Gloom on gsvr

Nature serves well

but why we turn cruel?

push old people to venture outside

spend the lonely life on bench so wide

cool breeze remind

and gentle wind

that helped to build family

with blessing from an almighty

it was welcome home

with children playing out and come

i used to watch them with happiness

the smile was to rush always on face

now birds have got strong wings

they have everything to sing

the branches provide all comforts

but we have lost resorts

nothing has changed

only i have aged

the bench reminds me of only place

where i come and sit with gloomy face