

Boon to be Born

By : Shadows of Memories

Birth is a boon to us : a life has so many things to give, so many colours, so many wonders...and makes our life so beautiful.



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What if the sun never rose?

...to clean the dusk and doom...

What if the tree never shade?

...and the roses never bloom?

The eyes were never given the light of sight,

The stars were never given the bliss of night.

Would the bird have ever been migrated flying high?

The rainbow would then never adore the huge blue sky.

The sea would have been gasping without its water,

The breeze would have fled away along with the storm,

The rain would have never come to cool down the earth,

The earth would have never been so beautiful in autumn.

What if the bees never seduce the flowers?

What if the butterflies looked like caterpillars?

The mother would have been never there to give birth to her child,

Be it human, or an insect, birds and beasts of wild.

The dead would have never taken rebirth to see life,

The stars and moon go lucky or unlucky, the fate gets swiped.

We water our dreams and hopes, seeking care unworn,

Life is bliss, like a morning kiss, itâs the boon to be born.

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