

## THE GRAY THE BLUE AND THE HAT

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Life as I know has ceased to be  
Gray and cold at every touch of the passing hour.  
Solace of yore loosening its grip with me  
Faces anew, obscuring the bind's tower.  
Laugh and smile we may in the hour's glee  
But in the stillness of night, silence beckons dour.

Amid the shape of ache and astray  
Looms the nervous zeal of new.  
With time, alive more in the day  
And an eye towards tomorrow's view.  
Thus, dwell no longer I in yesterday's stray  
Bright and serene as the summer's blue.

In the arch of blue from gray  
Off the bivouac of solace to voyage on the open sea.  
Wisdom of the hat, guiding my way  
Dwell forever to succour me.  
To learn and come triumphant, come what may  
When life as I know ceased to be.

- *Prajwal J*