**A Letter to Myself**

O dear self of sublime succour,

Thou enhance my exertions to excel;

My impetuous faults thou diligently adore,

Stringently at odds with mundane rebel.

On the veritable vanguard, thou foster my transition,

Reconceiving me every novel day;

Energising my endurance to sustain repercussion,

Which, waiting for me, wouldst stubbornly stay.

Hemmed in the chords of cynicism,

Thou seek for a chance to gasp a while;

Fatigued by the fated strain of schism,

In straining to sew every broken smile.

Remember thou hast enlightened my obscured prism,

Only thou canst sustain every desolating mile.

-Aadityaamlan Panda