

The Cost of Growing Up

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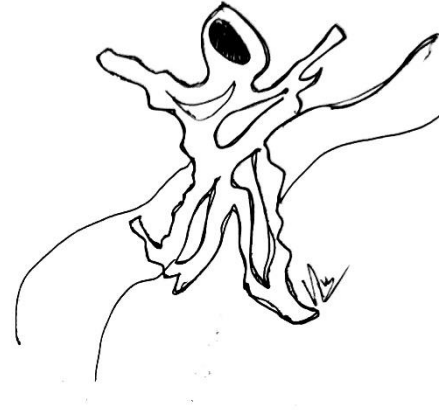
The days have passed like whispers in the sky,
Childhood vacations bloom in memory's light,
With swings and games that filled our days with delight,
We lived so free, beneath a careless sky.

Hide and seek and cricket in the sun,
Barefoot laughter, running without end,
Each simple joy became our truest friend,
A life of play, where worries weighed as none.

Our bodies glowed with sweat and youthful fire,
Our spirits danced, so open, calm, and free,
No chains of stress, just pure simplicity,
Each moment lit with innocent desire.

But time moved on, and we began to chase,
The race for wealth, the future yet unseen,
We left behind the fields so fresh and green,
And lost ourselves in life's unending race.

The walks grew rare, the laughter slowly died,



The weight of work replaced the joy of play,
The mind grew tired, the body lost its sway,
And silent stress crept softly deep inside.

Now years have passed, the body stiff and worn,
Reluctant limbs refuse the games once dear,
The heart recalls those carefree days so clear,
And mourns the loss of joys no longer born.

Too late we learn what once we failed to see,
That life was meant for living in the now,
For nurturing the soul, the mind, somehow,
And keeping both the heart and body free.

So let us pause before the years all fade,
Reclaim the joy that once was ours to keep,
Awake the child within from silent sleep,
And live each day unburdened and unafraid.