Poetry Series

che sara sara - poems -

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che sara sara(20 May)

A Pristine Beginning

i was quivering in thrusting cold and dampness heart palpitating choking convulsive blisters droplets of tears flowing down a deep sorrow adorning my face like the looming storm clouds above

shrills n shrieks loosening into a squeak fear stricken looks around melancholy smiting me wretchedness slaughtering me those vulnerable moments innumerous sleepless nights

all i could see was ... gloomy faces of dear ones those scorching and wincinglong corridors the smell of lysol and dettol those big syringes and those white robed people

a glint of radiance, a dream of hope a streak of trust, a beam of light it was words...words of hope words that lighted me up "can conquer cancer" yanked my spirits high

desiring a new life...i am born again a flower that blooms today...makes a young boy gay next day the flower fades away yet the flower lit for a day ...made the young boys day better than a plant that lives for a year yet has nothing to share

yesterday is a dream and tomorrow a fancy but a well lived today makes every yesterday a dream of gaiety, and every tomorrow a fancy of white-hope so let me therefore live well this day and greet a bright new dawn

let me keep the hope going keep my lamp burning keep the light glowing let me pursue the light spread the word...lend my hand...and find the way smiles revived...

che sara sara