

### **To Author Tomorrow's history**

From grains and gravels to gracious peaks  
From brooks and streams to boundless seas,  
Time concocted a symphony of land, man and culture  
A symphony that echoes an ageless venture,  
A symphony that we are crowned to claim as home.

Tasked to walk through what was,  
I stood in the middle ground to take a pause.  
Being equally clueless about destinies in either ways,  
I took a chance to stride down the path once walked.  
And kept the future for another venture.

So what makes this journey worth the wear?  
Is it the civilization thrice built from all but thin air?  
Or the ways and wisdom that weaved it back?  
Is it the land claimed and conquered by the greatest?  
Or the Nation that bare the bloodshed of the bravest?  
Is it the love and lust of the entwined souls?  
Or the marbled tomb that embrace then?  
Is it the tales and truths of the nobles?  
Or the castles that conceal them?  
It's far from unfair to side with one.  
For to hide one renders this story undone!

This journey strives to sing more than a story,  
To unveil a saga that stained the pages of history,  
To praise a paragon of culture and diversity,  
To narrate a nation that thrived in all its glory,  
While we need more than a lifetime to discover the beauties it holds,  
We might just be gratified with those we unfold

As we part our ways from this scenic odyssey  
We are weighed with its eternal legacy  
A legacy defined not by its beauty or lustre  
But by the unfinished promise it holds for the future.  
As we turn our pages to author this next chapter,  
We bare the burden to tell our tale 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 when life drew us into deep dark woods,  
There is always something good.  
That even when destiny seemed uncertain  
The promises we carried in our hearts  
Lit our paths like new moon stars  
And that even with bold promises to carry,  
It is OKAY to fail and fall apart,  
For there was always an unwalked path for us to weep

That is the promise we carry,  
To leave behind this home a bit better than it once was  
To leave behind a legacy a bit bolder than the one we carry  
To leave behind a history a bit richer than one we pride

So, while history sings about what has left,  
We shall compose our future with what is left.  
In every nook and corner called our nation,  
In every shed and structure called our home,  
Where the wisest of all once walked,  
From the ice crowned mountains to rice-grown terrains,  
From sun bless seven sisters to sun-baked deserts,  
We shall author this tomorrow's history.  
For the tomorrow is ours before we know it,  
The new dawn blooms before we call it  
A Dawn daunting just enough to be gauged for its might,  
A Dawn daring just enough to build a better morrow,  
A Dawn bold just enough to hold our promises.

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