

Poem

Shruti (cringed)

November 3, 2021

Nights have lost their calm,
Mornings do not provide anymore hope.
I seem to have no heal, no bandage, no balm;
Nothing to hold on to, no way to cope.

No question has a clear solution.
Life has turned to be a set of dilemmas.
Everything important is an exercise to the reader,
But unlike mathematics, I cannot discard paradoxes.

A mentor does not seem short of a deity,
For no soul I know has the answer.
The power of logic indeed is mighty,
But how can I be expected to move through paradoxes?

The world of mathematics is indeed lovely,
Where all just is, nothing is lively.
All logical patterns are preserved with honour,
Whilst the subject's students discard paradoxes.

Light never dawns on us humans.
Natural selection shall lead to our destruction.
Whilst the irony can satisfy a logical mind,
What should a moral and emotional creature do in this situation?