as he tries to lighten my mood.  
But alas! he too fails at this impossible task,  
though he knows me well and true.

I look around for comfort,  
For memories that might make me feel good.  
But all I see are buildings and furniture, thrown together; I find them so crude.

They might have beauty of their own,  
But I fail to see it clear and well.  
Maybe its because in everything around me,  
I only see myself.