

True Victory

(Agnij Upmanyu, 12th Humanities)

In the quiet corner of life,
I ponder the true victory of life.
A victory born not of lies,
But of resilience, in the face of strife.

In the stillness of the world outside,
I reflect on the true victory of life.
A victory not won with weapons' might,
Nor with the desire to conquer or fight.

It is a victory, stripped of all motion,
A triumph born from quiet devotion.
In the calm of the world outside,
I seek the true victory of life.

Not through diplomacy's fleeting gain,
Nor between the gears of war's domain,
But a victory, rich with empathy,
That unites the heart in harmony.

In the quiet corner of life,
I find the true victory of life.

True Love

(Agnij Upmanyu, 12th Humanities)

In a world filled with distrust,
I long for true love to triumph and thrust.
A love free from fleeting physical beauty,
A love untainted by hypocrisy's duty,
But a love still searching for an ideal unity.

In a world full of doubt and fear,
I yearn for true love to appear.
A love that isn't bound by attraction's claim,
A love free from addiction's flame,
But a love that seeks the soul's true aim.

In this world, where trust is rare,
I long for true love, pure and fair.