



Splintered dreams

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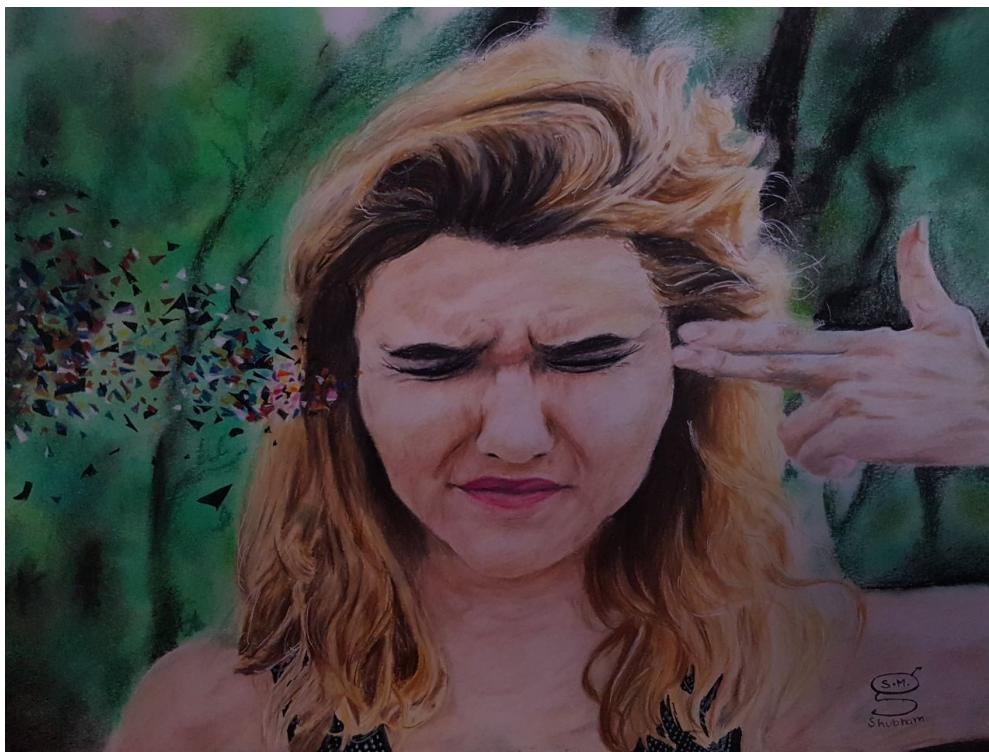
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An adept artist she was;
a budding painter;
a connoisseur of art.

As a child she had it all sorted out in her mind;
she dreamt of exhibiting her beautiful and exquisite paintings
in esteemed art galleries all around the world.

Her mistake, however, was ...
she was good at studies too, so
Society had other plans for her.

Her heart whispered, "Take up the arts,
plunge into the aesthetic world of paintings,
take a tour of the world of Picasso and van Gogh,
paint out your soul!"

Society screamed, "Paintings don't earn you money;
give up these impracticable dreams.
A doctor or engineer you'll be ... to the good of all."

The whispers of her heart muffled,
not choosing the path less trodden, she tried instead
to become one with society.

Slipping gradually into mechanical monotony,
her dreams, squashed, never came to pass.
They splintered like glass, each shard painful, agonizingly so.

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