

Me and my dear ones

by

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In the crew of life
I try to settle myself in strife
Knowing these moons will disappear
But still struggling like Shakespeare
He gives me and I take
And I spend lavishly on folk fake
Expecting one day I'd conquer hearts
But their temptation foils and thwarts
And I still left under the sky of allay
Scorching in the whole prickly noonday
Many times I cry without tears
Due to the sincerity and love of my dears
The baby innocent like an ambler
Entertains and acts as a dabbler
The world rest on hope and I see
They've started acknowledging me a wee.