

## Days of Yore by Pinaki Dewan

The yew by the cold lake,  
Yielding patches of snow.  
The yucca wide awake,  
With white flowers' faint glow.  
Bamboos upright with pride,  
Naked to the very core;  
Never wept, never cried,  
Raking up days of yore.  
The clouds, white and fluffy,  
Souvenirs of the past,  
Tingling my old memory,  
That drowned in a sea vast.  
Tears fall hence – final stage,  
An age to flee the cage!

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