**I Love Myself**

Treading by the tracts of the tenebrous times,

I seek for some staggering succour,

My sagacity stoops afore the solitary hymns,

Neither does any scattered soul hover.

I scream aloud to the dreary doom.

That intentionally ignores me pleas,

Though my ardent shrieks never elapse in gloom,

Evenly perceived by my adhering animus.

My brain aggregates the far-flung gen,

Sorted by my soothing sterling sense,

My nerves invigorate every enervated convene,

Limbs strengthening every dangling stance.

My solemn self supports my fathomed feat,

Where the fates of failure and mettle meet.

-Aadityaamlan Panda