

The Creation of Transformation

by Sriya Kappagantu

Transformation

It is the force that rids the world of the icy blizzard of winter,
Bringing about a new era

Of pastel blossoms filling the earth with hope
Transformation

It is the force that murders the delicate blossoms,
And shrivels them in the burning sun
To cast away their carcasses on the earth

Transformation

It is the force that sends a bird to bring people their freedom,
Bring people light
In a time of utter darkness

Transformation

It is the force that kills the bird
The force that enslaved and tortured millions,
Hiding in the darkness

Transformation

It is the force that makes one who was torn,
One who was scared,
See the spirit inside them

Transformation

It is the force that makes a heart of love,
A heart now lost

Through tears of sadness and desperation

Transformation

It is a force that may nurture you,
Or kill you

It is a force that may strengthen you,
Or weaken you

It is a force that may guide you,
Or mislead you

So why?

Why do we continue to transform?

Why do we let the flip of a coin determine our fate?

Because if it does not challenge you,
It does not change you
If it does not break you,
It will never make you
If it does not kill you,
It may never fill you
Transformation
It is a treacherous thing
We take chances,
We take risks,
Because we know,
We know that if we fall,
We will just get back up again
We know that we will emerge strong and ready
From the creation of transformation