

POEM

My heart beats for thee..

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Such a noble cause,

And yet there is always a pause,

we pledge and yet we hedge,

Our one shot at immortality,

This body they say, is merely the soul's cloak,

Why not donate it to the needy bloke?

We pledge our organs and tissues,

Let our loved ones, our issues,

honour our right before the rites,

to guide a soul from darkness to light ,

may we pledge to go under the knife ,

before our sojourn to afterlife,

before the heart comes to rest ,

in our own little breast,

may it find place in another man's chest,

so once more the heart throbs,

to wipe the tears, the sobs!

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