



Item Code: **957**

Participant Code: **107**

Unreachable Dreams

Dreams,

like a solitary rose bloomed in a frozen winter night,
Mirage in the middle of a scorching desert,
how sublime, ethereal,

Only if they were,
true

In the middle of the rubble,
waits a child, woeful
that, even the wind stopped in grief,
to carry as a breeze

Don't halt,
walk fast, my child,
my twinkling star,
my little bud

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Let's run away,

Let us vanish

for these wolves have ransacked
all that we called, 'ours'.

Don't look back,

Their bullets will pierce your heart

Don't look to your sides,

They shall cleave your head.

Look forward and run
my child,

There shall be a promised land,

there shall be.

Running past

the harbouring gazes,

scorching mountains

freezing glaciers,

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We reached this land

Halt, my child!

for our promised lands gets farther & farther
as we run faster and faster.

Come, hold my hands,
my child and

close your eyes shut
don't look, this world is ^{is} grotesque.

Oh megalomaniac mendacious leeches!
blinded by your wicked desires
You slaves of death,
disguised towards us Readers and warriors

You stole our land,
our wealth,
our life
and soul

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But, what for?

We are the refugees,
from the land no more.

In these streets,
we sit, we stand
we ~~live~~ fight, we love
we live and die

Here we bloom and wither
unnoticed by the days and nights
for we are the phantom
that even time has abandoned.

This world hurls stones
into us with their gazes,
only to be unknown that
our heart is full of them.

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61st Kerala State School Kalolsavam - Jan 03 To 07, 2023

Kozhikode

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We sing tuneless
we cry tearless
We speak worldless
We dream sleepless

The child, fostered by the fate
turned into a man,
who shines his face with millions souls
and dreams with millions souls.

Weighed by infinite losses in the back
and infinite dreams in his shoulders
he still tries to find
a way out of this labyrinth.

Sitting in the streets, he stretches his hands
to taste the love poured by heavens
to its unreachable lover,
parching under the sun.

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Night comes,
Moon wanes with woe.
Again he dreams.

He dreams of the golden rays
Caressing his face,
Scent of tea, entwining its hands
With the gentle breeze.
Distant telephone ringings
Women chattering about
Milk, hen and husbands.

In the deluge of memories
That seemed primordial & false
He weeps like a child

He needs no promised lands of joys
He needs his land.