

# Before I Die

*by* Juhi Kalra

Before I die I want to see my words soaring through the sky  
seizing the hearts of those whose tunnels seem endless  
Tunnels of regret, tunnels of doubt, endless tunnels of pain  
I want my words to sit patiently at the ends of tunnels  
shining a light of resilience, a light of determination, of love  
as others have shone the light for me when I could not go  
one.step.further.

Before I die I want the hearts of those who seize my words  
to know they are not alone, in the now or in the world.  
I want my words to whisper encouragement in the dark to them  
I want my words to shout celebration of the tiniest victories won!  
I want to share my words with those who have no arms to lean on  
and for those on whom many others lean incessantly until they  
cannot go  
one.step.further.

Before I die I want the words with which I have built my world  
to become the blueprint for others who want to escape their cages  
gilded though they may be, and not easy to see.  
Chipping away at the walls that hold them captive to facts  
and opinions and the expectations imposed upon them by others  
until they fly forth to their true North, their own heart's desire.  
But first I want to do this for myself

Before I die.

