

Promise my funeral too!

A will's birth with every mortal
Untoward yet nascening continual
Praised bones, colors, flesh, wits jolly natural
To the will unseens, exclusions habitual
Grew glowed body with all nutriment
Lil will compromised metastasising sentiments
Learning body once chanced with will
Hoarding hope to vocalise its veiled skills
Bashed kinship and solicit notion
Oh my flairs let's exploration
Self-reliant it was sufficient
To tune in with will proficient
Innocence rather to will's dismay
Experienced first oh it's always two way
Swinging hope, this will lest
Dwells the zenithhood of wilderness
Naively following the worldly trends
Cause lamish frumpish seems will's decency
Oh armour least for my power and magic
The spineless body but preferred all tragic
Time's no loyal nor unloyal
For I barred, advising you some eternal
Majority dies so shall I
Imprisoned since, just the last sigh?
There's worldly custom of last desire
Of any golds for you I shall hire!
No fire was I but divine you
Captured, yet I celebrated you
Demanding you a deserving sue
Beyond you and your ruses
No more wanderlust, but next to you
Promise my funeral too!

Mahak Faheem
Leap Day, 2020

