

Topic : A slice of life.

THE LAST A FEW DROPS OF LIFE

Stretched, withered, little hands of her,
Begged for the last a few drops of life.
Struggled and fought for a left lifetime,
But in vain, she still struggled, alone.

She took her first breath from the lap of mother nature,
Sprouted out from a drop of cold.
She stretched, her tiny green hands,
Like a baby, who sees the world for the first time.

The soil spread like red tint on ripening tomatoes,
Longing to see the magical vistas of life.
She drank the dew drops falling from the grass blades,
The songs of river were the lullabies for her.

The sunshine faded, winter approached, dark everywhere,
Cold spread all along her veins.
She took a deep breath and closed her eyes,
And fell down into a deep sleep.

She sulked in the garden,
Reluctant ... hard ...

After a long time
Unwilling, unable to face his kisses.
One Spring morn she felt,
Her soul fall ...
Ripening into a helpless smile,
Her parted lips whispered ...
Hello sunshine.

She danced along with the daffodills,
Deserved ... delight ...
The vanishing river was a symbol of death,
Unknowingly, she danced with joy.

The scorching sun spreaded his thousand hands,
again and again, taking all the dew drops.
His bright, but strong hands was spreading
-over her tears,
His bright, but dark hands was making her
-tired ...

tired, she quenched for a drop of cold,
A drop of water, a drop of life.
Her small weak legs were slipping,
Trying to take rebirths, but she can't

Her eyes were blurred, lips were dried,
Her hands were withered, her best breath was low
What was left was some last a few drops,
What was left was a slice of life.
