

THE YOUNG GIRL

There lived a young girl
Life began with a struggle.
She had many friends,
With toys days were spent,
Then, came the sudden end to her world of games.
Because, the world in it's riddles,
Shattered her dreams,
All burden fell on her.
And the child was forever lost in the struggle.
For herself no time to spare,
Years rolled by
Storms of life unabated.
One day came the norwester
The duststorm engulfing her,
Shattering her home
And her hope for survival crushed.
Still, she did not give up.
She overcame this blow
Her steps did not falter once.
Undaunted. fearless of the obstacles,
Rekindled, she rose,
Her will, her strength upholding her
—She would do, and show she could do,
Time was waiting for her to show this—
She knew not when the day would come
Her life's penance would be done.
Human life, is the highest form of life.
Where success and failure both exist,
Unafraid of the death blow of defeat
Barriers she broke one day