

## World

In the abyss of our world  
Stretched trees stand solemnly around in our midst  
As the snow drifts  
The moon hangs in suspension  
From the grayish sky and whitish clouds in abundance  
The mundane cycle of life brings the frigid cold  
As we are also a part of life that changes  
The green vegetation is dominant  
We cannot stop the ravages of time  
But continue till it decides to take us  
The winter of life comes unexpectedly like the cold  
Though we know the changes  
We are still never ready for it  
The windows are thawing from the encrusted solid ice  
Our footsteps are covered in the snow  
As we follow to the end

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