

English VersificationA Slice Of Life

Once in the midnight dreary,
 I pondered weak and weary,
 When the curtain of night
 fall upon the ground, I looked
 deep into the mysteries of night,

Once the sun rise, it sets down
 for the moon to shine,
 not always I'm down, I too
 have something to rise

If I were a bread and you
 cut me to two,
 You could see, majority is pain,
 Life always hides something mysterious
 and life always plays something crazy.

In the morning like the flowers
 opens their lips, to get the hottest
 of sun's kisses, I get a chance to
 rise up my life, for the blessings
 of glowing sun,

If once a man, asks me for
something, I would give a
slice of my happiness, that
was only left.

At dawn I saw, a bit of hope
for a living, there lays a life
in the dusty ground, I took it
above, and touched it's palms,

With a sudden shiver, something
jumbled back to floor, I looked
deep to its eyes, noticed a pain,
felt like its me in the ground,

Realising a truth reality, I found
all living has pain inside,
weeping alone and faking a smile
and that's we called
"maturity" . . .

Take your life as a loaf of bread,
if its cut into slices, you could see,
only one remains happy, and
the rest seems to be sad and pain

But never give up when things go wrong,
and won't quite when you're in trouble,
behave like you're okay, and the rest
of the slices of the bread seems to
be happy too
And this is what we call as "life"