

When Hard Times Won't Go Away...

What would you do, I beg you to tell.

When midway in a game, all of a sudden

You realize ...it is on the darned hardest level?

Do you quit, unable to take it anymore?

Or fight till the last breath is gone,

Yet knowing deep below, you won't last for long?

Peers gliding through much easier levels,

Make me ask myself why I can't do the same.

I was once a star ...can I be that ever again?

I didn't ask for it, too heavy a burden.

"Can't take it anymore," even screams my brain.

Have tried long to live with it and not complain.

So I was thinking, do I quit, unable to take it anymore?

Or fight till the very last breath's gone,

Yet knowing deep beneath that I won't last for long?

Tired often of being a brave unrecognized soldier,

My smile won't let others know the anxieties I bear,

Have my eyes hidden, moistened by dark scorns of failure.

Game goes on, but my diverted tired mind,

Keeps staring at, "Do you want to resign?"

Past few levels provide hope, "Stay, it'll soon be fine."

But I keep asking, shouldn't I quit, unable to take it anymore?

Or fight till the last breath's forever gone,

Yet feeling that if things go this way, I won't last for long?

Don't need opinions or sympathy, 'tis only the memories I miss,

Of the perfectly beautiful, no-failure life I had,

Before being disturbed and cursed with all these.

Don't even expect others to understand a thing;

Should bury my burden, so unbearably depressing,

And fight the pain I am and will probably forever be in.

So I've decided not to quit, I am ready to fight all along,

And I will do so till my very last breath's gone.

For I know am a warrior; I have a feeling that I will surely last for long.