



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

Kozhikode

Item Code:

957

Participant Code:

103

MY PEOPLE ARE DYING AND IT'S NOT POETICAL:

an ode to the people ^{of} Kashmir

A gentle breeze stroked my cheeks

the whispers of the pine trees, I seek

for they carried the tales of the meadows

and the valley and the widows

the apple orchards were red

the maple trees whispered their death

for the winter here is horrendously beautiful

than the spring that rarely shows up

upon the hill I saw my mother

her face gleaming with warmth and affection

I called out to her,

but she vanished into the woods lovely and deep

"mother" I screamed

but emptiness is all that is echoed

I paced back and forth

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only to be hugged by perplexity and fear

A monstrous gale took over the soft winds

Catastrophe is coming the trees hints

the orchards were fleshy red

for it was nothing but my mothers blood

I walked over the hillside

only to see the vexation my mob hides

women they butcher, monuments they build

children they orphans, politics they fortify

The have plagued my soil

and punctured the hearts of thousands

and inflicted my ~~bea~~soul with such an agony

that the mind could never weave into poetry

the enormity of the human desire disgusts me

for it was man's insatiable greed.

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that robbed my people of the hues
and burdened them with all the blues

I sit and I ponder
where shall I now wander
my name, my land and my roots
you swallowed it as if it never existed

I've become a stranger to my own homeland
and intruder to every other land
where shall I seek salvation?
If it is not from the place that paved my evolution

They say we've been born
on the wrong side of the world
that our land is a constant warzone
bloomed as a result of partition begone

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But the valley was always lushy green
and the snowflakes were always pure and serene
before their wicked hands sinned upon us
before they conjoured us bare and ~~naked~~ frightened

What good is dreaming of ^{an} eternal freedom
when the blood on the streets never fade

As mere displacers like us
are not previlaged enough to hope for a home or a place

I shut my eyes
and listen to the distant melancholy women sob
and I wonder whether it was my mothers lullaby
or cry of my people that lulled me to sleep forever.

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