

SURVIVAL DOESN'T ALWAYS COME LOUD By Precious E.

To roar, to shout viva,
To gain the means to say "I won,"
Indeed cannot be any dearer
For those who strongly
Trowned their fears.

Such a music to their ears
The voice of laud and triumph
For it manifests their spirit
So mighty that they crossed
What seems like death.

However, to survive
Doesn't always come loud.
At times, it's a bare whisper
Of pride for your success
You tell no one but a lone flower.

It can be partial
Like a single step from the first
Up to the second tread
Of the staircase to your dreams
You worked so hard to have made.

It's not exclusive
For whoever reached the cliff's edge.
Those, who sail the sea of storms,
Survived the trail of waves
Which strained their vigor.

At the end of the day,
To measure one's depth of survival,
Isn't only by the scream of victory.
Sometimes, by the soft sound of inner peace,
By the chime of garnered strength braced within.