



The truth of today

Chirayu Jaswantbhai Patel, BE (Mechanical)

Creative Content Curator

Corresponding Author:

Chirayu Jaswantbhai Patel,
Khush Residency, GIDC,
Ankleshwar, Bharuch 393002, Gujarat
Email: patelchirayu49 at gmail dot com

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Poet's note: We sacrifice a lot to fit into this “society of puppets” and meet the pace of today's racing life. It might be giving up on our dearest dreams, our loved ones, our inner peace, or sometimes, even our own selves. Once in a while, we come to a point where the world seems empty, weak, and worthless. At such moments, we quietly scream in pain, yet we smile outwardly. Over the days, we try to pull through, be it a little at a time; still, we fight, learn, and heal. Let's not lose hope. Let's give it another go. Let's wait a bit longer, and soon we will smile again, but this time with all of our hearts.



Artwork credit:

Haryax Pathak, MBBS
Former Intern
Pramukh Swami Medical College,
Karamsad, Gujarat

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It's the drowned tears that couldn't rise,
the deepest desire that still tries;
Everyone's trying so hard,
yet the spirit, day by day, dies.

It's the racing hearts we carry,
the sleepless nights we've spent.
We are that restless generation
who say, "All's good," but never meant.

No purpose for today,
no guide for tomorrow.
Deep down in our souls,
we've painted just sorrow.

Even though tired of our own selves,
yet it's the others we resent.
Don't know how we live in a world,
where smiles exist but laughter is absent.

The inner pain is now a mess,
among people who couldn't care less.
Hence, our entire lives we seek
someone to caress.

Confined in a closed place,
those memories are still present.
Yes, we have outlived the hurt,
but, now, to what extent?

It's our strained eyes that feel,
whose peace you gladly steal.
At first, we thought it wouldn't last;
however, it's now a daily deal.

Waiting for the day
when we'll twinkle with the same zeal.
It shall be slow,
but we're indeed trying to heal.

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