

Sadness

When crush of the world has receded,
And life gains a slice of freedom,
Mind begins to remove its guards,
Loneliness slowly descends and takes hold,
Subliminal sadness unmask subtly,
Silently resonating with nature's silence.

Sadness is not a torment,
But a mind disenchanted and a spirit uncoiled,
One of the natural states of existence.

Is happiness a worked-up sheen
Over the sad nature of man?

Sadness is a pause for a struggling spirit,
Reflection on a long crusade,
Prelude to a rebirth.

Never smother a sadness,
It has its own purpose,
Man's sadness is in synchrony with nature,
And creative sadness is his ripeness.