

# Once Lost, Now Found

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Childhood is not merely a word or an emotion.  
It is the first ray of the sun that paints the world.  
It is a melody, a roaring laughter, an explosion  
Of a million memories once lived, now unfurled.

But when was the day I ceased being a child?  
Was it the time when I first made a decision?  
Or was it the day when I leapt into the wild?  
Or the day when I started looking for perfection and precision?

Now that I am grown up, as they say,  
I laugh but with a heart filled with gloom.  
I try to walk a straight path, but I sway.  
I see roses around me but do not see them bloom.

I look out for my childhood, but it is nowhere to be found.  
I ask the wisest man and chase the summer breeze.  
I searched the corners of the Earth, the deep sea unbound.  
But all in vain, and now I cease.

Sitting in the field, I see a child plucking a lily-white  
Smiling and squealing as he smells it.  
And I thought under the light bright  
Things that are lost, are found within yourself and nowhere else.