

Candle in our hearts

A humble candle, product of the finest created by the Lord
Engraved with life, ethnicity, entombed within hearts
Illuminates the dark, the wicked and the unrighteousness
With its flickering flame, bright and dim, one and many
Apricot and gold, a heart of morality
Black and ash, a heart of unscrupulousness
Presented with freedom, thousands of paths
A leader guiding omnisciently, one shall choose the path of goodness
Now with a flame ignited at its peak
Inheriting the priceless gift, the flair to lead
Millions of hearts with a lighted candle, blazing in the name of God
To pass on the flame, from candles to candles
Over time it melts itself, as its body gets shorter to abide by the rules of life
Until it becomes nothing, except leaving its legacy
After death, ascended to heaven
To look in the hearts of the people with what has been bequeathed
A candle, but is there a flame?
My Lord, I have a candle—
How shall I pass the flame on?

By Magdalene Ho

Grade 7