“I am not as brave as I thought I was

I was not as brave as I thought I am

Will my death act of not one else and anything are?

Like a rat rotting down the sewers, reeking the all-forgotten locus

Untouched, unheard, unbothered. Swinging the same shadow on the mirror

Or will my death call upon the rain to washes over the asters?

Will my last breath smear my name by glory?

Will my grave be worthy of such memoir—will I, live up to that?

Sin is no strangers of mine

But then again, the state kept reflecting

Will I ever take the step into this pearly gate of Yours?

All in all, I am not as brave as I wanted to be.”

*“The Devil and The Light”*

What Come of a Man — Fraction 1

30th December 2023