Twitter Thread by Devamritasya Putra - ■■■■■■■■■■■ ■■■■■■■■ ■■

Devamritasya Putra - ■■■■■■■■■■■ ■■■■■■■■ ■■
@whiffofreshair

Scribbled few lines on a day tinged with sadness...

I grew up in interesting times.
Days of Kishoreda. And Lata tai.
Romance flowed in melodies.
Lyrics filled empty spaces.
Life seemed a karaoke in loop. 1/n

Pensive? Down? Heart-broken?
There's a melody to soothe every heart.
Elated? Exuberant? Ecstatic?
Enough numbers to croon or blurt.
…
Rebel? Devout? Or Docile?
A melody's there each time.
Patriot or nationalist?
Lilting numbers came to roost
Surreptiously as in a heist. 2/n

No heady remix.
Or electronic notes.
Just stalwarts breathing life
Into songs as if their own children.
…
Life wasn't a beat missed.
Or a cadence shorn.
Simply mellifluous and melting,
On a trip down nostalgia
To days long passed. 3/n

In those interesting times I lived.
Days of Kishoreda. And Lata tai.

…
Now wafting in the wind.
Like some fragrance long lost.
Only melancholy and goodbye… 4/4

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