

# LOST



My mind has become a space of conundrum—my very own  
everlasting sombre  
No longer filled an imagination as ablaze like the  
burning sun,  
The shooting stars of daily adventures and discoveries,  
Or the voluminous forest of aspirations.  
I, who was once like a white rose in the midst of  
wildflowers,  
Am now stained with the tears of my unending pain  
Sent to traverse into unknown territory

My coordinates are wrong,  
I am being ripped away from my orbit,  
Left to drift in a space filled with deadlines,  
assignments and never-ending Zoom calls.  
Simultaneously, I collide with the unforeseen events of  
my future  
My head barely reaches the surface,  
My feet dangle to keep me afloat  
As the depth of this space grows exponentially,  
Like the cankerous virus that put me here in the first  
place.

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If only I could turn back the time..  
Rewind the gears  
Second by second  
and stop the hands of fate from moving me forward  
To let me fade out of existence

Or a compromise, make my own pocket dimension  
One where I exist peacefully because there is no time on  
my clock.  
One where the stars glimmer with purpose  
And I can float in the skies filled with my iridescent  
dreams,  
While a quiet calm engulfs all my fear,  
And the air, crisp as ever, smoothly brushes past my  
face and puts me to sleep.

I shake out these lucid dreams from my head.  
I call out for help, but the silence loudly echoes back  
to me,  
Vigorously slamming my reality in my face,  
Forcing me to accept my impending fate...

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Stop! I can't breathe.

Oxygen is running out, I'm losing consciousness

Come on, Wake up! It's just a nightmare,

Except this nightmare has morphed into my reality.

1...2...3...

Beep...Beep...Beep...

My eyes slowly open

My heartbeat comes to life, just like the first time I  
came to this world

My lungs draw in the air, they contract, they expand  
They hold me up to life

Why though?

Could it mean that there's more to my life than these  
waves of melancholy?

But I'm so tired, so weak, so vulnerable

My legs are about to crumble from all this pressure

But for some reason, I am still here...alive.

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This leads me to ask...

Is there a reason why I am pushed to hold out my hand  
and grasp onto my distant dreams?

I am still encompassed with my gaping fears of failure  
and disappointment.

So how do I know that I won't drift even further—  
reaching for stars that are visible to everyone but me?

A voice finally reaches out to tell me  
That the right way out is always through  
That I must look into the harsh and unforgiving void  
that is fear's eyes  
And press on  
So that one day,  
I, who has now become wholeheartedly unfettered, will be  
able to look over the horizon and see hope soaring  
higher and higher  
While the stars of the sky glisten with serenity,  
The winds sing a melody of peace,  
And finally, rest my heavy head on my pillow.  
Astonished and grateful for the days to come.