

Anita's Anguish

Large dark tears rolled on her cheeks,
But the world cannot read.

Purpose of life confounds us,
Its process eludes us.

Why is life so difficult,
A mysterious complex design of the gods?

Her grandmother never smiled,
After early widowhood swiped it.

For most humans joy is scanty,
Strife and anguish the breath.

God sees the truth but waits,
Fairness not his inclination.

We are punished but never know for what sins,
Justice is our chimera, destiny the ultimate excuse.

Life a concatenation of moments,
Forever searching for meaning.

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