



Coming of Age

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I wanted to tell “Oh! No, I’m sorry I can’t”

Instead, I tend to utter “Yes, of course”

Why do I behave too naive and approachable?

I should learn to draw boundaries,

They don’t feel bad, do they?

And if they do, it’s not my mistake.

I am warning myself; stop being a people pleaser

Stop saying Yes when you want to say No

It’s high time to stop being too nice.

Let me convince myself

That my withheld power within

Can destroy any kind of obstacles.

I’m not fourteen

I’m in my forties

And I’m fed up with my humbleness,

Kindness, generosity and helpfulness.

It’s time for my resurrection,

A new me in full vigour of fourteen.

I have been callow and silent for too long

I’m not going to act the same way anymore.

Forty is a wakeup call for me to rejuvenate

And live my life in a new light

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Full of passion and adventure,
Departing the barren earlier days.

In front of the same audience,
My humbleness gives way to grandeur
I'm going to be mean and indifferent
Towards all!

Let me unfasten all the burden.
And be a free bird devoid of manners!