

### **How are you doing?**

Every soul plighted to play its purpose,  
Even those pruned off err and ire that once plagued,  
And even those saged to discern,  
                    What it needs and what it wants,  
Stumbles to seek words that satiate  
A question easier asked than to be asked,  
“How are you doing?”

Of all the tormented thoughts tantalising to take shape,  
Some become prisoners of mind that manufactured them,  
Some are bottled in ailing heart,  
                    Neither by the fear nor by its despair,  
                    But by sheer sympathy to never cease a smile.  
And what is left of it, wane in fear of going in vain!

So with countless things this wounded mouth can mutter,  
A single reply seems to fit all the cosmetic palavers  
- “I’m doing well!”  
When all it truly wanted to say was,  
- “I try. I really do!”

-PK