



“Splendid Gift” by Michael K. Primavera
Illustration by Barbara Cox

Once there was an average man
Who had a lucky star.
His loving aunt had given him
A rare and special car.

The vehicle was valuable
With qualities galore.
Initially, he cared for it
But sadly, there is more.

The man was always busy
With much to do and see
And little time for maintenance.
The car aged rapidly.

Then one day, the man received
A visit at his door.
His aunt had come and seen the car.
Her face was deeply sore.

Shamefully, the man despaired.
He couldn't speak a word.
His conscience screamed out plenty, though.
It pained him what he heard.

I wonder, in the end,
Is it we who judge our lives?
Will we inflict our punishments
With memories like knives?

Many then, would dread to die
If we had to justify,
Why we didn't treat
Ourselves with care.

We are valuable as well.
Neglect ourselves
And time will tell.
The burden will be difficult to bear.