



A message from above

Stranded, that's how they live these days
 In a world blocking, 'The world'.
 Surrounded by people, yet staying alone
 Knowing everyone, still knowing no one
 Wrapped in silence and oblivion
 Deaf to the voice of the world
 Finding joy in the slide of fingers on the glass
 and the smily faces flying to and from the screen
 They see everything yet they stay blind
 Like zombies they walk and pass by
 Ignorant of the world passing by
 Too busy to even look up and say 'Hi',
 to find what they are and to search for the 'why'?
 Not knowing when to stop and start life
 Until it's too late and they miss the dive

They walk past the blood and cry
 From across the street not hearing
 watching the calamities, the waves and quakes
 online, and sharing with '# wrath of god'

They walk past the arms reaching out
 waving them aside, not looking
 And they click on the thumbs up
 for '# why is He blind?'

They keep on complaining, without even trying
 They ask, where He, at this time is hiding?
 Leaving the people all alone down here
 To fight all the battle and wear.

One day, He replied back

What you can't find is not hiding

Just it's the wrong place that you are looking.

You can't find me with your head hanging low.

For you won't find me in a box in your hand.

Nor in the net, even though it's too everywhere.

Look around see your mother, your father,

who led you to the light, your teachers, your guide
Your faith and trust, the joy, the cry,

the anger, the hunger, the mirth and gifts of life.

Look up and see the world as it is

Not through a glass or emotions.

Look inside your heart and soul and

Try to help yourself and hence the world

And the place you stand is where I'll stay

Around you in you and with you.

"I am with you."