

2023

Hope

The sky just turned blue,
From the majestic orange it was a moment earlier.
It was just today morning,
That I saw the sun clinging to the clouds,
Trying to separate the clouds and rise from
What looked like underneath them.

Sometimes the dark sky,
Makes me suffocate.
The soft touch of orange,
Somehow brings happiness
To the Bottom of my throat!

Now the city looks small and dark,
With just small bulbs,
and street lights
Trying to compensate
For the sunlight!
Cars sleekly racing with a pair of red lights,
Amidst the cold wind that races too!
The orange is no more

All I can see is dark.
Because the sky just turned blue.

But tomorrow morning,
The orange comes back,
With all the shades my eyes can withstand.
It always does.

So, I sleep in peace.
The dark sky doesn't.
It has a whole night to live by.