

Book Review: The Alchemist
By The Star Player

A Cough.
Another cough.
Oh how miserable my life was to be,
It's not an illness.
That's a guarantee,
But a condition:
With wheezes.

Fearing,
The Death from Suffocation.
Asthma.
Like breathing through a pillow
Troubling throughout childhood
Troubling through to adulthood
Troubling whenever, wherever.

Taken up a new challenge I've known,
Dribbling, leaves me crippling
Shooting, leaves me struggling
Running, leaves me panting
Never enabled me to be
The star player that is he.
Though my height is perfect, I pant
Gasping for air, in agony,
before my throat
Shuts.

"Wear an N95!
You won't survive!"
"Just sit at the sidelines as a slate
You will never be great!"
"Refereeing is your fate!
Your sealed fate!"

All thrown at me, before the big game
Wanting. To blur my aim
Thieving my esteem:
Taking my dreams!
Each despicable!
Making escape reachable...

Retreated to the library
That was there for me.
I am left here with them,
This shelf of books on basketball, displeasing.
This shelf of books, looked good for resting.
This shelf of books, refuge for absconding.
Among the shelves of books, I sat just below this enchanted gem.

An omen when I took it in the isolation,
Bringing new thoughts for my admiration.
This gem brighter than the Sun
Invoking optimism, perseverance, and, bringing back my ambition
Even in the deepest depths of my unhappiness.
The Alchemist brought,
Hope.

Written in the Language of the World
Paul Coelho's astounding book --
The Alchemist,
Showed me the Soul of the World.
So I could see what could be done.
Anything, astounding even with his strong soul.
Oh how I yearned to be like the Alchemist
Who makes The unbelievable, Believable
 The unreachable, Reachable
 The undreamable, Dreamable
Who then I thought,
Ought to be the best person in the world without a doubt
He's reached his dreams and lives it out

The fable started with a shepherd named Santiago
Who discovered his Personal Legend ago.
While Melchizedek, an old wise king, has once told
"That's the way it always is,"
"It's called the principle of favorability"
But what didn't make sense, entire sense,
Is why nature has conspired to demote my favorability?
I have known the 'Emerald Tablet',
'a direct passage to the Soul of the World',
Which Alchemy has been said to have been unfurled.
Achieving the Master Work made by
The hand which made it all
Using the Language of the World through
Listening to your Heart
would make your Personal Legend come true to you.

I discovered my Personal Legend
like Santiago in his dream,
"under an enormous sycamore where the sacristy had once stood."
But now in this sanctuary, I have also stood;
Oh almighty Alchemist,
I wish for the Elixir of Life
To dispel my asthma and my strife.
Then the Alchemist in my heart replied,
With whispers, he muttered so he would confide,
"We need to learn the Master Work, to get the Elixir of Life
Let me take you to discover the Soul of the World right up to the end."

I found myself immersed
in white sand and splendidly,
with it, conversed.
Like Santiago in the Saharan land.
Sinking slowly into the sand
The Soul of the Sand talked to me
"Let go of your tense muscles."
And so I did...

Breezes from the sea,
Carried air to me
The air conspired.
to have me realize,
The purest smell of fresh air;
How enjoyable, when I breathe;
Taking deep breaths,
Comfortably.

Water flowing from the sea,
Graced up the sands;
Its soul moved under me
And held my hands.
“I will let you unwind;
By soothing you, you will find
That there is no more misery.”
So there I lay, contemplating the serenity;
From over the beach,
To over the sea.

As I lay flat
on my back,
over the water,
the breeze blowing into me:
My Chest isn't cramped,
My Head isn't dizzy,
And My Throat opens up easily.
Breathing in, Breathing out,
Smoothly.

The sun then spoke to me,
“I'll give you the energy,
So you can,
Dribble swiftly,
Jump effortlessly,
Dunk accurately.”
The warmth of the sun began,
Wrapping all over me.
I feel that I am...

Part of the Universe.

Energy, My Vibrancy,
I enter the big game eagerly.
In the last minute, I plea,
For my breathing to be wheeze-free,
As hope for my breathing will take a stride
The heavy weight of asthma that cried
Disappears!
And so does the fear.
A shoot to the basket, soon becomes clear
A buzzer beater!
Giving me tears!
Amazed, almost speechless, my school coach inquired,
“An incredible feat, a miracle that you,
Have such great strength,
On your hands
And on your feet.”
“Can you tell me your secret?”
“*Maktub*”, I replied.

I recommend this book for you
Though, I think, everyone should read this book,
To embrace our dreams as we should,
Those whom are in despair shall see it best;
Let this book give you Hope.
Your dreams and Personal Legend will then
Become what your heart hoped it to be.

You'll live your path through good and bad omens
But do not let the bad omens deter you,
Pursue your Personal Legend,
Never give up on your desire.
Nature has made them to test endurance.
And these will challenge you further along.
Just Remember:

“When you want something,
all the Universe conspires in helping you to achieve it”