



61<sup>st</sup> Kerala State School Kalolsavam - Jan 03 To 07, 2023

Kozhikode

Item Code:

692

Participant Code:

109

THE TEAR DROPS FROM

A WAR

I, a tree is a tree  
with nothing to look  
bearing the sack of burden  
from the war; on my back.

My branches are dry,  
with no leaves left  
and a little hope left  
that the peace flowers would bloom.

As I gazed meaningless  
to the war ground.  
I remembered the perfect smile,  
of the deceased man.

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My beloved oak's cry  
to escape from the  
soldiers' sharp axes  
echoes in my heart.

The sprout's look of helplessness  
visualizing the death of parents  
still disturbs me  
when the dark night appears

The glistening blood drops  
of the dead dove  
a victim of soldier's gun  
questioned me about peace

The holy river with crystal water  
transitioned to dark  
bearing all the dirt  
and sins of fellows

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A dark pages of memories  
flashed through my mind,  
I remembered the missiles  
flying all around, blacky smoky

I could hear the hiss  
of snakes; the armed people  
creeping over the weak,  
sending to death

And now I still cry;  
cry thinking how  
the world before me  
ended with atom bombs

But, once the sun shines,  
I always hope; hope for  
the rays of serendipity  
to embrace me

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I wish; for the rainbow  
of humanity to appear,  
for the rain of love to shower,  
for the wind of kindness to blow

My heart still awaits,  
for the wind to kiss me,  
the wind of tranquility  
with warmth of love.

I could see the pictures  
well-framed in my inner soul,  
my worst memories,  
aching my heart.

With my chin still wet,  
by the tears of darkest memories,  
I seek; seek for a  
great perhaps.

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