

Lost in Space

By Suzana Ab. Rahim

Blue is the colour of the sky
We stare straight up above
Adorned with all sorts of billowing sizes and shapes
White and off-white spread across
Dancing, Clouding our very eyes

The nimbus
The cirrus
The stratus
The cumulus nimbus
Each character distinguished
Are such blessings the sky pours

On some days
Has it ever crossed your mind?
What is so blue with different shades of hue?
What's up there
Beyond one's naked eyes?
Returning the gaze as your eyes squint
to escape the shards of sunrays..
You cannot help but wonder....

You know what the wide space up above does?
It absorbs your secrets and fears
and keep them all from the prying eyes.

Sometimes
when our hearts are tugged a lil harder than before
And the eye lids and tear ducts wont sync
And consolation just won't do
Again... at the sky above, we look up
With our two hands and palms facing upwards
Hoping for grace and blessings to come by

Lost..
U and I
And mighty true for so many others too
But as you look up to the blue beyond and yonder
Something soft, sweet as a whisper
Assures you and I that
Lost in space u are no more
For you are looked upon and cared for
In such abundance

In good time though as it appears
Teaches us not to have greed nor contempt
But to just rely on feeling relieved and contented
That we are both under
the same blue sky.