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EXISTENCE



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Killing time is not an easy task
I feel bored,
Regret for my inability,
My failure,
I brood over again and again,
It appears to be a curse.
Thinking about the past I get nostalgic,
Becoming the centre of negativity,
I start criticising others,
The people,
The circumstances,
Holding them responsible for my failure.
At times I feel frustrated,
Ready to give up,
Not the weaknesses,
But the efforts.
Within my mind
I develop suicidal tendencies,
Feel secluded,
Calling the intimates,
Longing for love,
For life,
My agonised soul curses others,
Remembering
How the world has been cruel to me,
Merciless, ruthless,
Glaring at me as if questioning
My existence,
Leaving me feel more depressed.

My heart sinks,
Acute pessimism surrounds me,
I feel like dying,
But suddenly I see an ant,
Struggling for survival,
It appeals me,
My world is enlightened,
None is authoritative to question my existence,
Existence is my right,
It's an invaluable gift of the Supreme,
I feel revived with new energy,
Come out of depression,
Ready to face the challenges,
To live my life,
To amend the mistakes of the past,
To prove my worth.
I feel grateful,
Neither to the world,
Nor to the people,
But to the inner voice,
That made me realise my worth,
At right time,
At the right moment,
Else it would have been too late,
I would have no more existed,
To prove my existence.
