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Anak Emas (Golden Child)

She paints, she prays, she reads, she knits,
No wonder everyone loves her to bits.

She cooks, she cleans, she's kind, she's sweet
Her bedroom is abnormally neat.

She writes, she sings, she runs, she's bold-
But does she know what the future beholds?

A careless whisper tickles
Her fingertips prickle

Like static on a rainy day.
The mind has begun to sway.

One day, that day, that thought appears,
The *choice* that almost everyone fears.

Turn left, turn right. No! Straight ahead,
But remember not to be misled.

Oscillate. Oscillate. Back and forth.
Transfixed in a labyrinth of mirth.

It suffocates her and continues to jar-
Do you truly know who you are?

Jaded and pale, her armour descends
Cell by cell, she lets herself bend.

Muscles retire as the soul takes control.
Down we go into the foxhole!

All along, she has known what's best,
Fate's in charge of the rest-

Farewell *anak emas*, I loved you,
Forever and always-