

Staff Room

C. Deepesh

Every morning we meet
With smiles and beaming faces
And then begin to gossip,
Entwining ourselves in the rich gossamer
Of irrelevant chatter.
We make loud noises,
Shuffle feet and beat on tables.
We roar, we bleat, we laugh,
We hurl rough words about each other.
Our hearts bleed, we suffer.
We leave with a heaving sigh of relief.
And return yet again with beaming smiles.

C. Deepesh blogs at <http://deepeshc.blogspot.in/>