

***Youth* by Edarly Edouard**

Your youth is never a solid promise;
even friendships are seldom permanent.

You hail me as if I am a goddess,
deeming that my loveliness is certain.

The way you narrate me with sympathy
has no force o'er the frenzied years ahead.

Like petals stripped from its anatomy,
my youth will recede until I am dead.

To you, I am effortless to describe
when I am young like the skyline's daybreak.

If my youth can no longer be revived,
do you compare me to a summer's day?

I cannot control the folds on my brows,
But my splendor is as sure as my vows.