

# Finding Happiness

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Is it just a smile?

Or is it holding hands while walking a mile?

Is it an assonant melody

That makes us happy?

Is it as beautiful as our first sight?

Or is it deriving pleasure through innocent fight?

Is it as serene and pure as morning dew?

Or is it closing our eyes and instantly visiting places new?

Is it the pain experienced in our first fall?

Or is it the adventure of walking the first step supported by the wall

Is it like the tears to go to school on day one?

Or is it like the fear of punishment as the teachers summon?

Is it the agony of the first failure?

Or is it a jamboree for a victory assured?

Is it like the excitement of sowing seeds?

Or is it as curious as watching it grow at a high speed?

Is it comatose like the adolescent crush?

Or is it like the hundreds of dream we entrust?

Is it the solace under the shade of mother?

Or is it the feeling of saying, "I'm there for you forever"

Is it a lonely loiters around the hostel corridor?

Or is it like the permission after an earnest implore?

Is it like running the way back home on every vacation?

Or is it the hope of pioneering at least one resolution?

Is it as complicated as finding true love?

Or is it the pain of a broken heart addressed by a cigarette puff?

Is it the fresh smell of the wet earth?

Or is it later lamenting for misunderstanding someone's true worth?

Is it enjoying soft music on a candle-light dinner?

Or is it getting lost in one's eyes and returning no sooner?

Is it like researching on tricks to convincingly lie?

Or is it the uncontrolled tears when friends say goodbye?

Is it like shopping impulsively and buying everything visible with the first salary?

Or is it the feeling of responsibility while growing up and starting a family?

Is it as pure and tender as the touch of an infant?

Or is it like the confidence to confide mistakes being blatant?

Is like watching ones like me grow?

Or is it the relief of saving a life from inferno?

Is it spending the whole life as it is?

Or is it repenting at the end for the works that we never did?

Is it just the pleasure of being ordinary?

Or is it grumbling at the end of spending two-third of the life amidst worry?

Is it like watching the eyes of those dearest being content?

Or is it accepting defeat and saying, "fate never allowed me to be a person of substance"

Is it helping the one in jeopardy?

Or is it reaching out to support to absolve fights, the only remedy?

Is it like giving food to those who starve?

Or is it voicing the protest against hypocrisy so sharp?

Is it like bringing smiles to the down-trodden?

Or is it advising the clueless not to follow the path forbidden?

Is it like standing out amongst the ordinary?

Or is it watching smiles and barriers fall in incognito more satisfactory?

What's that takes a full life for finding its definition?

What is it that's difficult to find but is everyone's aspiration?

Is it called HAPPINESS?

Or is it walking the long road of life and in the end looking back

to confront the truth that it was rather a pursuit of happiness?