

## Yellow Roses

I sit in the garden.  
Yellow Roses surround me.  
They bloom and smile.

I don't need water.  
I don't need light.  
I bloom without them.  
These Yellow Roses hold me up,  
Give me the water,  
And project the light.

But who knows if they will always be in my garden.  
I see some, getting picked out.  
I can't move. I can't try.  
Maybe they will bloom more in some other garden.  
Maybe not.  
Maybe my garden will be empty without them.

I can only live in the moment.  
So every moment with those Roses is precious.  
I hope nobody else gets picked out.  
And if they do, I hope they get put back.  
Because I don't know how I would bloom if they are picked out.  
I hope God has a plan!

## These People In The Car

I've taken a ride.  
I'm sitting in a Limousine.  
I don't know where or when, I will get out of the car.  
Or when and where my friends will get out of the car.

But I love this ride.  
I don't want to get out – ever.  
These people with me in the car,  
They pull my leg, keep me to the ground,  
When I fly.  
These people with me in the car,  
They carry me on their shoulders,  
When a brick hits my head.

My blood is different, theirs is different.  
But there is something that ties us.  
My head doesn't hurt when I sit with these people in the car.  
I may forget the pain, but I'll never forget these people in the car.  
Each of them is love,  
Each of them is a Yellow Rose.  
These people in the car –  
The Kashmiri, The Wind, The 'Farwell' Girl & The Little Introvert.



## The Learning Place

It's adventurous, it's spicy, it's happy,  
This life.

I am thankful, for it's zappy,  
This life.

New yellow roses added to my garden,  
They're great.

I don't really learn what I'm supposed to,  
But I learn, it's great.

I learn what chai teaches,  
It's great.

I learn what these yellow roses teach me,  
It's . . . just great.

I don't turn around,  
Not because I'm afraid of a knife,  
But because I have their backs.  
Because they'll help me up, I know, when I'm down.

It'd be monotonous, without these yellow roses.  
What would I do?  
No happiness, no meaning, no relationship.  
What would I do?

For them, I am the statue with no hole in the mouth or the other ear,  
And for me, they are the same.

I'm just pouring,  
What's inside of me.  
And I'm just feeling,  
What's inside is we.

~Akshat Lamba