



2031
Code No: 19

The Slice of Life

The Cake I make is my life
With each of its slice
Tasting my vivid experiences
Through recipes, sweet and salt

It's the mixture of the flour,
Sugar, salt, soda, egg and cream,
With the essence of my magical flavours

To repel the sweetness, of joys
Adds the pinch of salt of sorrows
And the egg like broken heart,
So Separates the white and the yolk.

The pain of separation
The mixture of joys and sorrows
The breaking apart & boats of reunion

Then in the heat of the oven, it's baked
Like the rise of phoenix to eternal ecstasy
Is taken out with care,
Of the hot and humid temper

And now the base, that's cooled.
Upon lays the freezing and frenzying.
And the white frothy cream, weeping
(whipping)



203!
Code No: 19

And then done is the life's cake,
It's recreation and it's the experience of mine
And each ~~slice~~ of its slice,
Is the mixture.

May be like a moonless ~~to~~ night
Or the full moon bright
May be in silence & lay
Or the non-stop say

May be a hug light
~~Something~~ Or just a tough fight.

May be in utter gloom
Sometimes just trying not to over bloom

May be in gratitude
Or terrifying solitude

May be in a land of dream
Or out of the world's mysteries I mean

And, the slice of life,

Is a piece of cake,
With life's alloy...

Yet, a smile mind filled of ^{hopeful} rays.