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## Poem

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### Retired but not tired

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Lasting memories of the job I take along

My eyes full of tears and fog,

A demagogue in me seems subtly far

Is that going to leave an eternal scar?

Salary to me was once a birth right

Pension now seems a distant luxury

The bank casher suddenly behaves pathetically

Why this inexorable vagrancy?

An arbitrator set my cards right, an Armageddon settled finally

When in a crowded bus I made my posture felt,

Front two rows reserved for senior citizens

Preposterous attitude, a child in me yelled

My colleagues follow me even now

When question arises of tax limit and 80C

As a boss I streamlined jobs and tasks

Alas, a sweet memory of this dominion virtually masks.

My second innings house looks gracious and glorious

My achievements stuck to the wall

I think of adding a couple more

Before I experience an eternal fall

Hobbies I never had leisure to develop I cherish now

Friends who admire find time to poke me somehow

When I am saddened with isolation I take to books

For the greyish race it's as fair as it looks

My mind wonders as I refuse to surrender

As each birthday goes strolling by

Superannuation is compulsory with age

Retired not tired is written bold on life's every new page.