



Item Code: 692

Participant Code: 107

Topic : Cries in agony.

..... An Ode to the world .....

Once i sat alone beneath a tree, .....

Hoping to set myself completely free. ....

From all the voices around me, .....

That's telling me what i should be. ....

I tried to play along, .....

but i no longer want to belong. ....

While i am sitting here alone, .....

My worries were none: .....

I bled on a paper, .....

with words, it felt proper. ....

My words comes out rhyming, .....

On exact timing. ....

I was lost in sadness, .....

My notes filled with poetic madness. ....

But i wondered if my ink, .....

could ever make a heart sink. ....

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This view of nature, got me wondering why, . . .  
the beauty would make a poet, stop writing to cry.  
While my heart was a singer, . . . . .  
The sadness could no longer linger. . . . .

Someone asked me, . . . . .  
"When you grow up, what do you want to be?"  
I had no answer, . . . . .

In the flow of life, i was just a dancer, . . . . .

I thought of the ones who were born as fighters,  
Their burdens didn't get any lighter, . . . . .  
So i hold my pen a little tighter, . . . . .  
As i am the writer, . . . . .

I put pen to paper, . . . . .  
so my worries would fly into vapour, . . . . .  
I wrote about the earth, . . . . .  
And how she treat us equally from birth.





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She put everyone under the same sky,  
Six feet under when we die,  
While we were busy performing,  
She never stops transforming.

We all are humans,  
Acting like demons.  
We all are different,  
But she never asked for rent,

Everything she prepared,  
left her impaired.  
While we enjoyed prosperity,  
She faced adversity.

The rain made my clothes hug me,  
cooled down the desert in me.  
But i felt like it's her tears,  
from everything she bears.





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Her parts were bought,  
for it we fought.  
we made too much sound,  
So her voice can't be found.

Her tears overflowed,  
They said "a tsunami was formed".  
She washed away the burden,  
And we begged for her pardon.

Due to my attitude,  
I was led to this solitude.  
And i heard her clearly,  
like a language i can speak fluently.

I felt sorry,  
While she cries in agony.  
Mother earth laments,  
From all the torments.

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Now as i look at her,  
My vision start to blur.  
With the tears from my eyes,  
Watching humanity's demise.

Some woke up into fireworks,  
Futility of thier doorlocks.  
Laughing at thier face,  
It wasint safe in this case.

Even at night,  
The sky seemed so bright.  
But no one enjoyed the sound,  
Fear is all they found.

Peace is what they wanted,  
Thier dreams were haunted.  
They covered thier ear,  
While they shed a tear.

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Some have wires for veins,

AI for brains.

Scrolling through trash like a recycle bin,

Headlines tattooed on their skin.

But I was simply sitting at home,

Only my thoughts left to roam.

Whom do you blame for the mess?

When you live alone burdenless.

I was surrounded by chaos,

But everything was my muse.

Some called me oblivious,

But my thoughts were really serious.

I was never realistic,

With my dreams I was optimistic,

So this time I'll listen to my heart,

Which tells me, "Life itself is an art."

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As an artist of life,  
who carries a pen as her knife,  
to the world i felt sorry,  
But i too am crying in agony.  
  
Inside me there is this flame,  
But i am the one to blame,  
I could only write about my hope,  
That was one way to cope,  
  
I apologise to the mother earth,  
for my faded faith.  
No one gave you first aid,  
for the mess that we made.  
  
After my death,  
When i'm alone in your depth,  
I want someone to feel related,  
to something i created.

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