

# In the wrong place at the right time

It was the perfect day, it was the right time, but I guess I was in the wrong place  
I had planned this moment, a moment that was supposed to last forever  
I had prayed for the occasion; I had anticipated the look on your face  
My friends told me that your birthday was the ideal time, if there was an ideal time ever

I hardly slept all night, planning every move, planning every line I would say  
Your answer was so important; the answer had to be YES  
I longed to hear the three letters pass your lips, an answer for which I did pray  
It had to be yes; I could not bear anything sweeter or imagine anything less

And so with a flower in my hand, and my hand in my pocket I looked for you  
I looked in the garden, in the college canteen and even in the chemistry lab  
You were no where to be found, what was I to do?  
I looked everywhere, and then I saw you exit the biology lab

My heart was pounding, my palms were sweating, and my legs were going weak  
I had planned my words all night; I had planned every gentle step  
“You are the woman I love; you are the woman my mind did seek”  
“I love you do you love me?” Those were the words I was going to say, as you wept?

But I was in the wrong place at the right time; the principal was between you and me  
“In my office” he said looking at me disapprovingly  
The principal reprimanded me; I had forgotten to pay my admission fee  
As I fled the office with much haste, I looked for you relentlessly

There you were, speaking to the college bully  
He had a smile on his face, and was looking into your deep blue eyes  
And then you smiled, your face flushed as the bully came down the gully  
“Give me that flower” he said snatching the flower from my hand, smiling gleefully

You took the flower, not noticing how he had snatched it from my sweaty palms  
He smiled at you and showed you the way to the college canteen