**Being Alive**

The rain is dripping down one by one

Drizzling, splashing and pouring

Whispering its own melodious rhyme

Fluttering the hazy mist on the blue sky

A cold breeze embraced me romantically

Blowing and hugging me softly

I start to close my eyes deeply

And my wide eyes start to open

I love the feeling when

The wilted flower start to bloom

From the dry land to the wonderland

Sparkling and live gracefully

Swaying and dancing to the wind

I love the feeling when

I can take a deep long breath

Expressing all my emotions

Reflecting all my wrongs

Be one with the magnificent nature

I love the feeling when

I can smell the sweetness of the air

Without having to gasp hardly

And just enjoy the ultimate feeling

Feeling of being alive

This poem is about my sincere feeling that I felt when I was wandering alone around the KLPAC. I just love the feeling when I can feel the rain fell right straight to my face, the breeze coldness that welcome me warmly and all the beautiful nature that spark through my eyes.

It was actually such a wonderful feeling when I feel grateful over something that I used to see in my 21 years of life, the rain. It is not even a snow or spring season, but truly speaking, I am very grateful to the rain because it bloom everything that start to wilt, either the nature, or even the human feeling back to normal state.

It was unforgettable memories for me as I managed to erase all my problems, my concern, and every negative feeling that I felt from my mind and just be “Me”.