



## POEM

### AN ODE TO DIVINE COMPANIAN

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Life is a page in the notebook of the almighty  
If one writes, it is pretty; if not, it remains empty  
The last page is death; while the first is birth  
One needs to fill the rest with one's deeds (*Karma*)  
One needs to avoid mistakes and misfortunes without tearing apart a single page  
Never crush out the page with inaccuracies, it gives one a take to earn and learn  
It's a bliss to maintain relations and to knit the rhythm of life with care and concern  
Though one is alone while coming, its joyous keeping all with us while leaving  
No one writes one's destiny, one should make it testimony with symphony and harmony  
No one brings nothing while coming; no one takes away nothing while leaving  
One comes to find the answers to the questions and mysteries of life  
As you are there to lift, so it is jovial to fell off  
As you are there to make me smile, it's joyous to scream  
As you are there to understand, so it's exciting to go with inaccuracies  
There are a lot of persons like 'YOU' in my life  
So, I enjoy living and being alive.