MY FIRST POEM…………DEDICATED TO MY BROTHER

THE PHOENIX

There was a little child on a small piece of land,  
To her left was a mighty ocean of dishonesty,  
To her right was a never ending fire of jealousy,  
In front of her was a giant of laziness,  
Ready to engulf her once she moved forward,  
Behind her was a bed of thorns of foolishness,  
And the child had to cross all these alone.  
Some said thast the child would be engulfed by the giant,  
Some others said that she would be burnt to death in the fire,  
Others said that she would drown in the ocean,  
Yet others said that she would be stung to death by the thorns,  
But the child was a braveheart,  
She said,"These hurdles are nothing.  
I will rise from my past"  
And lo!The hurdles vanished into thin air.  
And the child ,like the phoenix,did what she decided.