

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,
And convinced, let go of what
cannot be changed.

