

ERE IT'S NEVER MORE

*Come, Let's go, shall we?
My dear friend
To the playground
To play some real game
Ere it's never more.
Hockey or Football
Cricket or Basketball
Come out that hell of a wall*

*Shut down your peecee
Switch of your teevee
Throw away your walky
You have grown too lame
Indeed, to play some real game.
Ere it's never more.*

*Or shall we do some sport
Running, jogging, racing.
Jumping and gamboling
Like lively little animals
Or go to a pond fishing
Ere they are never more.*

*Or come out, to the garden
You and I, shall we go together
Never mind, you aren't lone
Start out from your doomed den.
Let's join the playing children.
Heavenly garden replete with children
Shall we, go watch them play
Garden of bright little flowers
Garden and children
Children and garden
Like garden of Eden
Ere they are never more.*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Dr. [Prof.] C. Muralidhara Kannan has been teaching English Language and Literature for 25 years at the collegiate level. He has been an academician, administrator and a creative writer. He writes poems in English. Formerly been the Professor and Head of the Department of English at SNR Sons College [Autonomous], Coimbatore, and at present, he is teaching in the Post-Graduate and Research Department of English, Govt. Arts College, Coimbatore, India. He is the recipient of Shri P K Das Memorial Best Faculty Award for the year 2012. He is interested in American, African-American and Indian Literature, Literary Theory, Criticism, Translation etc.