

Childhood – The change by generation!

Those smiles, all real no fake,
Not giving them for anybody's sake,
Perfection lacks,
But had a great memories to think back.

A friend that teases,
And then have thousands of excuses and pleases,
Crazy attempts to try,
And then just fall and cry.

When caught by Mom for crime,
Heading fast to Dad- The Prime.
And when argument goes between the two,
We plan to get them into the shoe.

Always finding the same place to hide,
Until the decision is by our side.
Crying so long with loud screams,
Just to get the coldy ice-cream.

Innocent faces carrying a child,
The one who is stays never mild.
None other than of that age,
Could carry such sage.

But the question is ?
Is today's child enjoying all this?
Though the smiles are real,
But the reality is not clear!

Instead of ice-creams ,
They take a seat in front of TV screens. !
Providing digital monsters,
As if they're basic needs,
Replacing the books ,
That they should read!

The child is at the Prime,
Where the parents are doing crime.
Handing them the gadgets,
And feeding them from packets.

Freedom is known ,
But their definition differs.
They are running behind such age,
Unaware of their childhood being caged!

- Khan Soha , SYBAF A