
The Shoulders That Carried Me

Vijay Songire Assistant Professor, St. John College of Humanities and Sciences (Autonomous), Palghar, Maharashtra.
Email: vijays@sjchs.edu.in

When I look back on life's long way,
No victory stands by me alone.
Each dawn was shaped by someone's ray,
No harvest grew from seeds I'd sown.
As helpless child I learned to stand,
On parents' love, so deep and true.
They held my heart with gentle hand,
And built the dreams I journeyed through.
In youthful days my friends were near,
They shared my laughter, wiped my tears.
They scattered hope instead of fear,
And walked beside my growing years.
Then came a soul to share my days,
A partner through both joy and pain.
Together walking life's rough maze,
We stood through sunshine and through rain.
At work I wore no crown alone,
Each goal was won by many hands.
No towering tree has ever grown,



Without the roots beneath the lands.
When age arrives with slower pace,
The children lead where once they learned.
Their loving hands become our grace,
Returning all the care once earned.
And when my final breath has flown,
My pride shall have no voice to claim.
Four shoulders bear this borrowed bone,
While ashes whisper not a name.
From birth to death one truth remains:
We rise because of others' part.
The loudest ego breaks in chains;
Gratitude builds the strongest heart.
So let no boast divide your soul,
Nor "I alone" become your creed.
For hands together make us whole;
We live because we all are needed.
Look back with thanks, not empty pride;
Let kindness be your lasting art.
The greatest souls walk side by side,
With grateful hands and humble heart.