

# In The Lost Byways Of Doodpathri (rev)

Walking through the lost byways of Doodpathri, Budgam,  
I felt like walking through my still turbulent childhood,  
Like Doodpathri my childhood was remote, lonely, and magnificent,  
I craved for love but I got cold welcomes,  
I was energized by ambition but the world stifled it with facts,  
I survived only by dreams and the momentum of sadness.

We sauntered through the pristine boulders of Doodpathri  
And its pulsating waters,  
The purposelessness of the scene was bold  
And yet its beauty was enchanting,  
We didn't know what we were doing  
But yet we were fervently occupied.

Aziz, as usual, completely merged with the scene,  
Noor was ill at ease,  
While Javid wasn't sure where he was,  
And I was deeply lost in my childhood.

After soaking in the effervescence of Doodpathari  
And trying to figure out what the scene meant,  
Noor came to the rescue of the three men  
By feeding them lunch with maternal care.

After three hours we thought that we had  
Absorbed the enigmatic beauty of Doodpathari  
And it was time to leave,  
Yet knowing well that we didn't understand it completely.

Notes: Doodpathari is in Budgam, Kashmir

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