



She was a queen,  
Named as Kerala.  
No one could replace,  
the beauty she possessed.

She was god's favorite and hence,  
was called, 'God's own country'.  
For all her life she remained calm,  
her heart was pure as crystal.

Her fame crossed seven seas,  
Her name went above the skies.  
Her elegance was at its peak,  
that even angels hid themselves.

The dress of greenery she wore,  
added to her charisma.  
The blue waters along her body,  
was enough to portray her beauty.

On her heart flowed,  
the backwaters of Alapuzha.  
No one else could have her crown,  
beknown as Munnar.

And her children.....  
they were so perfect.  
They lived in complete harmony  
as they were the children of  
Kerala.

Time flew away,  
without making any noise.

Her beauty didn't change,  
but her children weren't just the same.

Violence started taking root in them  
Brutality budded in them.

Religion, caste, gender,  
started building walls between them.

Her heart wept,  
but she still remained calm.

For her, her children was everything.  
She never hurted them.

— Social evils kept growing,  
and they even started to hurt their mother.  
They tried to take away her crown,  
they started to dig her soul.

Once, everyone were jealous of her,  
maybe she isn't god's favorite anymore,  
which left her half dead.

But she didn't cry.

Everything has a limit,  
and her children crossed it.  
She couldn't control herself now,  
although she wanted to.

Her own children,  
transformed the queen to a witch.  
They compelled her,  
to unleash the beast.

then it happened,  
tears started coming down,  
all at once and  
she couldn't stop.

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The tears went all along her body,  
from eyes to legs.  
She was angry at some of her children,  
but never wanted to hurt them.

She saw her cruel children dying,  
she saw her innocent children dying,  
and..... she saw herself dying,  
which made her cry more.

But then only she saw some of her children,  
who lived by the side of the ocean,  
came without any invitation,  
to save their, 'SIBLINGS BY HEART'!

Then only she saw some kids,  
which wasn't hers,  
called as the army,  
became her children and was ready to save her.

She saw unity among all of them,  
She saw love in their hearts,  
She saw compassion in their soul,  
which she thought, was lost.

Her tears had broke the walls,  
built by religion, caste and gender.  
Now everyone is living inside one wall,  
BROTHERHOOD.

Her heart rejoiced,  
as she got her children back.  
Tears vanished,  
happiness cherished.

Her children stood together,  
worked and survived together.

All of these helped her to bring  
~~age back~~ the beast back to ~~change~~.

She lost her beauty and charisma,  
but all she cared was about her children.  
But her children wanted their mother back  
just like the way she was.

United they stood,  
to regain their mother's beauty,  
to regain her elegance,  
to rebuilt their life.

they know, a rapid change isn't possible,  
but they are also sure about something,  
that they must, they can and they will  
make their mother even more beautiful than before.

She proudly thought,  
"Humanity will never die in them,  
their heart is also pure as mine,  
because they are, "THE CHILDREN OF KERALA."