

Ashley Kallicharan

The Entrepreneur

A passion ignited a smoldering will
Boil ocean of failures to make the ideal real.
Twisted spires of the ocean born,
Issues challenge to the indomitable and worn.

An arduous journey to the peak of the crag.
A view from the top they are eager to snag.
A forest born of fire
To that promise of boundless treasure they aspire.

The smoke and ash gone.
The future, yet to be looked upon.
Nevertheless, none are disheartened
Never did they let the fear of what could happen, make nothing
happen.

Their minds like forests, mental labyrinths.
Roses of ideas blossoming at every turn
Secluded and waiting silently, until the clouds clear and the sun
reveals.

The wind picks up, almost there.
Twigs and branches pull at them in fear,
While their heat electrifies the air,
There it is, the apex.

Built and crumbled, below them, the stumbled.
The air is thin and it is quiet, Deathly silence, the 11th plague.
Here they stand, close enough to taste heaven.
Yet they gaze upwards, with curiosity
And wonder toward the heights, wanting to transcend, and go
beyond the infinite.