

# This to shall pass

In the barren paths, we had to walk,  
For not just days, but quarter a decade,  
Somewhere we realized this will one day  
    be found in withered pages of history,  
And we will be the tethered remains of its story.

A story that could define what it means to be alive  
And enjoy this expanse before it runs dry.  
Or perhaps, a tale flooded with hopes and dreams,  
And the fact that it extended beyond zoom screens.  
Or a tale with a slew of passion and zeal,  
To materialize which will break my quill.

As we turn our pages to author this next chapter,  
We bear the burden to tell our tales to those who come after.  
So it's up to us to thread what we tell.  
Will it be the one with sorrow and suffering?  
Or will it be the one with resilience and resolute?  
Will it be the one with failures and impossibilities?  
Or will it be the one where we commanded the reality?

Because it's more than the tale we pass on,  
It's the assurance that we assert.  
That even if life draws you into deep dark woods,  
There is always something good.  
The promises we carry in our hearts  
Light the ways like shining stars  
And even if destiny seems uncertain  
There is always hope to pull our ropes.

And even with bold promises to keep,  
It is OKAY to fail and fall apart,  
And there is always an unwalked path for you to weep

For what is life if not for the losses we endure  
For what is life if not for the changes we embrace  
For what is life if not for the hopes we carry  
And the inner voice that reminds  
— “This too shall pass. . .”

— *To all who were fortunate enough to see another dawn in these trying times.*