

## SORROWS MADE SWEET

Wished I always had my chance,  
tried to catch it by any stealth, stealth,  
while country green offered me wealthy health.  
Yet I knew it might take a glance!

Numbers don't make it bound-  
of the times which I made myself wound,  
trying to reach the world of nerds,  
one of a kind of starving herd.

It was then I made it to the city-  
to make my little dreams mend.  
alas! All would say; what a pity!  
never knew where multitude trying to bend.

Hopes walked in to my life desired,  
hoping to never get fired-  
for I was born in a starving womb,  
nothing more mighty than a rusty comb.

I failed to see mob mocking-  
-silky, feathered golden attire surround,  
with lots of money to play around,  
at my sweet little life just unlocking,  
For I was born poor and therefore.

They tried to let me down -  
like a baby doll buried in town,  
never let my dreams cherish  
spend all those days in ball of parish.

When it made my dreams wander with quail,  
felt like a grading test that would fail,  
leaving my eyes all wet,  
never hoped I would win the bet.

Just now all those mocking-  
turned out - a sweet sorrow!  
since it pushed the mighty girl in me; up hiking -  
like a rabbit getting out of it's burrow.

Now I'm up in heights,  
making girls like me go bright -  
TELLING THEM ALL THORNS  
WOULD ONCE FEEL LIKE SWEET SORROWS!  
and MONEY - Just a toy in useless hands!

[mend - here, means regain good health].

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