

Poetry

Oh it's hard to say,
Whatever makes me feel this way,
I don't know what to say,
what my thoughts has to play.

When i sit on my own alone,
Surrounded by everyone (family, friends and strangers),
Whilst darkness emerges within slowly grasping normality,

What do i have to do,
To make the candle burn enough,
N spread the light around,
Nothing can change by just sitting and thinking over it,

May be one day i will be free to rise to soar to laugh,
Enjoy life and forget what use to be and finally yell hurrah!

If there's God, then why people still hate,
If there's hell, then why i am living it,
If there's heaven, then why i am living it,
If i am human, then why do i not feel,

When i fly, why can it not last,
When i fight, why does it not end,
When i shoot, why not me ?
When i am happy, why my happiness don't last ?

With my chains and shackles of life,
I am free without them,
I am lost and confined,
Oh God help me and get me my freedom n happiness back

Zahra from Access Pakistan