

### **If tomorrow never comes ...**

If tomorrow never comes  
What would I regret  
Dreams, desires and passions  
Left unfulfilled and unmet

Or the unkind things I did  
And the rude words that I said  
Things that mattered in life  
But won't after I'm dead

Would it be the moments  
I wasted over a petty fight  
Harbouring old jealousies  
With envy at its height

Perhaps I'd lament  
The opportunities I'd missed  
Or think about the one  
Whom I'd regrettably not kissed

Would I think about friends  
Both near and far away  
Or those gone before me  
While I continued to stay

Would I think about the time  
Wasted over trivial pursuits  
Or the roads not taken  
As I stuck to familiar routes

Perhaps I'd celebrate  
Past tribulations and success  
Or maybe I'd be brooding  
Over things left in a mess

Did I love my family  
As only the closest can  
Protecting them in every way  
Being ever proud of my clan

Could I have been a better daughter  
And supported my parents more  
Or been a nurturing wife and mother  
Roles of which I'm still unsure

Did I let opportunities  
Slip swiftly through my hands  
While chasing futile dreams

Left behind as mere strands

I would wonder how people saw me  
Did they think I was nice  
Was I caring and compassionate  
With just the right dose of spice

Did I lend a helping hand  
Did I learn and then teach  
Those less fortunate  
Who were well within my reach

I would wonder if I brought happiness  
To those who came my way  
Was I ever really grateful  
For the gift of each living day

Did I travel as I yearned  
To distant lands and sea  
To experience life and cultures  
That were alien to me

I would wonder if I read enough books  
Written by deep thinking souls  
I know I desired to do so  
It was amongst my primary goals

I hope I commended the success  
Of friends and competitors too  
Maybe it even motivated me  
To do better than I could do

Was my existence meaningful  
Did I touch anyone's heart  
Am I being missed at all  
Now that we're apart

Did I make any sacrifices  
Or play the victim card  
Was I a soulful seeker  
Or perhaps even a bard

Alas, these are only thoughts  
For who knows what becomes  
Of a mind, body and soul  
If tomorrow never comes ...

Punam Chadha-Joseph