

Fare Thee Well

Though it's time to say 'goodbye'
We have left footprints in the sands of time,
down the corridor of a misty lane.
Ringing with forgotten laughter or a joke unsaid,
the bond with friends that are forged in gold,
the classrooms, the fields, the trees so old.
The footfalls echo of a time so young,
the innocent joys and moments unsung.
Those years frozen in time
sing to the tune of an eternal chime.
That speaks of love and childhood days,
you'll remember down life's meandering ways.

Sagnik Mitra
IMTH-1