



H.S. English Versification

Topic : Leave Me Alone, Let Me Fly

FEATHERS THAT
FLOAT...

In the brumal midnight's silent street,
the glacial wind blew over my feet.
I glared, at a tiny spider that weaves,
a frosted web, amidst the brittle leaves.

Upon the burdly branches of the redwood tree,
perched a red 'Robin', young and free.
It flew with glee above the canopies, high
as the comets kissed the midnight sky.

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Participant Code: 089



Yet here I am, shattered by chains and still
caught in the dance of fate and will.
I long for the love's lantern that persists,
lighting my path, the reality can't resist.

With bruises and wounds, I caterwaul
when the deluge society destroys me of all.
I await my gallant wings that steadies us all,
to rise from this insanity, when world seems
small.

When the terrain becomes scarlet tinted battle-
field,
where swords march on with no yield.
I am handuffed to losses deep and pain,
when cruel banners cascade on crimson
rain.

Even when my honour is crumbled by the
ashful hands,
I will be a daring soul that takes a stand.
With anklets that cling, bangles that chime,
I will perform the truth's burdly mime.



The wings reply : "Not every call deserves your time,
not every hill is worth the climb.
I'll grant you independence, not merely
absence of gravity,
but realizing your soul in reality."

Wings, an armoire for the vanishing stars,
Wings, a melody to mend my scars..
With them, I move to solitude with wanderlust,
to paint over my heart's hidden rust.

I may trip, tremble, break and fall,
but with my courage-gilded wings, I will rise
~~To find the blithely roads~~ tall.
To find the blithely roads that leads to me,
to become the person I'm meant to be.

My wings are not a burden for the skin,
They awake my spirit and strength within.



They glide and wade in freedom like open air,
pristine and fulgent, without an anguish
glare.

"Our wings may not look good to you,
but the virtues we carry are true as dew."
They will lift us, wispy feathers, from insanity
to the floating and regal realm of humanity.

To this world, I say: "Leave me alone, Let
me fly,
as a feather that floats in the firmaments,
high."

For in my wings, lies the echoes of eternity,
reminding that "Life is an unavoidable
destiny."

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