

“A Mountain Without a Valley”

By Gopal Raman, 17

An eternal smile lays draped across their face,  
Always full of cheer, they know naught a distress.  
Around them, people always feel pity,  
But to them, everything is just giddy.

We view them as poor lost souls,  
But our souls are lost even more.  
Our life is like a drumbeat,  
With an up and a down,  
But their life is like a flute note,  
Just rising higher and higher.

For the true expression of happiness  
is not expressed in the presence of a high,  
But is rather expressed in the absence of a down.  
And their "disease" doesn't do them justice,  
for their life is like a mountain with no valley.