

## POLITICAL FEATHERS

I gaze at the alluring birds,  
Babbling for no noble reason.  
Mocking at their own companions,  
Rather noisy in a large  
gathering.

They stand as the great  
emperors,  
Thriving on miseries,  
Ponder they, "just a piece of  
rock, underneath"  
"The spine of motherland",  
hardly ever heard by them.

The hum is ever unheard,  
The brave voices are  
hidden in mystery,

Nor give a glance at the  
ordinary of great misery.  
Perpetual oaths are being  
given,  
Unending thirst for marbles  
and power,

Never can see an end of

this;  
Realm of virtual truth,  
Like a scorching martyr in a  
nightmare  
The insight of the birds,  
Can it be fabricated? Once I  
thought.

The black feathers weaken  
The naked eye of their own kind:  
No beauty can wake up,

The uninhabited souls of birds.  
The innocent souls cannot  
counteract,

