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My Weakness

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Frontiers of life are not bound, Sometimes expanding and at times calm, For few a bed of roses around, And to rest, a rose with a thorn, Life takes us through a path, Where one finds ecstasy and wrath, But enjoys both with a struggle and giggle, With time, throwing at him a hurdle. But faces everything with a subtle smile, And strengths, Hoping that the sun shines, Even amid adversities, he reaches the helm, Putting forth his strengths, The world shall never remember him, For his achievements, but does for his weakness, Calling him a looser, for not superseding, His pernicious enemy, the Weakness. I thought my victory, shall claim a page, Where people study as a part of history, And for now my strong wings would help fly, But as soon as I die,

The world would voice my weakness cry.