



When I was on the mountains

Near the lofty peak of the highest mount

I stood, confused, on the emotional count

My life of own rules took me high

But my commitments always make me sigh

My heart tends to rush forward

My brain tempts to drag backward.

‘What do I do now?’, my heart beated faster

Shall I climb the remaining cluster

Ignoring all the well wishing calls

Or shall I return to my fellow calls

Ignoring my heart's pained cries

and it's the moment my dreams dies.

‘Come back, that's a mere peak.

It's not stable and happiness weak’

They cried from below, ‘Look at there,

plain-plateau crowded, where

all of them enjoying boundless wealth

your rocky-rough slopes never considers health



At last I decided, with courage almost
to head forward as the choice of Frost
to take that less travelled road,
to follow my heart, to enjoy broad.

When I was on the mountain's height
I saw my world in a different sight

That was the judgement day of mine
and when I was on the mountain

I found my life more happier than ever
Follow your heart and to others never
Your choices for others may seems bitter
but they always makes you victor.