

Silent Warriors
(Dedicated to all cancer survivors)

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The battle field is set
Little early before the sunset

It's not the deformity that haunts
But the probability
Defining the eternal silence.
Confined to the malady
Is there any resurrection?
Neither phoenix to rise from ashes
Nor gods to be immortal
With no end to remedies
The far-reaching repercussions
Are not enchanting but bewildering
Time to cease is welcome, for
The battle field is set
Little early before the sunset

If diagnosed early
Chances prevail
Delayed discovery
Hardly room for recovery
Chemo and radiation
Designing the appearance

Empathy and sympathy
Queuing all the way
Dearth of time
To wage a war, yet
The battle field is set
Little early before the sunset

Nevertheless resilient mankind
Taught to fight from birth
Nothing to disintegrate the soul
To go against destiny's plan
Bequeathed with no alternative
All set for a silent war.
In ambush the enemy within
Devising and manifesting
Defense mechanism slogging its way
Seated on the cult of faith
On the losing side
True warriors never succumb, though
The battle field is set
Little early before the sunset