

Hope Never Blinks

Spring is eking out its niche from the narcissistic clutches of winter,

But hope, the ever-audacious, never blinks.

World is stymied with political and economic warfare,

Yet the spirit never throws in its towel.

Technology has choked humanity,

But like grass sprouting out of stones it knows of no retreat.

We bleed and suffer for our sins,

But elysium never leaves us.

Maharaj, do not think too deeply about life,

Rejoice, your moment of eternity is not too far away.

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