

Poem:

The Forgotten Art of Living

In the distant echoes of a rushed existence,
Where moments flee like shadows in the twilight,
We've forgotten to dance in the gentle rhythms of life,
Trapped in the vortex of a hustling and striving fight.
Once, we lived in the soft hues of the dawn,
Where laughter wove through the fabric of the day,
Now, the melody of the heart lies dormant,
Lost in the cacophony of a ceaseless array.
Oh, to remember the art of simply being,
To embrace the whispers of a quiet morn,
To find the beauty in the everyday and the simple,
And let our spirits be reborn.
In the depths of our trapped existence,
Let us rekindle the passion for the present,
For in the art of living and the joy of the moment,
We find the truth in our essence so resplendent.