

A photograph of a sunset over the ocean. The sky transitions from a deep blue at the top to a bright orange and yellow near the horizon. The ocean is dark, and the foreground shows the silhouettes of buildings and structures, with some lights visible in the lower right corner.

This Place Called
LIFE

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As I am laying down in my bed,
after a stressful day today,
I managed to relax my both arms finally.
I let my both hands hold each other
above my head.
And I took a deep, very deep breath.
I needed to take a deepest breath
so I can catch the feeling that
probably was hiding for some time now.
I will not share the feeling because
that's not what this poem is all about.
But I will say this;
When I laid my both arms above my head,
and when I let my hands hold each other,
I thought to myself,
one day, the very last day on this earth,
only these two hands will hold each other.
Only these two hands will have one another,
because there will be no one to hold
from that very moment.
There will be nothing for these hands
to hold anymore.
There will be nothing to take with this body
to the place where the body ends in the end.
Whatever the end will be.
Wherever the end will be.
However the end will happen,
because we don't really know
how the end is going to happen.
We don't know
when the end will come,
and we don't know who will be
the next to know.
In fact, we don't know anything for sure,
except the meaning
that we give to what we believe it's true.

And if we don't know anything for sure,

how come we know
that the last day of our lives
there will be nothing to hold in our hand anymore?,
except another hand of the same body.
Our own body...
In the end, we only have ourselves...

In the beginning, we have life!
And when that beginning happens,
we don't know where we're supposed to go.
We just live, we cry, we breathe, we have needs.
We smile.
We love.
We grow.
We grow older.
We live...
This is what we are supposed to do.
We should live, and remember,
that no matter how stressful day we had,
in the end, there are only two hands
which will be having each other.
The left hand and the right hand.
There will be two empty hands full of memories...
Because that's the only thing we can take with us,
when we leave this place, called LIFE.

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