

## The Challenge

Each day new dawn  
Limb-aching dream-troubled  
Limpid dread and fear  
Guilt for being able-bodied  
No starving homeless kids  
No lack of comforts.

Each day for sure feels harder  
than the many days before  
to rise above the penalties  
of past misdemeanours  
of temper lost and found  
of tasks not done.

Each day worms of worry wriggle  
Through damp cold infertile soil  
A clouded mind not flashed  
with lightning bolts of joy  
stale bread of yesterday  
cold insipid tea.

Each day's first deep breath  
Must bury self-disgust  
Challenge long-held doubts  
Blow away life's blunder dust  
Verify self-worth and merit  
through sanguinity.

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