

The Song

A song it was
A song singing of eternal youth
As if having eternal youth
Would cure my scars!

A song, waking up my senses
Sung in yet unknown tempos
Invoking not in me the need to perform
Dances,
Yet,
A song, made with perfumed fragrances!

Listening to it as it flew itself to my ears
I forgot that I harbour wounds
Wished I solely to be lost its tunes
To raise my senses higher and higher
Higher still to touch the apex of mystical wisdom!

The song it was,
The song sung by all the people of Arts
For it was that which would give them starts
And allow them to touch stars!

Pray, close your senses
Open your soul
You shall hear it too!



Anouheka Gangabissoon is a Primary School Educator. She considers writing to be the meaning of her life as she has always been influenced by all the great writers and wishes to be, like them, immortalized in her words. She has appeared in various literary magazines like SETU, Different Truths, Dissident Voice, In Between Hangovers Press, WISH Press, Tuck's Magazine and Blue Mountain Review, among others. In December 2018, she was awarded in the category Hall of Fame for her contribution to the literary field of Mauritius.



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