



CLUTTERED MUDDLE

Information seems endless and overloaded,
The brain seemingly soon would get exploded,
More doubts than questions give little faith about resolving,
The vast amount of queries seem extremely astounding

The age of information overload brings little time to rest,
No time for absorption of what's already in your nest,
The stress goes on accumulating;
Cranky and Crass making it all the more frustrating

Burdened with melancholy and walking depressed,
Dissatisfaction seems the only true friend- more or less,
The work load forming a stack,
Inducing you to escape with your backpack

The soul feels lost,
Lack of time for self-talk makes your heart frost,
It all feels like getting burned to ash - a situation dire,
Take this picture and throw this into the fire

Forget all the constant buzzing of your surrounding,
Take a break and escape this tight bounding,
Forget about the interesting facts and gossip - be free,
Let the puzzles and newspapers be

How much time do you give to yourself at the best?
Take some time out, refresh with zest,
Make your happiness meter overflow and crash,
Show the world you can't be loaded with trash

Make time for yourself and absorb
The day, the life, the beauty and totality - be free,
Forget all the questions and just learn to be,
Be in the now, that you enjoy the whole movie, what a glee!
Enjoy yourself, learn to just be

Let life be seen and enjoyed; not confined,
You an observer with a fascinating mind,
Each moment a ticket to enjoy,
Now no overload that leaves you with a sigh!

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