



# RISE AGAIN

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*Poem by Manya Agarwal*

*8 A*

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*10 D*

Success seemed so far away  
When I lost grip midway.  
Spiraling through failure I  
fell,  
Hitting rock bottom, I couldn't  
excel.

Picking up the pieces  
Of what I had once treasured.  
Now it's lost and forgotten.  
Losing is hard to endure.

But, can't I rise again?  
Mend the shattered, polish  
the rusted,  
Can't I fly again?  
Success, once more, I'll  
breathe in.

The tide once swept me out,  
But I swam back to the shore.  
The sky grew dark overhead,  
I'll light it up once more.

Jealous watchers pull me  
down,  
Defeat swirls all around,  
Out of such shackles I step,  
Triumph feels like such a  
fresh breath.

I rose high once again,  
Mended the shattered,  
polished the rusted.  
I flew high once again,  
Failure and fall, I overcame.  
What were once broken wings  
Are now patched with  
vivacious things.