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**Life and Times of the Manila Folder**

Manila folder,  
Growing older,  
Lying on table,  
Watching other files,  
Grow bolder,  
It was earlier looked upon,  
Now ignored,  
As if it was dead,  
After a bloody gore,  
They had submerged in its custody,  
A lot many papers and notes,  
Carrying dates and events,  
About people and of people,  
Some body took a decision,  
And others left them for future,  
It needed for a full view,  
Lot of sutures,  
Perplexed and seeing its capacity,  
They had simply affixed a label,  
And left it at storage level,  
Years went by in vain,  
Lot others joined it in graveyard,  
Not for short but pretty long,  
Saying has it that every dog has its day,  
It so happened that while the manila folder lay gathering dust,  
One of the persons not decided upon with in the manila,  
Had grown in stature and length,  
Either through effort ,luck, relation or lust,  
He had reached where he was,  
He beckoned all signatures in the manila,  
And sought his dues,  
If it was not forthcoming,  
Then he waved a thick stick,

All signatures rushed to look for manila,  
They raised dust and dusted files for long,  
Opportunist men got their way,  
And having found manila,  
Gave a full blooded bay,  
As they chuckled in delight,  
The 'big man' came around for another fight,  
Now they were scared to no end,  
And turned the pages of manila,  
They frantically looked,  
Where they had signed and not,  
Where they did not they did,  
And some places where they had,  
Got it erased,  
Manila was theirs,  
So what if 'money' was his,  
Finally manila was in demand,  
And used and gored,  
Like a happy whore,  
Manila looked askance,  
At the door to graveyard,  
Where it had spent years in exile,  
Before getting this 'exciting while',  
Then to top it all,  
The Manila had its final big ball,  
The day came,  
When the big man came to undo his last fall,  
He held the Manila lovingly in his palms,  
Which were wet and warm,  
In anticipation of lot of money caused calm,  
His greedy and beady eyes,  
Warmed each curve of manila,  
As manila coyly smiled unabashedly smiles vanilla,  
The swarthy and mean big man,  
Saw his words,  
Understood them well,  
Kept them digested in mind,  
Looked disdainfully,  
At frightened signatures,  
And voila! Tossed the manila folder,  
From where he stood,  
Back in graveyard to grow older.

## Play in Water

In the pipe of thoughts,  
Something was left blocked,  
It could not occur,  
Long till the time clocked,  
They shook and shoved,  
What was stuck was thus,  
Not budging it refused to behave,  
It was as if motors had jammed,  
And gears rankled,  
It was a bundle of stray thoughts,  
That were clamouring for link,  
It was indeed a battle well fought,  
Some sound came after a lot of exertion,  
One of them had moved,  
And in some shape it got proved,  
Now another moved and laughed,  
As if mocking the effort,  
Belittling the poor bloke,  
That was attempting the sort,  
Let me help out by a fraction of an inch,  
Perhaps that would suffice,  
And get foundation edifice,  
It beckoned its mates,  
Though they were pretty late,  
The thoughts moved by chemicals,  
That they ate and consumed,  
And moved with grudging concurrence,  
To their preslated place,  
As soon as the link clicked,  
A blinding light too blinked,  
The 'idea' was formed,  
And flowed like water,  
As if freed from dam,  
It was the first real play in water,  
Very painful though it was,  
It did not at all matter.