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The Price of Victory

Bending like the soldiers,
gazing like the strangers,
standing as if they are frozen,
they are unable to discern.

They are the eclectic trees.
Their strands flow into the seas and
their souls concede their defeat in our glees.
They know they will die without embracing the breeze.

The reward
When stories are penned down,
let there be no regrets.

The hand of the poet
will carry a piece of his heart.
As the wind blows,
and his story flows,
a tale that was never recognized
will be etched forever in the sands of time.

The poet will find himself
while his story will find itself in others.

This would be his reward.
He would rediscover himself and lose the person he has loved all his life.

Such an enchanting paradox it is.
To realize oneself, a part of one's soul needs to go amiss.