

Anxiety

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The fears of Future
The tears of nature
The anxiety of past
The boredom of present
Could it be the last?

The fears ask to think
The tears make strong
The anxieties stop wrong
The present writes future's link.
How could it be the last?
The negatives turn into task.

Mornings ask to run
Days may have some fun
Evenings sit with calm
Nights fall under dream's realm.

How could it be the last?
Where the brain is wider than sky
The heart is deeper than ocean
And the soul is cleaner than body.

It could not be the last
Because it begins its destination so fast
Dream's with the glory of future
Soaks the tears of nature
How could it be the last?

