

The experience hidden in a failure

I sat on the edge of a stream,
staring at the flowing water, lost in my own dream.
In the quiet moment of evening,
Asking myself, was it really failure?

Everything at that moment seemed silent,
In the a world full of violent,
The burden of failure lying on me,
Asking myself, “ was it really the future?

My eyes filled with tears from sorrow
My hearts ached torn between regret and giving up
My brain filled my mind with questions,
Was it really, really the failure? What if I fail again?

But then I suddenly realized
And stood up more stronger than ever,
With a new experience of life
That no great success is even achieved without failure.

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