



Topic :- Dream of a Refugee.

Long Run through "REALITY"

Human! God's greatest of magnificent creatures;
with love and thrust, with cunning and gun
and a shovel of sin, with greed, with ~~love~~
and not just a word, but formore a
tumble, which shivers upon us.

But what a small universe for him to
fix his throne, thus he run behind
a 'scent-y paper', he calls his life upon -
He whispers "money" under his breath,
his head, his soul and verily that
poor little dog wags his tail on.

Himself he names as a refugee, -
- waiting for his freedom, like he
waits for the paper to shift his life up.

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Kozhikode

Item Code:

957

Participant Code:

112

He loves, kills and dies for that -
- paper and little does he visions
and foresee what the world left
under his grave.

The paper which flex; boy into man,
poor to rich, disrespect to respect
and punctate ~~out~~ the ego and pride
which one values to his own lives.

That paper makes him flamboyant,
~~and~~ ~~is~~ makes him invincible and
other subsides as he shook the branches
of the world.

He grows like a refugee, who
dreams to walk ~~on~~ to his home.
But here a human dreams to
walk over that grief.

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→ here paper refers to money.

is he is
What a busy world ~~is~~ in?
He runs like a psychic to be
better, than better, and finally
stops when, its a dark hole ahead
we all afraid of - "DEATH"!!

Dimes to Dimes he gather, for
what? Rather to run a selfish life...
Everything runs for just a paper^(*)
Everything stops for just a paper
And we often give [of hate] just for the paper.

Every cent runs a worker until
one day he fizzle out!
To what we run for? A big
past dilemma where one regrets -
"I could've lived" where poor
little being hopes to be alive again -

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He, indecisively runs away
when something he've been looking
is there the whole time.

dreamt about chunks of bills

and made himself a refugee,

but finally come out to the real side,

-knowing late -

Is this the world I've been dreamt of?

Is this the world I've been told to dream of?

No. It is not, but it was too late

~~that~~ and dusk that he realised how

foolish he was... He reminisced -

There, he thought, ~~was~~ a 'hellhole',

was once a daydream!

Every ounce of his breathe want to
return but he was too late to be back...

It was too late to even think!

It was too late to picture a glimpse!



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We are indeed refugees,
who are supposed to decline
at the loop hole ^{or} for suc-
dreams of a big world to
live where the expectations
are not, ~~like~~ the reality.

death.

Why do we dream of a big world,
when what ^{we} we're loving is
beyond the dream.

We look for heights when
what we want is on our shoulder itself.

But we don't just see it so!

There'll no sunrise after being last

~~Thus, realise late than we thus, understand it and realise,~~

when it stops, just like the clouds

our eyes will do the same, it will rain!

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No matter who you are,
or what you are,
build a shackle in your embrace

and latch ~~onto~~

Around, you just live

above your dream and

mark your legacy upon

just like -

"Build a door, if their

opportunities doesn't knock"

x x x

↳ Your life must not be based on a piece of

paper, no matter if it is money or any

certificates, all you take to your grave is

just a piece of cloth and a whole lotta memories

So just be sure to live in the moment.

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