

The Death

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Oh! My death, Don't weep.
Don't worry,I don't sleep.
I am one of the milion leaves ,
That fed but never destroyed.
I am not from all the winds,
That vanishes trust and betrayed.
I am one of the thousand birds,
That rush in clear circular fight .
I am the day of the month,
That entirely cut off the night.
I am one of players of this stage ,
But free from barriers of the cage.
I am a part of this endless sky,
That die for moving above high.
Oh ! My death , Don't weep,
Don't worry ,I don't sleep



Endless Blessings

In Every trail ,Blessings are abound ,
Confirms victory that is deep found .
Blessings are yet supplement of hope,
A beautiful well with a success's rope.
In steps ,That ensure blessings' presence ,
Provides enthusiasm that is essence .
If we fail, then blessings totally cure ,
And provides path in which victory rore.
When the storm of failure may born,
Blessings come to stop their horn .
We do not fear from troubles that arise,
Because in their embrace, Blessings harmonize!
So in every trial , Blessings are abound ,
Confirms victory that is deep found .

