

The Symphony of Life

by Hamad Khan

The tale of a man is one intricate symphony,
the very sounds of which are created,
through instruments in perfect harmony,
Though an underlying beat reminds,
That sound for all its eccentricity,
Can only be of a few kinds,
Yet the Artist strives,
With unparalleled tenacity,
To tell a tale that thrives,
In emotional moments of individuality.
There comes a time when the tune is lost,
But for the relentless vigor from sharp accidentals,
That is but a tiny cost.
And then the boisterous roar of the orchestra begins,
Rising to a grand crescendo,
Only to become vain and drown in sins,
What follows is a feeble fall,
Into a tune miserable and bare,
But the melodies remain etched to recall,
Enhancing even the final beats,
Into music that is rare.
A symphony of moments is what the Artist designs,
Its every note predestined,
On a sheet with rigid lines,
Yet the spirited waves blast forward all the more determined,
So that every distinctive idiosyncrasy
of each individual,
Shines.