
ON QUARANTINE

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M.A- I

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This pandemic has the whole world in trepidation,
Suddenly, there is halt in the progress of every operation.
With the political commotion and
Lacuna in quotidian pattern,
Unwillingly, I find myself thrown into isolation.

"On quarantine" becomes the new fashion,
And being an optimist, I turned my home into a spot of vacation.
Counted my days of hibernation,
I planned a list of little expeditions.
Without dawdling, I reignited with my passion,
Lost sight of world, engulfed in my inner emotions.
A bundle of white leafs and a pen,
Inked out each of my dotty impulsion.
Finding the riven paints in my almirah's hidden section,
Steadily, I unleashed the artist that was within.
Shuffled Shakespeare, Eliot, and Byron,
Finding idols in Bronte, Austen, and Dickinson.

Played my favourite list of songs with repeat on,
I turned my room into a disco station.
Danced and danced till I ran out of oxygen,
After so long, I finally inhaled the breath of liberation.
To be in the pink was the mission,
So I shook hands with cardio and nutrition.
Took these unexpected holidays as boon
I decided to profligate my bond with blood relations.
Chapati on tawa, cake in the oven,
Mom and I become the in-charge of the kitchen.
Jokes, Laughter, and communion,
Dad and I become the stars of our family union.
Chess, ludo, cards, and badminton,
My brother and I become the players of heads-on competition.
To see grandma laughing on our silly confrontations,
My heart burst out in gratification.
Choose to celebrate everyday like an occasion,
I realized my home is my heaven.