

The voyager in my soul -
Was aghast by this mesmerising land.
The land where trees crowned like cameos
The mesmerising home - God's own country

The beauty of the blue shield above,
resplended, attracted my vision...
Like a green garden, my heart applauded
Kerala, thy land, like venus, ^{like} a green pearl.

But O' heart, my heart's throbbing now
When I saw the 'blue pearl' turning to Aet-
by humming the song of revenge
Taking thousands of innocent souls with her.

My land, you're spilling carbuncle from
thy heart - my heart palpitated
Those good old days are lamented memories
Pathetic sites captured my vision

This is my fiendish quodlibet
Why Almighty Why? Why this cruelty?
Did the glimpses of this land aroused jealousy on you?
Why did you crumbled and destructed this heaven?

I confabulated to my mind
But my companion, who was sad like me
Descrepented to answer my anxiety
and turned to an introvert.

But then I heard a voice -
like bees humming - from thousands of souls
'twas the precise reply for my soliloquy
"Our land is delectinated, but we are stoicists

We will ameliorate the wounds of our land
We will relieve the pain of our motherland
Even though we ~~are~~ ^{got a} bit stab from the ^(sword) 'soul of Demulus'
It's not a Gordian Knot for us'

~~I looked everywhere - for the answer to the problem~~
Did I heard the truth or was it my mere
assumption? No, That was real!

The souls of 'God's own country' were those jeers

The elders, youth and even the younger ones
joined hands together - to turn to a huge hand
A helping had to shatter the bond of the disaster
which struck in the heart of Kerala.

The next visuals I peered were mindblowing
They opened their hearts and dwellings for ^{the} homeless
Less miserables were guarded like cabochon -
I saw, I saw the glimpses of this land.

When I strolled through this land again,
I saw glimpses, the glimpses of mercy.
Lil The spinningwheel of time turned the pages -
the pages of my memory - ^{it was} like the era of that great ruler!

Thousands of people with one soul
faced like angels to the needy ones
Relieved them with medicine, love and kindness -
I then remembered the great legacy of this land.

Then my 'old companion' confabulated ~~to~~ with me
"This land may be physically destructed...
But the dwellers of this land are great warriors
The warriors of love, the angels of mercy"

The goddess of time succeeded her journey
The wounds of the 'Green Pearl' healed -
Even though there are some scars on her face
The ~~of~~ dwellers still sang the melody of harmony.

I returned to this land as my soul requested
The voyager in my soul pleaded to return
Everything was explicit - once again
God's own country was glimpsing with glory

The glory of her wealth - her children
Their innocent and selfless mind
Their overwhelming love towards their fellows
The glimpses of their large heart

Now I had a recognition, a reconsideration
The traveller in my soul witnessed a change -
A metamorphosis - from enjoying visuals and
beauty, it was taught to enjoy the beauty of heart.

I pleaded Almighty for my thought, my mistake
Which prevailed in my mind earlier
These sorrows were a realisation -
A lesson for me to know the internal beauty

A new lesson - the glimpse of Kerala
The glory of love, the celebration of kindness
The sorrows turned to an utter failure
In front of the shield of caring of its dwellers.

The 'traveller' was satisfied by this 'last journey'
Not 'cause my soul flew, but its immense -
love for this land turned ^{it} him to a dweller
than a guest for some days

My soul had a final prayer -

To Almighty

My mind still wish to witness such a sorrow

Not 'cause it is cruel - I'm a ruthless hype

But to see those real glimpses again

To peer that 'joint family' once again

To see the unity of their hearts

To see them reunite

To watch those glimpses of Kerala

To watch those glimpses of Kerala...